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A Memoir

OF THE

REV. JOHN KEBLE, M.A.

LATE VICAR OF HURSLEY.

BY THE RIGHT HON.

SIR J. T. COLERIDGE, D.C.L.

"Te mihi junxerunt nivei sine crimine mores,
Simplicitasque sagax, ingenuusque pudor;
Et bene nota fides, et candor frontis honestæ,
Et studia a studiis non aliena meis."
Joannes Secundus.

VOL. II.

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With Corrections and Additions.

ST BARNABAS CHURCH
TUNBRIDGE WELLS

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IT is pleasant to come back for a while from the troubled scene at Oxford to the quiet of Hursley, a quiet which however was full of hope and activity. I have already given a general account of what the benefice, which Keble was now the incumbent of, consisted. The Vicarage of Hursley is of large extent, including several hamlets, and having a scattered population. Otterbourne is less in size and population, but its population also is scattered, and for the most part living at a distance from the church, which was far too small for its numbers. When Keble entered on his charge, he found the inhabitants of Otterbourne busy in endeavouring to add to it an aisle; the Bishop had recommended them to wait until the new Rector had been instituted, and they had done so. When the matter came before him, their views had enlarged, and in consideration of the great inconvenience of the situation, aggravated now by the Railway having been

carried near to it, they desired, and he with some regret acceded to, the erection of a new church on a more convenient site; he was unwilling to separate the church and churchyard, from a feeling which one cannot but sympathize with; but he yielded to the general wish, preserving, however, the old chancel for the performance of the Burial Service. He contributed £400 towards the erection of the new church, on a site which was given for the purpose by the President and Fellows of Magdalen College, Oxford, who are landholders in the parish.

Keble had the good fortune to find among the residents in Otterbourne a relation of mine, William Crawley Yonge, who having served in the Peninsula and at Waterloo in the distinguished 52nd, had retired from the army upon his marriage at the re-establishment of the general peace; though a Light Infantry officer only, he had been a diligent student of military engineering, and had made himself a good military draughtsman. He became Keble's architect: for his designs he had recourse to the great examples at Winchester, and in its neighbourhood, and worked out his drawings with infinite care and patience; he brought his stone from Caen, at that time a rather unusual thing; was acute and intelligent in making his contracts, and vigilant in seeing to their faithful execution. The result was a church not without its faults, and thirty years ago few churches were built without them, (not many

indeed now,) but effective in its architectural character, and on the whole, with reference to its date, convenient in its arrangements. Keble of course considered a parsonage necessary to complete his designs for the parish; accordingly he purchased a site, and, with the same help from the same architect, erected a handsome and commodious residence for the Curate whom he placed there; these last measures were at his sole expense.

While the Otterbourne Church was in course of erection, Sir William Heathcote was busy in preparing for building, entirely at his own expense, a second church in Hursley parish, at Ampfield; and this was also undertaken and executed by the same volunteer architect, with at least equal success. I take pleasure in recording these labours of the retired soldier, performed at a time when regularly trained architects were not so numerous as now, and when the principles of architecture, and their application, were comparatively little studied. The works too were performed without ostentation, and with most commendable patience and zeal. I should add that in respect of both these churches, W. C. Yonge was assisted as to some details by Mr. Carter, now deceased, then an architect residing at Winchester.

The situation of Ampfield Church is very beautiful, and that of the churchyard remarkably so, sheltered on the north and east by wood and wood-

land, open on the south and west, and commanding a beautiful and extensive view; flourishing evergreens adorn it; the road from Winchester to Romsey runs by the open side, which gives a special appropriateness to a fountain surmounted by a cross, which is close to one of the entrances to the churchyard; it bears the inscription following:—

> "While cooling waters here ye drink,
> Rest not your thoughts below;
> Look to the sacred sign, and think
> Whence living waters flow;
> Then fearlessly advance by night or day,
> The holy Cross stands guardian of your way."

Many years have passed since I stood on this spot, but I remember well, that even with the close neighbourhood of a turnpike road, the prevailing character of the whole scene was one of solemn rest, and almost seclusion; the dark background of foliage perhaps helps to produce this effect.

A very short inscription on the basin into which the water pours, in German character, and German words, headed with the initials of three names, hardly serves to convey information to the common wayfaring man, that it was placed there in memory of a holy fountain seen by the three friends when on a tour together in the Tyrol. One of these three, Lady Heathcote, for I will take leave to add her name, furnished the inscription which I have printed above.

Mr. Savage, from whose work I have freely refreshed my memory, mentions the placing in the church of a stained-glass window in memory of John Keble; it is the gift of the parishioners, and records their grateful remembrance of his services; the design was *given* by Mr. Butterfield, and £25 out of £33, the cost of the window, were returned by Mr. Wailes to the Keble College Fund. These are, it may be, little facts, but I do not like to pass them over in silence.

The building of Ampfield Church, and the constitution of a separate district for it, relieved Keble from a considerable part of his burthen, the whole of which was too heavy to be borne by a single pastor; and he no doubt gladly consented, by the apportionment of part of the rent-charge of the Vicarage, to lay the foundation of an endowment for the new district. This was completed by a grant made from the Great Tithes by the Dean and Chapter of Winchester, and a fund subscribed by the parishioners; to which a single individual, Mr. White, of Ampfield House, contributed £500. Sir William Heathcote gave a pleasant parsonage and field, and Mr. Wilson, Keble's first Curate, became the first Perpetual Curate of the new district.

I may add here that Sir William had also before this conveyed to the Vicar of Hursley, as the Vicarage, the house, which he had in the beginning occupied only as tenant.

The particulars of this narrative are surely pleasant to think upon; it was in this spirit, I conceive, that our Parochial System first took its beginning; a liberal landholder, a zealous tenantry, an earnest Priest, all concurring to raise in a certain district the first daughter church to the great cathedral mother; and the system itself furnishing facilities, as time passed on, and the population, cultivation of the land, and wealth increased, for subdivisions to be made, and new daughter churches to spring up. Such a system, so favourable for the maintenance and growth of religious feelings and practices, we should surely cling to; where it is possible, as in the country it generally is, even in its details; and where not so, as may be the case in our overgrown towns and cities, in that which is more important, its principles.

The erection of these two churches in his cure was matter of deep joy and gratitude to Keble. The remainder of his scattered flock, with an exception as to a hamlet called Pitt, which was provided for afterwards, was now within more easy distance of Hursley Church; but their erection naturally turned his thoughts more actively towards that church which was daily under his eye. It was, according to the fashion of many in Hampshire, of brick, well and solidly constructed, and it was in good substantial repair. It had been built by Sir William's great grandfather towards the end of George the Second's

reign, probably on the site where one of stone had stood before, for it was attached at the west end to a massive tower of flint and hewn stone, surmounted by a brick parapet; it was arranged and furnished within after the fashion of the eighteenth century. Within and without the whole was painfully unsatisfactory to Keble. It may be remembered how, in a letter from him on his first coming to Hursley as Curate, when he enumerated the objects which he found there to his liking, he mentions the tower, and is silent as to the church. He was at the time fresh from the noble church at Fairford; but the feeling grew on him; nothing that was appropriate could be to his mind too beautiful or rich for God's house. I find him, in a letter to Cornish, dated Oct. 19, 1846, writing thus:—

"We are stirring about our church, under the patronage of the Venerable Bede, and next spring I trust we shall really go to work; you must come and see the plans first, or else hereafter for ever hold your peace, in respect of alleging impediments. One feels that one's advanced age has not rendered one fitter to set about such works; but really the irreverence and other mischiefs caused by the present state of Hursley Church seem to leave one no choice."

Two or three subjects of course engrossed his attention at once in consequence of his resolving upon this undertaking, and it will be better for me to follow him throughout in regard to these, postponing for

the time other matters which I shall have to mention, and which occurred before and during the prosecution. Scarcely anything seemed to him of more importance; and his frequent letters to Dyson, shew that he spared neither money, nor time, nor thought, nor bodily labour, in doing as well as he could what he had set about.

He was first to determine as to an architect: was he to call on William Yonge to do for Hursley what he had done for Otterbourne and Ampfield? As to this he might have felt some little delicacy, but William Yonge at once removed it; he not only cordially concurred in the desire to employ a professional architect, but advised it strongly in consideration of the much more varied and complicated work now to be done. Keble accordingly wrote to Mr. Harrison, of whom he had heard well "from various quarters independent of each other," and who was beside a relation of his old friend of the same name, the Archdeacon of Maidstone. He accordingly became the architect.

The procuring tenders, and contracting with builders, were matters to come on subsequently; but at once, of course, he was to consider his funds. He had determined to meet himself the whole expense of the building, and it was clear, without waiting for specification or estimate, that the money at his own disposal would be inadequate; it occurred to him at first to sell the copyright of

"The Christian Year." As soon as two or three of his intimate friends heard of this, we opposed it very strongly. We had a strong opinion as to the great pecuniary value of the copyright, and thought it very unlikely that any publisher looking on it as a mere trade speculation, would be likely to offer a full equivalent; but we thought further, that it was exactly the kind of work which ought to remain as long as possible in the Author's own hands, and under his own control. Three of us, therefore, Dyson, Patteson, and myself, proposed to supply him with money as he should want it for the building; "The Christian Year" to be our security. There was no thought or talk of any legal security by assignment to us; but I was to arrange the terms for each edition as it should be called for, and to receive the price. No doubt this was a convenience to Keble, and set his mind free from all anxiety; but it was no inconvenience to us, nor ultimate loss. Keble sacrificed for the time the income he had used to derive from this source, but he never lost the ownership of the book, while it was nominally in our hands; and the beneficial property returned to him, when the account was cleared, to be the means in his hands of supplying comforts which age and infirmity might make necessaries, and of feeding that stream of bounty which was constantly flowing from him. So much has been said of this arrangement, and sometimes with so much exag-

geration, that it seemed to me right to state the simple truth regarding it.

I do not know what funds Keble had at his disposal beyond the yearly proceeds of "The Christian Year," but it was certain that some further addition would still be desirable; to this we owe the completion and publication at that time of the *Lyra Innocentium*. On the 26th of May, 1845, he wrote to me thus from Hursley Vicarage:—

"I have got a scheme for raising money for the Church, in which perhaps you can help me; (perhaps the Dysons may have mentioned it to you;) to publish a set of things which have been accumulating for the last 3 or 4 years, under the title of '*Lyra Innocentium*, or Thoughts in Verse on the Sayings and Doings of Little Children, and the Revelations of God's Will concerning them,' or something to that effect. As far as I can judge, it may stand as fair a chance of being profitable as its predecessor. Will it be asking too much of my kind Committee Men to suggest that they should make the bargain for me with Parker, if they approve it. I could wish to stipulate that Mozley of Derby should be the Printer. It will be nearly, but not perhaps quite as big as the C. Y., and will admit, I think, more easily of illustration by the pencil. It has been a great comfort to me in the desolating anxiety of the last 2 years, and I wish I could settle at once to some other such task."

The sorrows and troubles to which he refers under the touching term of "desolating anxiety," I have already in part stated; but he also included that of which he had now the certain prospect before him,

the loss from our Church of that most dear and honoured friend, with whom for so many years he "had taken sweet counsel, and walked in the house of God," heart to heart and mind to mind locked closely. This was the sorrow of his life, from which I think he never wholly recovered.

He goes on :—

"I can already judge a little of the perplexity and distress which will ensue. Did I tell you that Pusey wrote some time since to ask whether one could think of anything to be done by way of preparation for the blow. Does anything occur to you? I wish P. himself, Moberly, Marriott, and Manning, &c., to apply themselves to the study of the controversy, for I am sure there will be great need of them."

I shall have occasion soon to enter more into Keble's own thoughts on this matter. I pursue at present the subject of the *Lyra*.

Specimens were sent very soon after both to Dyson, (or I should rather say to the Dysons, for the ladies there were always most properly included in the council,) and to myself. We all agreed in our admiration of them, and also in the token they gave that Keble had advanced considerably in his religious opinions. On grounds partly of actual disagreement, and partly of the imprudence, at all events, of publishing them at that critical time, we objected to the insertion of two or three of the poems. There was one especially, perhaps the most

beautiful of the whole, upon which we wrote to him, after I had been to Dogmersfield to confer upon it. This poem, as commonly happens in such a case, has been much talked of, and has been seen by many people; and it seems to me both just to Keble's memory, and a part of the duty of an honest biographer, to publish it now at a time, when, even if it might have been harmful originally, it can do no harm, and may help to establish that legitimate, and as I believe, Scriptural reverence which is due to the object of it. He wrote to me respecting it thus:—

"H. V., 18 *June*, 1845.

"My dear Coleridge,

"You may believe that as far as trade is concerned, your opinion and Dyson's is very welcome to me, and I am quite willing to make the bargain with Parker which you think equitable. I of course rather expected that some would demur to the things which you mention, and indeed I selected on purpose the three which I thought most likely to attract such objections as part of the specimen. But to say the truth, I did not expect that Mrs. and Miss Dyson would have objected on their own account; and it makes me even sadder than I was before, as shewing how very very far even the purest specimens of the English Church are from the *Whole Church* everywhere else. You see when I recommend the Ave, I mean merely the Scriptural part; but if such persons have this feeling, I suppose even this must be given up. With regard to the verse

'*He* calls thee Mother evermore;'

if the Gospel is His word, and if the Gospel calls her His

Mother, and if the doctrinal decisions of the Whole Church are His words, and if they call her Θεοτόκος, how can it be other than true, and so true, that to deny or doubt it is touching a very vital part of the Faith. Indeed, when I think of it, I am sure I must misunderstand your objection; would it be removed if the word 'owns' were put for 'calls.' This, however, I only ask for my own satisfaction, for I see that it is quite impossible to print those verses in the face of such a feeling as you express on the part of the Dysons, and I cannot see my way to any decent abridgement or modification. I have made up my mind also to the omission of the other two. I only wish I had some good substitutes.

"No doubt there would be the difference in tone which you take notice of between this and the former book, for when I wrote that, I did not understand, (to mention no more points,) either the doctrine of Repentance, or that of the Holy Eucharist, as held e.g. by Bp. Ken; nor that of Justification: and such points as those must surely make a great difference. But may it please God to preserve me from writing as unreally and as deceitfully as I did then; and if I could tell you the whole of my shameful history, you would join with all your heart in this prayer. Pray do so, dear friend, for indeed there is great need.

"But not now to talk of myself; if the verses are less comfortable, perhaps they may be of more use as making their readers, the younger ones especially, familiar with some of the great truths; and I suppose I had some fancy of this kind in the one which you so much doubt about. If we come when we hope, we will bring up the whole batch, and you will be better able to judge.

"In the Lifting up to the Cross, (which was suggested by a drawing of Miss T.'s, taken from the life,) the 'be-

lieving Isle,' is Ireland; the scene should have been Belgium, but I made it Italy by mistake.

"I thought that case of Simeon was an illustration of the principle I was laying down, that great spiritual favours must expect to be accompanied with suffering; and I suppose death is in itself so awful a thing as to warrant the expression, 'deep agony.' But this might be easily changed."

Then, after writing on entirely different matters, he adds these very touching words:—

"I am sure I ought quite to share in your feeling, that it is not for those to be judging between different Churches who have made such ill use, as I for one have, of present helps to holiness. (This is not humility, mock or real, but plain and sad truth, as you would say, if you knew all.) And with this thought I suppose I should content myself, if a Layman, as far as controversy is concerned; but it keeps coming unpleasantly before me that this is hardly consistent with the Priest's office; and especially when, as sometimes happens, I am asked for advice, then indeed I have had to think of the blind leading the blind. And yet I suppose I am not really uncomfortable, I eat, drink, and sleep, as if nothing was the matter.

"I hope Charlotte is rather better; with all love, again your's ever dearest friend,

"J. K."

It will scarcely be supposed that I publish a letter, however deeply interesting in itself, so liable to misconstruction, without much consideration. I am to represent my friend for good and for evil truly, if I undertake to write his life at all. This

is a part, and sometimes a painful part, of the compact which a biographer makes with the public, when he undertakes to write a life. Keble I am sure needs no panegyric at the expense of truth, nor do I think that when what he says of himself in this letter is fairly considered, it will be found that he needs an apologist. He writes indeed bitter things against himself, we are bound to believe sincerely, and I am sure without any intentional exaggeration; but I am as certain as I can be in a matter which does not admit of demonstrative evidence, that there is all that exaggeration, which is, I may say, the natural growth of remarkable purity of heart, and the most unusual humility. Something I have said on this subject before, which I need not repeat: but this I must add, that had there been any reasonable foundation for the language which Keble uses in regard to himself, he ought to have added something more to it to make it the whole truth; he ought indeed to have spoken of himself as also the most consummate of hypocrites. I say this not with reference to the world in general, but he and I lived on terms of such entire intimacy, that if there were any foundation for his strong expressions, nothing but the most artful and systematic hypocrisy could have prevented my knowing something of it; yet on me he has left, and he must have known that he was leaving, the deepest and simplest impression of the most spotless purity in

words, thoughts, impulses, and acts from youth to old age, of any human being I have ever seen or known of. How I answered this part of his letter at the time, I do not now recollect; probably I passed it by in silence, for I had long learned that he took nothing so ill as words of praise, or vindication of himself from himself.

I rather fear that I have been induced by the remarkable intensity of his language to say more on this subject than was needful. It is, indeed, an awful consideration that such a man should be able to write of himself sincerely in such language. We are not often allowed to see into the inward thoughts of holy men respecting themselves, and surely when we are, it should not lead us to think ill of them, but should serve to rouse us out of our own easy goings on. Let my readers turn to the strong language of the Private Devotions of Bishop Andrewes, said to have been printed from a manuscript wet with his frequent tears; no one can doubt their sincerity, yet no one ought to doubt the purity of his spirit, or the holiness of his life.

Now I pass to the other matter discussed in the letter, or rather suggested by it. Here, again, allowance must be made for the same humility which extended to his notions of himself intellectually, and in regard of his acquirements and knowledge, as well as to all his considerations of himself morally. In truth he had been a more than commonly well-

grounded student in theology; his reading was extensive, and his recollection very accurate; and although circumstances had for some years directed his attention more to the divisions in the Reformed Church, than to the great controversy between Rome and the Reformation, he was by no means ignorant in this. I believe his position to have been of this sort. All his associations, early and late, were with the Church of his Fathers; the loyal and affectionate language in respect of her to be found everywhere in "The Christian Year" was not merely poetical, it was sincere. But he had grown up in the High Church School, and as a High Churchman naturally will do, he looked upwards through the Reformation to the Primitive and the Undivided Church; he loved his own Branch as, on the whole, a faithful representative on earth of that Church; the more truly and exactly she represented it, the more did he think her excellent, and to be loved; the more she admitted what he called Puritanical Doctrines or Practices, the less loyal and dutiful could he be. Coln and his father on the one hand, Fairford and its incumbent on the other, were ever in his recollection; and he saw with the greatest grief the uprising and growth of the latter school, from a state in which it might be thought to have needed greater tolerance than it received, into equality first, and then predominance, not always used with perfect charity or fairness. Again, he was troubled with

the entire want of discipline in the Church; and it seemed to him, from his own experience as a Pastor, that this, coupled with the disuse of Confession, left him without the means of acquiring a proper knowledge of the condition of his flock, and without power of enforcing upon them amendment of life. He was moreover much dissatisfied not only with some of the decisions, but with the jurisdiction of the Final Court of Appeal; did its decrees respecting Sacraments bind the Church? had She the means of protesting against them, and did She by her silence acquiesce in them?

These were troubles on one side; on the other he could not but know of the doubts, in favour of Rome, which were arising in the heart and head of one whom perhaps of all his intimate friends he most loved, and leaned on in such matters; doubts the more perplexing to him, because he knew they were not invited wantonly, and yet continued to increase in strength, until they issued, to use that friend's own language, in "a strong intellectual conviction that the Roman Catholic System and Christianity were convertible terms." There may be many, not perhaps those who have read or thought most deeply on the controversy, who can see in all this no reasonable, or even excusable grounds for doubt, or trouble of mind. Keble, however, was not one of those; he had both; and it is matter for the deepest gratitude that he was supported under them, and guided

safely through them. The process through which he passed may be traced in his letters which lie before me. In the first place, and from the beginning to the end, he had a deep conviction that, let what would happen in England, there was that in Rome to which he could not reconcile his belief:—

"I cannot go to Rome," he wrote to me in 1841, "till Rome be much changed indeed; but I may be driven out of the English Church, should that adopt the present set of Charges and Programmes; and many will, I fear, not be content to be nowhere, as I should feel it my duty to try to be."

And, again, in the same year he writes:—

"As to Rome, I thought I had said in my letter to you, that come what will, it would be impossible [twice underscored] for me to join it until it is other than at present; Archbishop Laud's saying as I think; and I suppose you would not yourself say, that if Rome altered her terms of communion to a certain extent, such communion ought not to be sought. The contingency that I contemplate, a very dreary one, but such an one as I, ought not to think it strange if I incur it, is, not going to Rome, but being driven out of all communion whatever. I cannot hide it from myself that two Prelates have distinctly denied an article of the Apostles' Creed, the H. C. Ch.; and that while no notice is taken of them, attempts are being made in Oxford, and in many Dioceses at once, to enforce a view equivalent to theirs; which view, if it were adopted, would drive me, and, as I suppose, all Catholic Christians, out of Communion. If I were like some whom I could name, I suppose I should look at this more calmly, but it would take a long

time to prepare me as they are prepared. Pray think of me as kindly as you can, and do not forget me when and where you know one would most wish to be remembered."

In this state of mind he continued for some time: it is indicated in the touching passage I now extract from a letter to me in June, 1843. This had been a year of trial for myself, and I reluctantly pass over the touching and affectionate language in which he consoled me under great sorrow; but I will not interrupt the present consideration by anything personal to myself:—

"What a comfort," says he to me, "in your late deep affliction, must it have been to be so sure as you all are of sympathizing entirely one with another; and by this time I hope the bitterness has passed away with you all. Of course I cannot tell how a parent feels, but it seems to me that the unsettled state of our Church tends to make me think more of the joy and comfort of those who are in peace out of sight; and as things get more perplexing, I keep saying to myself, it ought to make me more charitable, and then the next minute I go away and rail at those unhappy . . . without mercy. I suppose we all want to learn how to act, when in doubt ourselves, and how to make allowance for others who feel certain when we are doubtful."

Again, in October of the same year, he writes to me:—

"I suppose from some part of your letter that you have been told of my speaking to friends occasionally, as if I was

perplexed about continuing where I am. My perplexity is rather what to say to others, who may ask my advice, than how to act myself. Few persons have a stronger feeling than I of the duty of continuing where one's lot is cast; except where the call to go elsewhere is very plain. It may be that I do not see my way clearly in the controversy between us and Rome; but as long as I was in doubt, and perhaps a good deal longer than I might seem to myself in speculation to be so, I should think it my duty to stay where I am. Nothing could justify one's quitting one's Communion, except a long, deliberate, unwilling conviction, forced on one's heart and conscience, as well as intellect, that it was incurably fallen from being a Church. No private judgment of the comparative perfection of another Church, did such exist, would at all justify such a change. This, as far as I understand myself, is my present judgment in this awful matter; but, believe me, my dearest friend, I want prayer and help quite as much as N., though for very different reasons."

On St. John's Day in the same year he writes to me:—

"You will find a good deal of my feelings in an article which has been reprinted from the 'Christian Remembrancer,' I mean especially when that speaks of the *practical failure* of the English Church, which I feel more and more deeply every day; chiefly in that I find myself more and more oppressed with the consciousness of my own ignorance, and how blindly I go about the Parish, not knowing what men are really doing; and whenever I do make any discoveries, they disclose a fearful state of things; and even when there is some seriousness, of respect and

confidence towards the Priest as such there is none, or next to none. In short, our one great grievance is the neglect of Confession. Until we can begin to revive that, we shall not have the due severity in our religion; and without a severe religion, I fear our Church will practically fail."

He pursues the same subject in a letter dated on the Purification, 1844:—

"Another reason for my being a worse correspondent than usual, is that somehow or another the Parish takes up more and more time; as one gets more acquainted with the people, more and more things occur, which make me think a visit worth while. This is a reason for which I ought to be very thankful, though it is sad to think after all how very little one knows of one's people. We go on working in the dark, and in the dark it will be, until the rule of systematic Confession is revived in our Church. This is one of the things which make persons like Mr. Gladstone, however competent in most respects, yet on the whole incompetent judges of the real working of our English System. They do not, they cannot, unless they were tried as we are, form an adequate notion, how absolutely we are in our parishes like people whose lantern has blown out, and who are feeling their way, and continually stepping in puddles and splotches of mud, which they think are dry stones. Then the tradition which goes by the name of Justification by Faith, and which in reality means, that one who has sinned, and is sorry for it, is as if he had not sinned, blights and benumbs one in every limb, in trying to make people aware of their real state. These are the sort of things, and not the want of handsome

Churches, and respect for Church Authority, and such like comparatively external points, which make me at times feel so disheartened about our System altogether, and cause a suspicion against one's will, that the life is gone, or going out of it. And this is why I so deprecate the word and the idea of Protestantism, because it seems inseparable to me from 'Every man his own absolver,' that is in other words the same as Peace where there is no Peace, and mere shadows of Repentance. And this objection is over and above the great doctrinal grounds, which, I see, are pretty well stated by some one in the 'English Churchman' of this week. But enough of this which I inflict on you, because I think I made some such promise, and which I know is too vague and common-place to be worth writing down, only I seemed to feel it at the moment."

On the 31st of December in this year he wrote to me a New Year's Eve letter, much of it on the same subject, but I do not like to omit other parts so full of affection, and so characteristic of him :—

"My very dear Coleridge,

"I must write you a line on this New Year's Eve, though you will not get it to-morrow; but you will have our best wishes, one and all of you, just the same. Among many blessings most undeserved, and enough to make one sink in amazement, if one's heart was not so much harder than it ought to be, which come crowding on one's memory at such a time, I seem this year particularly to feel, that surely nobody ever had so many kind affectionate letters as I have this year received, and especially from Montague Place and Ottery; and one's neglect of them, I fear, is a faint sample

of how one stands for thankfulness in a Higher Quarter. Well, as poor old Latimer used to say, God mend all. Now I must touch on one or two things in your late letters. First, on that which seems to be nearly heaviest on your heart, as it has long been on mine, the danger we are in of losing dear —— from our branch of the Church. I wish I could say that my sense of it at all abates; but my comforts (some of them) are these; with regard to him, really whatever happens, I believe him so pure-minded and self-denying, and so on the watch against intellectual pride, and other such temptations, that I shall think he probably does right *for himself* whatever he does. Yet with regard to the Church of England, I cannot but think, that if it were the duty of ordinary persons to leave her, the marks of reality would be more decidedly wanting, so that persons like some whom we know would not be left in undoubting adherence to her. Intellectually I fear I should be myself in a state of doubt, were I to give my mind to that controversy, but such doubt as, according to the principles of Butler, would make it my duty to stay where I am. This being so, however, I suppose it is one's duty to long for and aim at a kind of neutrality in one's judgment and demeanour towards Rome; and this I imagine to be really consistent with the English system, and by all accounts intended by Q. Elizabeth's Government for the first thirteen years. Then I seem to myself to see Scripture authority for this, both in the O. T. in respect of the relations between the Ten Tribes and the Two, and in the N. T. in Our Lord's often-quoted aphorism, 'Forbid him not, for he that is not against us is for us.' You know it is often applied to Dissenters, but surely it applies *à fortiori* to other branches of the Church. Now how this view would act is a great question. I fear it is unreal, but if real, it seems to

me most consoling, and as if it would help one to see one's way both in Ward's matter, and a good many more."

Keble and Mrs. Keble visited us in Montague Place in June, and at Heath's Court in September, 1845; we had of course some talk, and some differences on religious questions, but on neither occasion could I perceive anything which indicated any danger of his secession from the English Church. The first visit was at the time when the controversy was going on between us as to the Poem which Dyson and I desired to keep out of the *Lyra;* and of course much of our talk was respecting the honour due to the Blessed Virgin, which it seemed to me he was desirous of raising as much too high as many among us were of reducing it too low. I remember I was fresh from a talk with my dear relative Sara Coleridge, who would not admit there was any evidence to warrant our holding her to be even a saint, that is, no clear evidence that she was even remarkably holy in her life. In this I thought her, I may say, outrageously wrong; but Keble, who was as clear as I could desire from thinking her an object of worship, still would have been glad to go farther than our Church has deemed safe in the honour to be paid to her. With him the Primitive Church gave the rule, and he allowed great weight to clear ancient tradition in ascertaining what she held. I have before me my notes made at the time of our

talks on both occasions, and I see how I was struck with the kindness with which he received even rebuke when he had seemed to me to speak with too much severity, as well as with his sweet humility, and his deeply reverential manner, lowering the tone of his voice, when he spoke on these religious questions. On both occasions he parted from me leaving me in full confidence as to his loyal adherence to our Church.

This last visit was paid to us when they were returning from a tour which they, together with a party from the Bisley Parsonage, had been making in Cornwall, and although some of them had been unwell at Bude, yet on the whole it seemed to have been a restorative to all of them. Mrs. Keble especially had nearly reached Hursley in better health apparently, and with more than her usual strength. But immediately after, Mr. T. Keble at Bisley, and she at Hursley, were attacked with very severe and alarming illness; the danger at Hursley seemed so great and imminent that a physician was summoned from London twice, and he (it was the late Dr. Southey) kindly volunteered a third visit, on pretence, as Keble said, of paying a visit at the Park. It will be seen why I mention this illness, its bearing namely on my present topic. It was just as the agony of this trial was passing away, that the news reached him from Oxford of that having actually been done by his most dear friend, which had so long been im-

pending. He speaks thus of both trials in writing to me and to Dyson. Thus he expresses himself on September 27, 1845 :—

"My dear Coleridge,

"Since I wrote we have had some fearful ups and downs. She was nearer sinking on Saturday than ever I knew her. So much so that she took regular leave of us, and *such* things as she said and looked, my dear friend; you must really pray that they may not be thrown away upon me. You see the feeble frame exhausted by intense pain seemed unable to resume its functions, and we feared she would sink of mere exhaustion; in our distress we telegraphed Dr. Southey a second time from London, and by the time he came she was beginning a little to revive; she had received the H. C., and sent directions and messages to different friends, but it pleased God that she should, for the time at least, be brought back from the very gates of Paradise. During the night, and through Sunday, and the first part of yesterday, she was reviving; but just after Dr. S. went away yesterday, about noon, she seemed sinking away again, and the alarm returned. . . . .

"The friendliness of the Heathcotes is unspeakable, and all the people about are very kind.

"It is remarkable that at Bisley they are quite as anxious as we are, Tom having been very seriously ill ever since he went away, but he too has now I trust only debility to contend with, of that however far too much. On the whole it is a sore season with us, and you and other dear friends must help us."

Another letter followed of much the same doubtful character, and then on October 16, he wrote

communicating more confirmed advances towards recovery as to both the sick ones, and he continued thus:—

"These are great mercies, indeed, and most mercifully are they given, as if on purpose to keep one's heart from quite breaking at the bad news from Oxford. I thought I was quite prepared for it, but it came on me like a thunderbolt at last; I had not expected it so soon, and I clung to the respite of a few weeks or months. And yet, though I talk in this tragical way, I go on eating, drinking, and sleeping, just as if nothing had happened, or was happening. It is my reason that tells me how low I ought to live, my whole self keeps as hard and as cold as ever. It has been a sort of relief to write to ——, and tell him how unchanged I hope to be both toward him and the Church of England; but sometimes I feel as if I could do nothing but sit astonied for the rest of my life."

To Dyson he wrote on the 12th of October:—

"But what shall I say to the Oxford news, so long expected, yet it came like a thunderbolt at last. One can but be still and pray; I scarce know anything else that can be done. I have written to him to express as well as I could two feelings, one, continued love and affection towards him, the other, that every day things are happening, especially in our two sick rooms, which make it more and more impossible for me to do as he has done; it would seem like impiety to reject such warnings as have been sent to me in that manner; I mean things which dear C. said at a moment when she thought herself dying. I have some fear whether —— himself will not be unsettled again

before long. He wrote now to —— to announce his profession, and the tone of the note seemed to me a little excited. God bless him wherever, and with whomsoever he is. Ever your affte, J. K."

There remain but a few general words to be said to complete this part of my subject. Keble's course was henceforth clearly laid down in his own mind for his own guidance; and, as far as regarded himself, he would have abstained from the controversy entirely. When Dr. Newman's "Essay on the Development of the Christian Doctrine" was sent to him, I presume from the author, he declined to read it; and, having done so, when Dr. Moberly sent him his "Sermons on the Sayings of the Forty Days" with a Preface containing Strictures on that Book, he equally declined to read that. But what he would not do for himself, he could not refuse to do for others. There were some, who, either in their own perplexity applied to him for counsel, or who challenged him, having themselves taken, or resolved to take the step of secession, on his own resolution. He might perhaps have declined to answer, but it was not in his nature to do so, and in order to do this properly, he read the book; and with the same result. Some of these papers are before me, and testify to the care and candour with which he considered the questions he had to answer.

Some there are undoubtedly, I believe not many, who have carefully and honestly sounded all the

depths and the shallows of this great controversy, have ascertained the bearing and the importance of the rocks bare or hidden on either side, and have come out with their minds in a clear undoubting conviction as to the haven in which alone the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, is to be found; whichever be the port in which they are anchored, they are without a scruple, and feel conscientiously that they may venture to act as pilots to others. Some, again, there are, many more I trust in number, and I cannot but think more happy, and quite as safe, who have never enquired at all, because they have thought the controversy either unnecessary, or beyond their reach; who have been content to accept the creed in which they were brought up, and their parents before them; and striven only to walk humbly, and truly, according to its teaching. Some, again, there are, and certainly I knew some remarkable instances at the time to which I refer, persons of timorous, scrupulous, even captious natures, easily offended, and impatient of a doubt. It cannot be denied, that for such persons many stumbling-blocks were raised at this time, and to be free from the difficulties which then were pressing on them too often seemed to be the only object of such persons. They reversed Hamlet's rule,—rather than bear the ills they knew, they would fly to others that they knew not of. My quarrel with some of these was, that being

hopelessly, often avowedly, incompetent as guides, they yet could not refrain from troubling those who were at peace in their own course.

Keble belonged to no one of these classes; he thought the controversy of great importance; he was in a general way sufficiently instructed in it, perhaps enough so to warrant him in believing, that even after more enquiry, he should be unable intellectually to find on either side the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Then he thought, and the thought was congenial to his humble, tender nature, that the true question for himself was, Shall I be safe where I am? this allowed him to admit all moral arguments into the enquiry. Was he to affirm that so many great and good men, whose writings had been his study, whose characters the objects of his love and admiration through life; or that his father, his mother, his sisters, all as he believed saints in heaven; had lived and died out of the Church of Christ? There may be some who may smile, not one I hope who will sneer, at what he writes of those which he believed to be the parting looks and words of his wife, when her pure spirit seemed to him to be as it were in sight of Paradise. These may have no place in a strictly theological argument; yet I shall not shrink from saying that in my opinion, considering what was the object he proposed to himself, he acted rightly, even in a judicial sense, in giving great weight to such an incident.

They were in effect the same as the dying words of her who had been for years his true and fond partner and helpmate, his counsellor in all his pastoral labours and troubles, who knew better than any one the worth of his work in the sphere in which God had placed him, and who at that trying, perhaps enlightening, moment was testifying in a very conclusive manner, that to her, at least, there was comfort and a blessed hope in the creed to which she besought him to cling. These are circumstances, which as motives to conduct may properly have their weight, which yet do not come into the category of strict proof; and I for one should not estimate as of no value the conviction which fastened on the mind, I admit in some measure through the feelings, and it may be the experiences, of such a man as John Keble.

In the course of these later pages Keble has spoken of Confession, against which the general opinion, perhaps even more the general feeling, is so strong, that I can scarcely avoid saying a few words to prevent a misimpression as to himself. It must be remembered that he was not so much propounding a system, as stating his own experience in his own parish. The parish was a country one, not over-sized, and the circumstances, at least as favourable to the effectual discharge of pastoral duty as ordinarily occur to any incumbent. He was, indeed, painfully sensitive to the existence of

sinfulness, but he was not a severe man, nor of repulsive manners; on the contrary, his singular humility and tenderness, with his great simplicity of address, made him as well fitted as most men to attract the confidence of the closest natures, and to dispel the fears of the most timorous. "Yet," he says, "after all my care I am, in fact, in darkness as to the moral and religious condition of my people, and I am so for want of being able to use the arm of Confession." No thoughtful opponent will meet this merely with scorn or indignation; on the contrary, unless Keble exaggerates the inconvenience he complains of, a modest man would be led to doubt whether he himself was living in so much light as to his own parish, as he had before perhaps imagined; and he might not improbably join, at least, in Keble's regret, however great the countervailing evils of introducing Confession generally might be admitted to be. He might not in the end agree with him on the whole, but he would still have somewhat of a fellow-feeling for him in his avowed difficulty.

I own I thought Keble did unintentionally exaggerate his difficulties. I told him so, and that I supposed a clergyman, whose cure was of the manageable size of Hursley, need not and would not be so ignorant of the spiritual condition of his people, as he professed himself to be, if he brought to his task

the requisite intelligence, industry, kindness and devotion; and that if he did not, it was clear he ought not to be trusted with the delicate and difficult duty of taking confessions. I trusted he would gradually find the light dawn on him. In a subsequent letter, written in 1847, he spoke more cheerfully :—

"The Building," says he, speaking of the church, "goes on and gives satisfaction; and what is a greater comfort, I think the Parish is altogether in a more hopeful state. We have just had a Confirmation, and the young people seemed more in earnest; and Peter Young is more and more appreciated."

He speaks here of his excellent Curate, and, as might be expected from him, seems inclined to attribute more of the improvement he is thankful for to him than to himself.

I rather think that feeling the introduction of Confession as a general, or compulsory rule, to be hopeless, he did not then enter into the consideration of the evils, which even under the wisest administration of it, seem almost inseparable from it, or of the abuse to which it is so singularly liable. Perhaps, too, he did not heed this practical objection, that it would be impossible to make every incumbent, as such, confessor of his parishioners; and that wherever a stranger took that office, as all he knew would be under the seal of secrecy, the

incumbent would remain in the same ignorance in the discharge of his pastoral duty as before. If these matters had been fully considered, he would perhaps have admitted that the question was one of so great difficulty, that it might be wise to accept the present rule, which allows Confession as a voluntary act, and does not make it a part of the ordinary discipline of the Church. On this he himself acted habitually; he found it in his own case a comfort and guide, and resorted to it; and when he was desired, he did not refuse to use it as such to others.

I will now subjoin the poem which has led me into so long a digression. I might have omitted it, because I have good reason for expecting that it will be included in the promised publication of his poems, but it is so important, rightly considered, to a full acquaintance with his opinions, that I think it better to give it a place here also. In August, 1844, the Keble family had made what Keble calls "a rather ambitious ramble," reaching as far north as Fort William, and among other excursions, says he, "young Tom and I climbed Ben Nevis, much to the aching of my old muscles, but to the great satisfaction of my mind." It was in this tour the incident occurred, which is mentioned in the commencement of the poem. A lady, writing upon good authority, has informed me that in the

course of it he was the guest of Mr. Stuart in the Highlands. Dugald, the host's son, came suddenly into the room where he was, and looking all about him, sorrowfully exclaimed, "My mother is not here." He was much touched by the incident, and wrote on the occasion that which follows: which first bore the title, "The Annunciation," S. John xix. 27.

Mother out of Sight.

1.

"Saw ye the bright-eyed stately child,
With sunny locks so soft and wild,
How in a moment round the room
His keen eye glanced, then into gloom
Retired, as they who suffer wrong,
Where most assured they look and long;
Heard ye the quick appeal, half in dim fear
In anger half, 'My mother is not here.'

2.

"Perchance some burthened heart was nigh,
To echo back that yearning cry
In deeper chords, than may be known
To the dull outward ear alone.
What if our English air be stirr'd
With sighs from saintly bosoms heard,
Or penitents to leaning angels dear,—
'Our own, our only Mother is not here.'

3.

" The murmurings of that boyish heart,
They hush with many a fostering art:
'Soon o'er the islands of the West,
The weary sun shall sink to rest;
The rose tints fade, that gradual now
Are climbing Ben-y-Vear's green brow;
Soon o'er the Loch the twilight stars will peer,
Then shalt thou feel thy soul's desire is here.'

4.

" Lightly they soothe the fair fond boy;
Nor is there not a hope and joy
For spirits that half-orphan'd roam,
Forlorn in their far island home;
Oft as in penance lowly bow'd,
Prayer like a gentle evening cloud
Enfolds them, through the mists they seem to trace
By shadowy gleams a Royal Mother's face.

5.

" The Holy Church is at their side,
Not in her robes a glorious bride;
As Sister named of Mercy mild,
At midnight by a fever'd child,
Might watch, and to the dim eye seem
A white-robed angel in a dream;
Such may the presence of the Spouse appear,
To tender trembling hearts, so faint, so dear.

6.

"The Babe for that sweet Vision's sake,
Courts longer trance, afraid to wake;
And we for love would fain lie still,
Though in dim faith, if so He will.
And wills He not? are not His signs
Around us oft as day declines?
Fails He to bless or home or choral throng,
Where true hearts breathe His Mother's evensong?

7.

"Mother of God, O not in vain,
We learn'd of old thy lowly strain;
Fain in thy shadow would we rest,
And kneel with thee, and call thee blest.
With thee would magnify the Lord,
And if thou art not here adored,
Yet seek we day by day the love and fear
Which brings thee with all saints near and more near.

8.

"What glory thou above hast won,
By special grace of thy dear Son,
We see not yet, nor dare espy
Thy crowned form with open eye.
Rather beside the manger meek,
Thee bending with veiled brow we seek;
Or where the angel in the Thrice Great Name
Hailed thee, and Jesus to thy bosom came.

9.

"Yearly since then with bitterer cry
Man hath assail'd the throne on high,
And Sin and Hate more fiercely striven
To mar the league 'twixt Earth and Heaven.
But the dread tie that pardoning hour,
Made fast in Mary's awful bower,
Hath mightier prov'd to bind than we to break;
None may that work undo, that Flesh unmake.

10.

"Thenceforth, whom thousand worlds adore,
He calls thee Mother evermore;
Angel nor Saint His face may see
Apart from what He took of thee;
How may we choose but name thy Name,
Echoing below their high acclaim
In Holy Creeds? since earthly song and prayer
Must keep faint time to the dread Anthems there.

11.

"How but in love on thine own days,
Thou blissful One, upon thee gaze?
Nay every day, each suppliant hour,
Whene'er we kneel, in aisle or bower,
Thy glories we may greet unblam'd,
Nor shun the lay by Seraphs framed.
Hail Mary full of grace! O welcome sweet,
Which daily in all lands all Saints repeat;

12.

" Fair greeting with our Matin vows,
Paid duly to th' Enthroned Spouse,
His Church and Bride, here and on high,
Figured in her deep purity.
Who born of Eve, high Mercy won,
To bear and nurse the Eternal Son.
O awful Station to no Seraph given,
On this side touching Sin, on th' other Heaven.

13.

" Therefore, as kneeling day by day,
We to Our Father duteous pray;
So unforbidden we may speak,
An Ave to Christ's Mother meek.
(As children with 'good-morrow' come,
To Elders in some happy home,)
Inviting so the Saintly Host above,
With our unworthiness to pray in love.

14.

" To pray with us, and gently bear,
Our falterings in the pure bright air;
But strive we pure and bright to be
In spirit,—else how vain of thee,
Our earnest dreamings, awful Bride!
Feel we the sword that pierc'd Thy side;
Thy spotless lily flower, so clear of hue,
Shrinks from the breath impure, the tongue untrue."

CHAPTER XIV.

"LYRA INNOCENTIUM."—CHARLES MARRIOTT'S COLLEGE.—GLADSTONE CONTESTS.

I COMMENCED what I shall have to say respecting the *Lyra Innocentium* in the preceding chapter, but the part which Dyson and I myself took as to two or three of the poems intended to form part of it, led me to enter at once into an account of the difficulties which passed through Keble's mind on the great religious question of that day, and to their final settlement. It seemed to me better to dispose of these at once, and now return to the volume itself, which Keble begged our criticisms upon, and which we passed to the publisher. The volume appeared in April, 1846. The title, which has since been frequently used with different additions, was not common then, and probably was suggested by the *Lyra Apostolica*, to which he had contributed many poems. I may as well state here, though out of place, the little fact, that the title of his great work was taken from the fourth Sermon in John Miller's "Christian Guide;" he asked his permission for this, which was of course readily accorded. Certainly it was an excellent title for such a work.

On the present occasion he did publish his dedication at once, bearing date February in that year. Some people think the *Lyra* has a dry and hard character; the dedication, at least, is free from this defect; to me it was perhaps the more touching, because I knew how faithful a picture it presented, at once painful and soothing, of the troubles of mind which he had gone through, and of the humble and devotional spirit which was vouchsafed to him to shed its peace on him, at least on this point for the remainder of his life.

Keble's fame, the just claim which he has to the admiration and gratitude of his countrymen, indeed of the inhabitants of all lands where English is spoken, must rest upon his sacred poetry. He wrote, indeed, many things in prose, of great value, and which alone might have earned him reputation, yet it would have been such only as would have classed him among many other excellent writers. But "The Christian Year" is generally admitted, and I think justly, to have placed him alone, far above all our other sacred poets; to have made him in truth the sacred poet of the nation.

I do not expect a general agreement in opinion with me, when I say that the *Lyra Innocentium*, if not equal to "The Christian Year," as a whole, is at least more than equal in some parts, and on the whole worthy of its author. Though very successful in comparison with the generality of such works, it

has not had a circulation at all proportionate to that of "The Christian Year;" it has not become a *manual* in general use, and has not consequently been studied, and is not known in the same degree. I may therefore be excused a few words upon it.

A dear young friend of mine, a happy young mother, writing to me from New Zealand, calls it a mother's book, and most justly; it has suffered, I think, by being considered a book *for* children, properly it is one *about* children. The title-page says it is "on children, their ways and privileges." It begins with their baptism, (and the Author's belief as to that sacrament gives a specific character to the whole,) it follows them through their cradle life, and infancy, their childhood sports, troubles, encouragements, and warnings; it unfolds the lessons which nature, and the lessons which grace teaches them; it dwells on their sicknesses, their deaths. No one, perhaps, but a parent, can fully enter into all parts of it, and yet he who wrote it did not marry young, and was never a father. It is matter of wonder how one so circumstanced could ever have known enough of children from infancy to have written such a volume, yet I am persuaded that the more one has seen of them, the more will the life-like truth of the painting strike one. It will naturally be asked where and how did he acquire his knowledge. First, and above all, I think from his intense love for children, and from his feeling about them,

in which the heartiest tenderness was mingled with something amounting almost to reverence. A newly-baptized child was to him an emblem of the most spotless purity of which human nature here below is capable. I never shall forget being present once as godfather, when he baptized a child of Sir William Heathcote's. The child, after he had administered the sacrament, lay in his arms so still and sweet, one might believe it conscious of the blessing it had received. Keble held it in his arms some little time, looking on it with an inexpressible look of delight and love, a tear was in his eye, and he seemed loth to part with it again to its godmother. In 1853 that dear child died, and I will not keep back the letter which he wrote to Miss Baker, his governess, who was in deep distress for the loss of him; it testifies so strikingly and touchingly to the love and feeling I have been speaking of:—

"HURSLEY,
"14 *June*, 1853.

"MY DEAR ——,

"I must write a line, tho' I know what poor help one can give in such mournful trials as this; for I have been thinking of you almost as much as of his parents ever since I heard of it; and if it seems so sad to me to think of not seeing him any more with his dear quiet little ways going in and out with you (he alludes here, I believe, to the daily morning service); how much severer must it be to your affectionate heart. But He who pours the love into the

heart, has ways of His own to make the sorrow that comes with it tolerable. I make no question, dear Friend, but that you feel this already very much. From what Sir William told me in Saturday's note, there was a treasure of comfortable and happy thoughts and memories which dear little Godfrey was permitted to leave to you all, when he was just going,—a treasure for you to make much of as long as you live. Whatever happens you will always be able to say in humble thankfulness, 'By God's mercy I have been permitted to help in rearing *one* plant at least, which is now blooming for ever in Paradise, and I am sure (if there is remembrance, and who can doubt it) of being remembered by one at least who is there.' My dear ——, encourage these soothing thoughts, if they come to you; for surely they are the truest thoughts; but if you cannot quite enter into the comfort of them as yet, be not too much disheartened, bear the dreariness bravely for His sake, and for the dear child's sake, who is now in such sweet rest. Do not trouble to write, but

"Believe me always,
"Your loving friend,
"J. K."

When in the volume he speaks to the good child of its blessings, or to the froward one in blame, he constantly recurs to its baptism to think upon, to be grateful for, and to be warned by. Those who differ with him in his doctrine may yet admire the beautiful illustration of it in the poem entitled, "Guardian Angels," in which he sees in a dream infants brought by their angels to the fount:—

"There one moment lay immersed,
Each bright form, and ere it rose,
Rose regenerate, light would burst
From where golden morning glows,
With a sudden, silent thrill,
Over that mysterious rill;
Ne'er so bright, so gentle, sweep
Lightnings o'er the summer deep.

"In a moment came that ray,
Came, but went not; every sprite
Through its veil of mortal clay,
Now is drench'd in quickening light;
Light, wherewith the seraphs burn,
Light, that to itself would turn,
Whatsoe'er of earth and shame
Mars e'en now the new-born frame."

Holy Baptism, Poem 3.

Then there were his brother's nursery, the children at the park, the large fine family of his neighbour, Dr. Moberly, his own school, where he was a very frequent teacher, his cottage visits, the numberless opportunities which presented themselves to him in his rambles from hamlet to hamlet, and all these presented to that receptive spirit, and faithful memory, inseparable from the true poetic nature. These may well be thought sometimes to have created, sometimes authenticated, sources of information, and subjects for meditation, which would escape ordinary perceptions. From internal evidence,

where direct is wanting, and there is direct evidence in very numerous instances, I believe that had we the means of tracing, we should find at least a foundation in fact for every one of the poems, which professes to narrate, or comment on an incident.

I have no doubt he wrote to me the simple truth, when he spoke of the comfort he had received in his anxieties from the composition of these poems; the thoughts which they suggested took him out of himself, away from his doubts and cares; he was engaged in what was most delightful to him when playing with children, teaching them, or warning others by what they taught himself. And he was seldom more picturesque in his language than when he had one of these subjects in hand; what pictures does he give us for example in this stanza of "Children's Thankfulness:"—

> "Why so stately, maiden fair,
> Rising in thy nurse's arms,
> With that condescending air,
> Gathering up thy queenly charms;
> Like some gorgeous Indian bird,
> Which, when at eve the balmy copse is stirr'd,
> Turns the glowing neck to chide
> Th' irreverent foot-fall, then makes haste to hide
> Again its lustre deep,
> Under the purple wing, best home of downy sleep."

It seems to me that not a word could be altered in this, except, if indeed it be not too minute cri-

ticism to remark, that the bird's *making haste* to hide rather breaks the repose of the remainder of the picture, and is in itself perhaps not quite true to nature. Then, after following the subject through some stanzas, he lifts it up, which he seldom failed to do in his application, in the last stanza :—

"Save our blessings, Master, save
From the blight of thankless eye;
Teach us for all joys to crave
Benediction pure and high;
Own them given, endure them gone,
Shrink from their hardening touch, yet prize them won.
Prize them as rich odours, meet
For love to lavish on His sacred feet.
Prize them as sparkles bright,
Of heavenly dew from yon o'erflowing well of light."

Sometimes the poems are exquisitely pathetic; there are few to be met with anywhere more so than the two entitled, "Bereavement" and "Fire," both founded on facts. Mr. Eddis has found in the former subjects for two pictures, of which the engravings are well known. The Poet meets two sisters in the joyous flower-time of April, the elder leading the younger :—

"One a bright bud, and one might seem
A sister flower half-blown,
Full joyous on their loving dream
The sky of April shone."

He meets them again on a chill and damp Sunday evening in autumn, but the elder is following the younger to her grave; the motto to the poem is, "The Lord gave Job twice as much as he had before," and so he cheers the mourner with his favourite idea of communion with the departed spirit:—

"What if henceforth by heaven's decree,
She leave thee not alone,
But in her turn prove guide to thee,
In ways to angels known.

"O yield thee to her whisperings sweet;
Away with thoughts of gloom!
In love the loving spirits greet,
Who wait to bless her tomb.

"In loving hope with her *unseen*,
Walk as in hallowed air;
When foes are strong, and trials keen,
Think, 'what if she be there.'"

The most delicate and ideal artist need not take it amiss to be told that this last was hardly a subject for his art.

But I forget, while I indulge myself, that I am speaking of a volume which has been in many hands for more than twenty years, and I must not pursue this farther; at the same time I should add that in some of the poems Keble appears to me to

have struck a higher note than he ever reached in "The Christian Year." I instance the "Lifting up to the Cross," "Church Bells," "Easter Day," "The Waterfall," and "The Starry Heavens." Perhaps in some measure from Church associations he was specially fond of the music of church bells in chiming. After a visit to us in October, 1844, he writes:—

"I wish I had a better ear, and truer memory for sounds, that I might recall the church bells of St. Mary Ottery, the one deep tenor at $7\frac{1}{2}$, and then the chimes at $\frac{1}{4}$ to 8."

Eight o'clock was the hour of our daily service in the morning.

In the course of our correspondence on the subject of the poems which Dyson and I had recommended him to withhold for the present, I had collected that he was rather in want of others to supply their place, and I first suggested to him a passage from St. Augustine's Confessions: "Post et ridere cæpi, dormiens primo, deinde vigilans," and as he did not seem disposed to write on it, I ventured to do so myself, and he very kindly gave the stanzas a place among the Cradle Songs; altering, however, my first stanza, in which he thought I had misunderstood my text, and I dare say I had obscurely expressed myself so as to warrant him.

"St. Augustine," says he, "seems to me to speak not of a smile in the first sleep, but of the first smile being in

sleep, which is a different, and a deeper, and as those who have experience tell me, a truer idea."

I afterwards suggested to him another subject from the Confessions; the passage is to be found in the 8th Book, ii. 6 and 7, in which an analogy is drawn between the lost sheep, the piece of silver, the prodigal son, and, among other things, the dear one of the house recovered from sickness. "It strikes me," I said, "that a child after sickness, in the garden, pale and feeble, yet the object of peculiar joy and attentions from brothers, sisters, mother, &c., though less bright and beautiful than any of the circle, with the same application, might suit your purpose well." This hint pleased him, and he wrote the beautiful poem of "Languor" upon it. I mention my own suggestion, for it may be worth seeing out of how scanty and rude materials he constructed so beautiful and so entirely original a poem.

And now I must leave a subject on which I have indulged my own feelings too long; but I am really desirous of obtaining for the *Lyra* the position which I think it deserves. Let me add my advice to young persons to read it at all events as I have recommended "The Christian Year" to be read. Although in the beginning Keble did not write it with reference to the course of our Prayer-book, yet even in the first edition he appropriated certain poems to certain days, and he subsequently carried that idea out through them all. It will be found, I believe,

that we shall appreciate them more justly, and enjoy them more, and learn more from them, if we follow the author's guidance as our rule for reading them.

I forget how Keble had learned that I thought of preparing a review of the *Lyra,* and offering it to the "Quarterly." He wrote to me on this so characteristic a note, that it is worth inserting here :—

"As to the Review, I wish you to be entirely guided by your feelings while you are doing it. I mean if you get into a glow as you are about it, and are conscious that you are doing it well, go on with it, and don't spare me ; I shall get a deal more credit by discriminating praise, than by a mere out-pouring of friendship. I must make one bargain with you ; *pray* don't say a word about me *except as a writer.* I feel so painfully more and more the deceitfulness of the C. Y. especially, that I *must* beg this of you ; though I dare say your own discretion would tell you the same in a general way, yet a word might escape you here and there, were you not under special caution."

There are some few still living, and among them one very eminent man, who may remember the formation of something like a brotherhood, though adopting no such name, to assist the members in the regular discharge of their private religious duties. I mention it now, because it was in the latter part of this year, 1845, that Keble was applied to to draw up, or correct, I forget which, a little code of rules for its guidance. I mention the incident as an instance of the manner in which his help was

sought and rendered on many occasions, quite beyond his ordinary duties. He had lost his own copy, and asked me for mine, which he soon returned with this note :—

"*Dec.* 1, 1845.

"Many thanks for the papers, which I have copied. I don't wonder at your finding great difficulty in acting on them, placed as you are. I, who have, so to say, every advantage, do not, I fear, realize any one of them. Still I think it is good to have them in one's desk, and in one's mind, as tokens of what one wishes and hopes, and as helps towards *something* better than the present."

This short notice may recall to the minds of some few, times and thoughts long passed away from their recollection ; the thoughts, I trust, will not have lost their influence, but I hope they will remember not merely the great simplicity and kindness with which Keble dealt with us, but the profound reverence which at that comparatively early period we all felt for him.

It was about this time that Keble's attention was drawn to a scheme of his friend Charles Marriott for the establishment somewhere of what was commonly called among the favourers of it a Poor Man's College, the object being to train for Holy Orders the sons of parents who were unable to meet the expense of educating them at the Universities. He was very anxious for the success of such a scheme, and he considered attentively two preliminary ques-

tions, how to meet the expense, and where to place the institution. As to the first, it so happened that Mr. Hope's munificent intentions as to a Missionary Training College were then announced, but not carried into effect, and Keble was anxious that the two foundations should be consolidated. He pointed out how economy as to both might so be effected, and a greater breadth, and importance, and perhaps efficiency, thereby given to both. I cannot now say on what grounds this advice, which seems so reasonable, was rejected. As to the second, he felt the difficulties which might arise in placing it at Oxford, both as to its inception and its position after establishment. He had too, as may well be supposed, not a very strong confidence in the spirit with which the governing body might regard it; still he was decidedly for Oxford:—

"I stick," he wrote to me, "to my old mumpsimus, that where you can get it, 1st most independent, and 2nd worked by the best men, there it will answer best, and I am sure Oxford, *if you can get it there*, (which is surely worth trying,) has both these qualities."

This opinion prevailed, and the devoted founder actually purchased a site, not I think very wisely, at the top of Headington Hill, near to the spot well known to Oxford men, where stands, or stood at least, Joe Pullen's Tree. But in spite of his own great liberality, and that of others, Marriott's scheme

failed for want of funds. And this I cannot now much regret, for two reasons; because it seems to me to have been a mistake to limit it to students for the Church only; but even more because that failure left the ground open for a larger, and for what promises, with God's blessing, to be a much more liberal and useful institution, the Keble College now in progress. It was right to notice this effort, however, because it enables me to put out of doubt, that if any public tribute were to be made to his memory, (of which, however, he would undoubtedly have thought himself wholly unworthy,) the institution I speak of is one which, it may be presumed, would have been exactly according to his wish.

Mrs. Keble's severe illness made a change of air and scene expedient for her more early in this year, 1846, than usual, in order to perfect her recovery, and in the latter part of May they moved to St. Brelade's in Jersey, and remained there until towards the end of June. He seems to have thoroughly enjoyed this little place; I had several letters from him while there, and he wrote of it always with great delight. I had been obliged by ill-health to give up my attendance in court for a Term, and I was sent to Brighton by my friend, Dr. Latham.

"I wish," he writes, "you could be with us instead of Brighton, and see this gem of a little bay, filled at high

water with the bluest possible sea, and at low water halfway with the finest clear sand. On the right a most graceful ridge of pinnacled rocks, seeming to reach half-across it; and on the bank between us and it a curious though not very beautiful Church, the water in high tides washing the Churchyard-wall; with just trees enough to make a frame, both to right and left; a rock or two, and a vessel or two, in the middle; on the left a bold rocky point, and part of the sweep of a scolloped bay. This for the outside; and on the inside, Mrs. Keble writing away and professing, (after an early rising and steam voyage, a drive, and two walks,) that she is better able to draw her breath than she has been for a long time, so that by the blessing of God I hope we have found a place which will really do her good."

To be near the sea, or on it, was always restorative to her; in a few days after their arrival, they sailed to St. Helier's to meet Dyson, who paid them a visit from Southampton; the sea was to him for many years what it was to Mrs. Keble; and the meeting would make it, no doubt, more cheering and beneficial to all three.

Again, he says:—

"This coast has really a store of beauties, which it would take one a long while to tire of; I tell you this *for a secret*, for I should be very sorry to get it much belauded among the fashionable people in England; it would be so soon spoiled, if the pleasure-hunters got hold of it. How long we shall stay I don't know, but I shall be glad to wait till Charlotte has left off coughing; only one does get into such intolerable acquiescence with one's usual habits of idleness."

They made a short excursion to France while at St. Brelade's, and saw Coutance, and soon after returned home. Parting from it so lovingly, one would not have expected that they would never revisit it; but so I believe it was. On St. Matthew's Day he writes to me in thankful commemoration of God's mercy in having spared so many of those most dear to him in the course of the preceding twelve months. The day before that festival in the preceding year, 1845, he had returned home from his tour in Cornwall and Devon, and his wife's long and dangerous illness had commenced; his brother's also — and he had besides been in much anxiety about Dr. Pusey, Isaac Williams, and myself—all were now in apparently comfortable health; all are specially and affectionately enumerated in a letter to me. On Michaelmas Day his brother had a consecration of an additional church in his parish, which Keble was able to be present at; and we had that of "the little church" in our parish; he had been much interested in our work, and contributed to our funds. We were commencing also the restoration of our venerable Priory Church; and pressed as he was to provide for his own undertaking, he insisted on *throwing back*, as he called it, a "'score of pounds, towards your far more beautiful work;' but I fear there is no chance of our being able to afford more, consistently with our plan of devoting 'all profits of trade' to the work here." It conduced to the cheer-

fulness with which he ended this year, that there were "symptoms now of his church work beginning." Materials were being collected on the spot; it was found that much, if not all the main walls of the old church, so far as the proportions agreed, would only require to be cased, so well and solidly had they been built; and an alarm about the foundations had turned out to be groundless.

Yet he opened the year 1847 in language of the deepest humiliation — language of the kind which I have given specimens of before, but of which I cannot withhold another. My readers will, I feel assured, not misunderstand the unintentional exaggeration of it; and it must surely be useful for many of us, going on in our easy ways, to see with what deep humility such a man regarded his own inward condition. It may serve to damp the self-applause of some, and awaken the slumbrous state of conscience in which too many of us habitually live.

"Well can I understand from what I see in others, and a great deal too well from myself, the heart-deep truth of every word you say on the matter of those sermons of Pusey's on 'Sin and Love:' they are two great depths; too deep, by far, for our sounding. I suppose our safest prayer would be, that we may be led gradually on to the perception of where we are in respect both of one and the other, and not permitted to dwell on either exclusively. For myself, my inward history is a most shameful and miserable one—*really* quite different from what you and others imagine; so that I am quite sure, if you knew it,

you would be startled at the thought of coming to such an adviser; so long and so late has the misery been; and it ought to be a bitter penance to me to be so consulted. But I believe that I have sinned before now, in drawing back on such occasions, and I hope never to do so again; use me, therefore, dear friend, such as I am, if I can be of any use to you at any time; but pray for me, *bonâ fide*, that I may be contrite, for that is what I really need."

Early in the summer of 1847, Keble collected and published a volume of "Academical and Occasional Sermons;" although he contributed many sermons to other collections, and printed now and then some which he had preached for special purposes, this I think, was the only volume which he ever published. Among other important and remarkable sermons, this volume contains that on Tradition, which it seems to me ought to be in every clergyman's library; which, indeed, few laymen would not find their account in reading. But Keble's special purpose in the publication was to quiet uneasy minds in regard to their position in the English Church. And for this purpose he prefixed a preface of some length, prepared with much care.

He writes to me on March 4:—

"I have been, and am trying, to draw up a kind of view on the present position of English Churchmen, to answer, if it may be, the purpose which Dodsworth talked about that day at your house. Perhaps I may send it you when it is in some sort ended. The form of it would be a preface to some sermons."

In the Holy Week following, he says :—

"What I could, I have written on the R. C. Controversy, and the MS. is now in Moberly's hand for him to decide whether it be worth printing; if he says yes, I think of sending it to you and a few more in proof, to be criticized, while the Sermons themselves, to which it professes to be a preface, are printing."

On April 23, he writes :—

"Moberly has said *imprimatur* to my papers for a preface, but I have not yet been able to satisfy myself about the Sermons which are to make up the volume. One after another, on which I once plumed myself, seems such stuff when I come to look over it."

Accordingly the proofs were sent to me, and I ventured to say on them what then occurred to me; it is worth seeing in what spirit he received suggestions. He and Mrs. Keble had been with us in London in June; on the 30th he says :—

"Perhaps you will be able to send those papers with the shoemaker's parcel; I mean to add something to the effect that I take on purpose lower ground than might perhaps be taken. I want to shew that waiving all the special points at issue between the two Churches, a dutiful person ought to stay where he is; whichever of the two is right on those points. I reserve the question of the Articles and Clerical Communion, about which I still think I was substantially right in my unpublished letter to you."

On October 25, when he had received my comments, he writes :—

"Now thank you at least 5 times for the 5 sheets which you have looked over for me. I have used all your suggestions, I believe, but one, that of enlarging the part of the argument, where it is maintained that the distinctive Roman tenets are none of them recommended by the same overwhelming proof as our common Christianity. It would have delayed me too long to have verified and exemplified this; and you know the whole tenour of the preface is merely to suggest arguments, not to carry them out. It is all printed that you saw in MS., and a little more; but the eye gets over it so much more quickly in reading it in type, that it seemed to you less. Of course it might be greatly enlarged; but I had not the time now, it being an object on several accounts to get it out without delay; and if I had ever so much leisure, I think I should still wish the job in the hands of somebody of more learning and dialectic skill. In *such hands* I really think it might be made a good deal of; at least, the more I think of it, the more substance there appears to me in it—but of course it will attract intense scorn from opposite parties. I believe I have qualified the 2 or 3 passages which you were most afraid of."

The volume, when published, had not perhaps all the success which it deserved; it passed, however, to a second edition, and I am informed that it is now being asked for a good deal. Both these facts may well be accounted for: the Preface was addressed to neither party in the controversy then raging; and it was natural that neither should find satisfaction in it, the Romanizers on the one hand, or the undoubting and vehement Protestants on the other.

The argument framed on the Butlerian model purposely took low ground, and this itself was of course a cause of offence, as it has been with many men in regard to the model itself. It was assumed that Keble's own convictions rested on these and none other, and the concessions made by supposition and for the sake of argument were taken for real admissions. Now that the heat of controversy is somewhat lulled (I wish it were more so), the argument may be read and fairly judged on its own hypothesis. It seems to me a very valuable contribution to our theology. Every composition is fairly liable to criticism, both in regard to its design and to its execution, but the latter must be judged with reference to the former. Keble's special design was neither to re-convert those who had already seceded, nor to defend the English Church generally against the Romanist controversialist. His object was to quiet the minds of those, (and no one knew better than he how many they were, nor how worthy of care and comfort,) who in heart desired to be true and loyal to the Church of their Fathers, but in whose minds uneasiness had been excited, either by the example or the publications of seceders, or by scruples which circumstances at the time had given occasion for, and which they were unable to satisfy for themselves. This seems to me, at least, to have been a definite, and a very sufficient object. Some may wish that he had attempted more. Keble had a

just, and no more than a just opinion of the importance and difficulty of such a work: he did not think himself equal to dealing with the whole question commensurately with these; and he certainly would have shrunk with something like indignation from attempting so to deal with it in a preface or a pamphlet.

I must leave the execution of his design to the consideration of those who will now read the Preface candidly as a piece of Butlerian argument. One thing, I hope, we shall all be pleased with, his conclusion in a strain not very usual for a controversial pamphlet, but very characteristic of himself:—

"May one be permitted (though most unworthy) to offer one concluding suggestion, which will surely be taken in good part by all kind readers of whatever section of the Church? It is this; that at one time or another in our daily devotions, we should offer up Our Lord's Prayer, as a prayer in special for Church union: if so be He may graciously accept it, remembering His Own Eucharistical petition, "That they may be One as we are."

This is followed by the Lord's Prayer, broken up into its several petitions, with an application of each to the special purpose.

His letters at this time remind me that in this year, 1847, the Gladstone contests for the representation of the University in Parliament commenced. In these he took a very lively interest, perhaps this was to be expected in the beginning; his own prin-

ciples found a more exact representative in Mr. Gladstone than in his opponent; and he had a much higher opinion of him in his private capacity. But the interest continued unabated to Mr. Gladstone's only and final defeat in 1865. Compared with his successive opponents, Keble always thought there was no ground for hesitation; he was always in his opinion the best and most creditable representative of the University. Even when, as sometimes happened, he might not have been prepared to follow him in what he had said or done, he still thought that there being no reason to doubt the honesty and singleness of his intentions, it was unjust and unwise in a private man to withdraw his support of a representative, because his judgment, probably more informed, and guided by a better appreciation of difficulties, differed from his own. All through the series of contests his support was given heartily, I may say affectionately and actively; in the contest of 1852, he wrote to Sir Brook W. Bridges, who was, I believe, Chairman of Dr. Marsham's London Committee, and an old pupil of his own at Oriel, a letter "On the Representation of the University of Oxford," which is probably now forgotten. Keble, however, does not use merely occasional arguments on an occasional subject; this letter shews the principles on which he thought it right then to continue his support to Mr. Gladstone, and on which in substance he acted to the end. His support was, I need not say, very

influential on many minds. The issue of the contest in 1865 he deeply lamented.

I have made an extract from a letter written towards the close of 1846, in which he speaks of his "church work really beginning;" this was steadily pursued all through 1847, and until October, 1848, when the church was reconsecrated.

Writing to Cornish, he says:—

"*H. V., June* 30, 1847.

"As for ourselves, we jog on comfortably enough, far more so than one of us deserves: and just now the days are made very short by the pleasure of watching our new church, how it gradually gets on, encasing the old one. I don't know whether you would like it; I do, as far as it has gone, very much."

It was found, wherever the old and new buildings coincided, that the old walls were so well built, that they would need only to be cased in stone; whereever it was necessary to build anew, from the difference in size or design, the village masons, under proper direction, laid in the foundations. About Easter, 1847, he made his contract with Messrs. Locke and Nesham, "for £3,380, exclusive of these foundations, the seats, and other fittings, most of the flooring and windows." And he roughly estimated these at £1,200 more. Had he completed his design for the windows, and been at the sole cost, he must have provided a much larger sum than that for this last item alone. For his mind turned with the fondness

of old associations to the numerous and costly windows of Fairford Church; he did not indeed desire strictly to copy them, the different sizes and characters of the two churches forbidding that; but he wished to fill all the windows at Hursley with a connected series, according to the general design of that at Fairford. His idea was to carry a kind of sacred history all round the church from the Fall to the Day of Judgment.

His design was in due time, not exactly, but in some sort, completed; and only a comparatively small portion of the expense fell on him. Mrs. Heathcote presented one large quasi-transeptal window; Sir William and Lady Heathcote the other; Lady Lothian and Lady Bath, each contributed a window; two I think were provided out of an overflowing offertory on the day of consecration; and it having occurred to some of his friends that this was a seasonable opportunity, and a right mode of testifying their love for him, and admiration of his character, a subscription was raised, and applied towards completing what should remain. The management of this fund financially devolved on me, and I regret that I long ago destroyed or lost all the accounts and papers relating to it; but among my own letters returned to me I have found one, which enables me to state that although the subscribers were numerous, and the sum raised large, it did not suffice for the whole expense; and that I applied, with his sanction, part

of the monies paid to me by his publisher from time to time, to make up the deficiency. As the windows would require to be paid for one or two at a time, and sometimes at considerable intervals, I took on me to advance him portions of this fund, as money was needed for the church. It was arranged that for these advances he was to pay interest; but as he had himself to supplement the fund, that arrangement of course fell to the ground. Keble was extremely touched and gratified by this testimony from his friends. He took great pains and interest in the designs first, and in the execution afterwards; and I mention with pleasure the friendly part which artists and professional men took in the matter out of respect to him; Mr. Dyce volunteered help as to designs, and much correspondence took place between the two on the subject; a more learned and tasteful assistant he could scarcely have had; Mr. Copley Fielding was a contributor; Mr. Richmond also; but eventually he had the good fortune to secure the direction and inspection of Mr. Butterfield, a candid but severe judge, who, I remember, was not satisfied in respect of the east window, until the third essay had been made; two, which were finished and placed, were removed wholly or in part to make way for it. It is but justice to Mr. Wailes, who, I think, executed all the windows, to say that he submitted to his judgment with perfect good temper.

The first stone had been laid on May 20, 1847; the consecration, as I have stated, was on Oct. 24, 1848. I had the happiness to be present at it with my brother Patteson; and I met a large assemblage of common friends, many whom I had not seen for many years, some whom I saw then for the last time; in the retrospect of such meetings there is usually, I think, more of sober pleasure than of sorrow. The numbers who assembled at an early service in the Barn which had been used as a temporary church, and afterwards at the church itself, were large; and in my memorandum, made at the time, I perceive that I noted with pleasure the due proportion of smock-frocks among the congregation. Our only drawback, and a serious one it was, was the ill-health and suffering looks of Sir William, who, however, although unable to go through all the services and fatigues of the day, opened his house to a very large number of the guests, and entered into the feeling of the day heartily. In the memorandum to which I have already referred, I see I note "the sweet state of humble happy thankfulness" in which Keble and his wife appeared to be; it was happiness to him to see assembled at the Vicarage, which was full to overflowing, so many whom he dearly loved, and who so cordially sympathized with him; but it was, as I called it truly, "humble and happy thankfulness," with which he regarded the

completion of his long-cherished, long-laboured design—the erection of a church according to his means, suitable for the worship of God, and in advancement of the best interests of his parishioners. The money, a large sum for him, nearly, if not quite, double the amount specified in the first limited contract, was perhaps the least part of what it had cost him; everything, from the first materials to the last finish even of the minutest article in the ornamentation, had his personal care bestowed on it. I remember specially admiring the aptness of the several texts with which the steps from the entrance of the church to the altar were faced; and the same attention to fitness was to be observed in every part of the church. There was no stained glass in the windows then, but, as I noticed at the time, we scarcely missed it. It is but just to say that Mrs. Keble participated most heartily in his care first, and delight afterwards, and was, in heart at least, a willing contributor to the expense incurred.

The completion of the tower, and the addition of a beautiful spire, were subsequently accomplished by Sir William; and I scarcely know any parish church where the spire is so beautiful an object from so many points as this. Keble, at the request of the builder, mounted to the summit, and with his own hand placed the last stone on it, when that finishing act was to be done, not, as he told my informant, without fear of a fall.

He was happy and thankful. But it was during the progress of the work that the state of affairs in the Church weighed heavily on his spirits; he says, writing to me in May about his building:—

"Meantime I try to make up my mind to that which seems to me, considering all things, every day more and more likely, viz. that I shall not myself ever do duty in that church; at least, so it seems to be agreed by those who are at present in authority, and nobody speaks a word against it. Nevertheless, I suppose it is one's duty to go on just as if all were encouraging. I know, at least, whose fault it chiefly is, if one could but have the heart so to take it: and *that* I hope one's friends will be so good as to ask for one. But enough of that."

This was the year in which Dr. Hampden was placed as Bishop in the See of Hereford. Keble and he had been brother fellows of Oriel, and personally he had a great regard for him. It was, therefore, a painful duty to him to take part in the proceedings which were instituted to prevent his Confirmation; abortive they were; but they had the effect, at all events, of calling attention to the needless and shockingly profane mockery which the law enforces in the election and confirmation of bishops; and it may be hoped, that some day it will turn out that in this respect, at least, those proceedings were not wholly useless.

Keble's apprehensions, however, it must be ad-

mitted, were exaggerated, not only for himself, but for the Church. He was not only able to remain the Incumbent of Hursley to his death, with the good assent, I believe, even of those who differed from him most widely in opinions; but the Church of England has maintained, I will not say the position which he thought she ought to hold, and those who think with him desire she should, but one at least as near to it, as he had seen her in possession of at any time in his life.

For himself personally, he was an object of general love and admiration, without respect to any religious differences. And this was strikingly manifested on occasion of an accident which befel him in the Close at Winchester in November, 1847. He always spoke of the exceeding kindness then shewn to him, especially I think by Canon Woodrooffe, but generally by the residents there. He was driving with Mr. Rogers, a brother of Sir F. Rogers, and, as he says, "by a very foolish piece of carelessness" of his own, the carriage was run away with, and both of them thrown out. It was owing, he says, "to a very merciful Providence," that they escaped with their lives. He was laid up for a short time, but no material injury was in the end sustained by either.

CHAPTER XV.

SHOULD KEBLE HAVE BEEN PREFERRED TO DIGNITY IN THE CHURCH.—TOUR IN WALES, AND VISIT TO IRELAND, 1840.—TOUR IN SCOTLAND, 1842.—UNDERTAKES TO WRITE LIFE OF BISHOP WILSON.—VISIT TO ISLE OF MAN, 1849.—MARRIAGES WITH SISTER OF DECEASED WIFE, 1849.—SECOND VISIT TO MAN, 1852.—TRIP TO SKYE, 1853.

I HAVE ventured to intimate an opinion at the close of the preceding chapter that Keble sometimes allowed himself to indulge too much in what might almost be called a querulous foreboding as to the Church of England, and the utterances of a severe spirit against the proceedings of the authorities both in Church and State in regard to measures affecting Her; and that in the intensity and single-mindedness with which he pursued a principle, he scarcely made due allowance for the difficulties which beset those in high places. It will be understood, I hope, or injustice would be done him, that this mode of thinking and speaking was by no means extended to persons; if in a moment of irritation he said or wrote anything "scornful," (as he called it,) of any one, he would be seriously angry with him-

self, and add probably some severe term of general self-condemnation.

I have mentioned the intensity of his spirit as one cause of what I remark on, and I may add that as years passed on, the authority of his character so deepened, and the greater part of those with whom he lived, and of whom he saw most, had such a reverence for him, that his opinions were seldom canvassed with that freedom in conversation with himself which is good for the wisest of men. For myself I liked, I confess, to express my occasional oppositions to him in my correspondence, rather than in conversation; I could do so more freely, although I always felt not merely the superiority of his intellect, but of his knowledge on most of the subjects we discussed. But I remember conversing with Dyson on some matter, "Synods" I believe, on which Keble and I had differed. He happened to agree with me, "But then," said he, "when Keble is with me discussing such things, he is so earnest, and I have such a feeling, that one with so much holiness, as well as learning and ability, must be right, that I succumb at the time to arguments and assertions, which, when I think them over afterwards, do not always satisfy my reason, or my acquaintance with history." And then adverting to the subject of discussion, in reference to Keble's argument, he added, what I have recollected ever since, "In such matters we ought not to be *fet-*

tered by the forms and precedents of antiquity, but should look to the spirit and to the circumstances of respective ages; never losing sight of these latter, making them indeed our pole-star, but dealing respectfully, yet not servilely, with the forms."

No one, moreover, could be more hearty, or humble in his expressions of thankfulness for personal kindness, or of commendation, where any measure seemed to him taken wisely, or pursued in a right spirit, even by those from whom he very commonly differed in judgment.

But I should not write sincerely, if I did not say that there were some things said and done which might well wound him in the tenderest part. "The sorrow of his life," as I have called it, the loss, namely, to the Church, and to himself, of his dearest friend, he attributed in good measure, and I think with too much justice, to the conduct systematically pursued towards him; and it was but an embitterment when men with much coarseness and little wisdom of spirit pointed to the result as a justification of their course of conduct. And this was not uncommonly done by those who seemed little able to trace the complex motives which often operate to produce human actions, sometimes even without the consciousness of the doers of them. This, however, is a subject on which I can do no more than touch for obvious reasons.

Beyond this, however, which wounded him so

deeply, it must be remembered that he thought sincerely that vital doctrines of the Faith, and the Catholicity of the Church were, at least, endangered more than once by things allowed, or sanctioned by, sometimes even directly proceeding from, those in Her high places. No interests were dearer to him than those involved; he might be wrong in his opinions, but he had, at least, a right to hold and to express them; for no one could impute that he took them up hastily; or that he had not thought and read deeply on the subjects to which they related; or that he had any but the purest motives in his advocacy of them.

Dignities in the Church, I think, never entered into his contemplation for himself. I cannot recollect in all our correspondence, or in our most intimate conversations, a single expression which pointed that way; and I believe that, if they had been offered, they would have been declined. I have, perhaps, no right to express an opinion on this subject, except to say in fairness that it must have been so gratifying, and obviously so popular a thing to exercise the power of patronage in his promotion, that independently of all personal considerations, a strong presumption arises that the abstaining from it, whether wise or not, was strictly conscientious. Yet I cannot but believe that it would have been good for Keble, good for both parties in the Church, and what is more to the purpose, have conduced to the holding of opinions with more

charity, if honours had been offered to and accepted by him. A long experience confirms me in thinking that where persons oppose each other honestly, however decidedly, in belief or opinion, the cause of truth, which commonly lies between both, and of charity, without which even truth itself can scarcely be maintained truly, is greatly served by the necessities, the softening and enlightening necessities, of personal and official communion. Rarely, indeed, do fallible men hold the truth without some admixture of error, and even where they hold to that which is error in the main, commonly this is mitigated, morally at least to the individual, by some infusion of truth in particulars. Moreover, in the religious differences of Christians there must be much, and of importance too, which is common ground; and where honest men are compelled by their position to act together in some common duty, or with regard to some common interests, this ground becomes more apparent, and is estimated more justly as to its importance. These are general considerations; but in regard to Keble it is not the overweening fondness of friendship, I feel sure, which makes me say that there were exceptional considerations also which ought not to have been without weight; as his was a nature so humble, and so loving, that personal influences would have specially touched and softened his heart, so were his claims and merits so undeniable, and so remarkable, that to pass him over was in effect not merely to

ignore them, but to imply in some measure a condemnation of him.

I have mentioned that Mr. Wilson, the first Incumbent at Ampfield, was the first Curate of Keble's appointment at Hursley. This connection was the commencement of an intimate friendship between them which ended only with Keble's life. Mr. Wilson has been kind enough to furnish me with many of Keble's letters, which, among other things, uniformly disclose the delightful footing on which the Vicar and Curate stood towards each other. The first letter in which the Curacy is offered, gives the tone to all that follow; at that time Mr. Wilson was comparatively a stranger; but nothing can be more open, or considerate, or kind; and the series shews how pleasant that relation may be made to the parties, how instructive to the younger, how beneficial to the parish. Whenever Keble was absent, he received minute accounts of everything which occurred in the parish, of importance for him to know, and especially of every sick, or offending parishioner. It is obvious from his answers that he maintained not merely the interest, which was of course with him, but such a knowledge in detail of all that required his advice, or interference, that he might almost be said to be present in directing or sanctioning whatever it might be necessary to do. I reserve some particulars as to this matter for a later stage in my

work, but I mention these letters now, because having anticipated events in order to complete at once what I had to say respecting the new church, I go back and shall be indebted to them for some facts which seem worth mentioning, especially as Keble will be himself for the most part the narrator of them.

He did not willingly take leave of absence from Hursley, but there were few years from about the period of his life at which I am now arrived, in which Mrs. Keble's delicate health, and indications of lassitude or weakness, rather than absolute failure in his own, did not make a change of air and scene for her, with relaxation from his work for himself desirable, if not necessary; and so he commonly left home for some few weeks in the summer; and this I think he would scarcely have consented to, unless he had felt perfect confidence in the substitute, upon whom the care of the parish devolved in his absence.

Perhaps I have mentioned before, that in 1840, he was in North Wales, and stayed some days at Barmouth. Thence he made his way by Harlech to Tan-y-bwlch, and so by Bedd-gelert to Llanberis, Carnarvon, and Beaumaris. From this last place he writes to Mr. Wilson. He passed a Sunday at Llanberis, and describes it thus. So many years have elapsed, and matters, I dare say, are now so much mended, that I may print the account with-

out fear of giving pain to any one. The date is August 19, 1840:—

"This implies our being at home by Sunday, the 14th Sept^er^, at the very farthest. It is an unconscionably long absence, but if it really sets up my wife with tolerably good health against the winter, it is perhaps one's duty to stay out even that long time. And I cannot but say it is very pleasant. I enjoy Wales and the Welch, the mountains, and shores, and waterfalls, of all things; but I am afraid I shall come home without going up either of the great mountains. And I have an unpleasant feeling that my time passes away very quick in proportion to the work I do; there is always some wonderment or other to hinder either reading, writing, or thinking, and yet one feels that such objects as Snowdon, whether far or near, ought to make one think to the best purpose. One thing I really imagine one does learn by travelling in Wales, and that is to realize in earnest the present condition of the Church in G. Britain. E.g. last Sunday we were staying at the nearest good Inn we could find to Snowdon, and we found, that in the Parish Church (of Llanberis), there was but one service, varying in time from 11½ to 1¼, the Clergyman living 6 miles off, and no one knowing which the hour would be, the parish perhaps 15 miles long. So we went at 11, that we might have plenty of time to look about us. When we got there, we sent our car away, and wandered a little up the glen, which, as I dare say you know, is most romantic, till we heard the Church Bell. We hastened back and found that in the Church was going on, not service, but a sort of school of adult Welchmen, and some children, who seemed to be learning to read, and saying a sort of catechism to a man whom I much suspected of acting sometimes as Teacher in

a different sort of place about 200 yards from the Church, it was all Welch. However, we went in, partly for shelter, as it begun to be cold and drizzling, and the people seemed very little put out by our being there. After a time they had finished their work, and went home, I suppose, to dinner, the man first saying a prayer in Welch, with seemingly much grave devotion. We were left in the Church alone, and so had time to read the best part of the service together in English, during the latter part of which some children were watching us, but behaved very well. At last, a good deal after one o'clock came the Parson, put us into a pew, and the regular service proceeded. There were but few persons, and the singing was much inferior to what we have generally heard in Welch Churches, but all was to the ear very unaffected and solemn; and to the eye also, except the *extreme* dirt and negligence of the old Church, and all its appointments; it is *very* old, standing a far better chance, I imagine, of belonging to the 7th Century, than most of those whereof our friend S—— did so vaunt himself; and it is a very handsome plan of a church, a long nave with a triple Chancel, and a large and old font at the West End; the stone so massive, with such varied roughnesses and weather-stains, as almost to give the effect of architecture by itself. It is a good deal the worse for Churchwardenizing; but *that* is nothing to the dirty disrespectful condition in which the whole of it is left,—from the tottering three-legged Communion-Table, which stands so near the rails, that a man leaned his hands on it to say his prayers, when he first came into Church, to the tumbled frill of the Minister's Surplice, every thing shewed a consistent dislike of soap, and of ecclesiastical decency. One thing only was satisfactory, the seats of the people were as dirty and uncomfortable as anything else. And all this in

the midst of the most glorious sights and sounds in nature. Well, good-bye. God mend us all. Your ever affectionate,

J. K."

From Wales they crossed to Ireland, "Went on board at 7, and woke up in Kingston Harbour in a most exquisite calm moonlight at 1¾." Their direct object was a short visit to Mr. Trench, near Athy, and they seem to have well employed their time for a few days in seeing much that was interesting. He writes again from Tan-y-bwld on the 30th of August, in his way to Bisley and home. They reached the latter safely, and much refreshed, and I think Mrs. Keble's health occasioned no movement from home for any length of time during the remainder of that or all the following year.

In the summer of 1842, he went to Scotland, and it is worth while to insert here parts of a letter to Mr. Wilson, dated from Edinburgh on the 29th of July; a great deal of it is taken up in minute directions about persons and things in Hursley, but much relates to his tour. If he had been scandalized at the outward appearance of things relating to the Church in Wales, it was to be expected he would be not less so at what he saw in Scotland; even the contrast of the past, which beautiful ruins presented to his eye, made the present more distressing to him. His language is strong, but it must be remembered that he is writing in the freedom of intimate correspondence. He calls it at the close of his letter, "a spit of toad-like venom."

"We came here," he says, "yesterday, from Melrose, by way of Abbotsford and Peebles, to which latter we turned, expecting to meet a coach, but were too late for it. I have been more struck with this place even than I expected, and only wish I could kick down their heathen Parthenon, and put a true Church in its place, a York or Lincoln of the best proportions. As yet I have scarce seen any thing but from this window, for we found so many letters and proof-sheets waiting here, that we have not yet done our necessary morning's work in answering them. But I think of calling on Mr. Ramsay, not only as you seemed to wish it, but also because I want to get into some Library to get some of the sheets corrected. The Kirks, and the manner in which they defile and insult the sacred places, e.g. Jedburgh Abbey, are even more horrid than I had expected. I would not be in one of them at service time on any consideration. They proclaim aloud, every inch of them, 'down with the altar.' The true churches, except the ruins, seem few and far between; they told me at Melrose, there was none nearer than Kelso, or Peebles, but I suspect I saw a new one at Galashiels.

"Last Sunday we were at Carlisle, which bids fair before long to be a Kirk instead of a Church, according to appearances; a beautiful Choir, most slovenly served and attended; no one but ourselves, and one lady with 2 or 3 more strangers on St. James' Day. I was greatly disappointed there altogether. Temporally, I do not know when I have seen so thriving a country as these Lowlands; the little manufacturing towns on our road, though rather complaining, seemed still to have work; and the tillage seemed to surpass any thing I ever saw. Between Kelso and Jedburgh they were reaping barley, and the corn crops are spoken of as excellent. But the great delight is to see the places one has read so much of in W. Scott. We went by

Kelso, that we might see Sandyknow, where, you know, he was at nurse, and I am very glad we did so; we called also at Dryburgh in our way to Melrose, and Abbotsford, and passed by Ashestiel in our way to Peebles; in short, we seem to meet him everywhere as we did Wordsworth in the Lake Country. We have missed Yarrow, which I was sorry for, but the weather was unpromising yesterday morning. As to Melrose, I like it altogether the best of any ruin I ever saw; but surely something bad must happen to the Scots for resisting so many years the witness which such places bear against them. The scrolls, and the few images which remain, are most beautiful circumstances in it. I suspect the Presbyterian Teacher there is afraid of the effect of the Abbey on people's minds, as he has built up a high wall in his garden to obstruct the view where he could. It was comfortable in the Lake Country to see so many good new churches, and to hear the people everywhere talk so kindly of the Squires and Parsons; also to hear old Wordsworth, how he kept falling back on Church Matters, whatever other subject was started. . . I conclude, sending you all good wishes, and among the rest, that we may soon meet again; although I must own the Grampian Peaks looked very tempting to-day from Mons Meg. Ever affectionately yours. J. K."

Wordsworth and Walter Scott were objects of his most affectionate admiration; how he testified this, as to the former, I have already mentioned; and as to the latter, I ought to refer my readers to a well-known article by him in the "British Critic," on Lockhart's Life of him, remarkable not only for its ability, but for the loving and ardent spirit in which it is written. In spite of the strong language in his

letter, he retained a very kindly recollection of his tour, and of Scotland. Writing to Mr. Wilson in 1846, who was then in that country, he says:—

"You will get this at Monteviot I hope. How pleasant it is to have such a home feeling about so many of the places you go to. Remember us most kindly to your hostess, and to your travelling Tutor. I wonder if you will like Jedburgh Abbey, and Ferniehurst, (if you see it,) as well as we did."

I ought to have mentioned before this, that Keble had lent his aid to some friends who were associated together for the purpose of editing a Library of Anglo-Catholic Theology. This seemed to him a cognate scheme to that of the Library of the Fathers, and he joined in it heartily, served effectively on the Committee, and personally undertook to superintend the publication of a complete edition of Bishop Wilson's works, to be preceded by a Life of the Author, which he promised to write. The Bishop was a special favourite of his, and he entered on the work heartily; but many interruptions retarded the execution of his promise, and the Life was not finished until 1863. What there may be to say about it, I will reserve for the present; and I mention it now mainly, because, in 1849, he was induced by it to make his summer sea excursion for Mrs. Keble's benefit a trip to the Isle of Man, that he might procure information on the spot, and see the places in which the Bishop lived and acted for so many years of his life. The scheme answered very well

both for her, and his own object. He was much amused, and returned refreshed in body and mind. Writing to me on various matters on September 26, after he had reached Hursley, he says :—

"I have lots to say about Mona, and Bishop Wilson, but cannot now go on with it ; the tour was a very pleasant, and on the whole not an unsuccessful one. The Bishop *very* kind and hospitable, and as off-hand as Lloyd used to be. The clergy a nice set, but rather Wesleyanized."

I believe Lord Auckland will not be offended at this free comparison of him with Bishop Lloyd ; in Keble's mouth it meant a great compliment, for the Bishop of Oxford was one in whom he delighted ; nor I trust will the clergy of the Island, should any of them chance to see it, be scandalized at his remark on them.

It was while he was in Man that he received intelligence of the death of George Cornish's eldest daughter, and I shall be forgiven for inserting the letter which he wrote to the afflicted parents ; it has to me a special and mournful interest from the recollection that within a month from the date of it, the father to whom it was addressed, himself sunk under his many trials :—

"Douglas, I. of Man.
"*August* 22, 1849.

"My dearest George,

"We got your letter here only last night, and it was a sort of stunning blow to me, for somehow I had grown to be

sanguine about dear Essy's recovery; and in many ways it comes very near one. God grant that when one's own turn comes, (who knows how soon?) one may leave as little cause of anxiety to those who shall survive, as she has now left; and if pain, like her's, be needful to prepare us, may He in His mercy send it, and give us grace to bear it. You know, dear friends, that our thoughts are very much with you, and those of one of us at least, to good purpose. We shall be anxious for the next account of you all, but don't trouble yourselves to write; let it come through Bisley, where we hope to be, one or both of us, in the course of the next week. It is comfortable to think of your being so many, so loving and dutiful, and of the help you will be of to one another; and I need not say to you, because you must know it full well, how desirable it is to lose no time in using yourselves to speak freely and calmly to one another of those who are out of sight, as though they were, as they are, *only* out of sight. I am more and more thankful that dear Robert is with you. Do take all care of yourselves, and let him take care of you. What a treasure to their Father, and to you, must be those little children. May they prove so more and more.

"We hope to get back to England to-morrow, and to Bisley, or Hursley, by the end of next week. Here we have been living, as it were, under the shadow of Bishop Wilson's wing; and surely it is a thing for which we ought to be the better.

"C. sends her loving remembrances to you all, especially to dear Kenie. May we all love one another the better for each one of us who is taken to the Home of Love.

"Ever your most affte,

"J. K."

I have spoken already, in my notice of George Cornish, of his death in September of this year, and how Keble mourned for his loss; his feelings towards all that generation of the Cornish family were those of a very fond elder brother; and the affection towards his widow, and all that remained of another generation, continued unabated. Indeed, it was strengthened by the engagement of his brother's only son, whom he regarded as his own, to her to whom special remembrances are sent by the name of Kenie; and in 1851 he married them at Salcombe. He went to Sidmouth for the purpose, and as he had so often done before, he coupled with this the benefit of a sea-side visit, and change of air for Mrs. Keble. They re-visited Lyme Regis for a while before going on to Sidmouth, from which last place they came to us at Ottery for a few days. He and I were much together alone, and a great delight it was to have again that sort of intercourse with him. He was in good spirits, and no one, when he was in spirits, could be a more delightful companion. They returned home towards the end of September. Writing to me, when the wedding party broke up, to fix the day of his coming, he says:—

"It was a very happy wedding, as far as we can judge, and I am in good hope that it has done much good to poor dear Harriet; it was very touching to see her in her mourning, and to look round the room, and remember things and people. I will do as I am bidden about Sunday, and shall

be really glad, if I can save Henry a little, for I dare say he over-works himself. But somehow or other, my sermons seem more and more disagreeable on a second preaching."

I like to dwell, and perhaps I dwell too much, on these passing expressions; they disclose so naturally the tenderness and simplicity of his character; and I note here what was observed of him repeatedly in later life, how he liked to preach when from home and he had the choice, in a small country church to the simplest congregation, rather than to a large number in a church of more display.

It was in this year, 1849, that the measure of legalizing the marriage of widowers with the sisters of their deceased wives was vigorously pressed in Parliament, and out of it. Keble felt very strongly upon this matter, and he opposed it earnestly, perseveringly, and effectually; by his personal influence, wherever he had opportunity to exert it, by framing and circulating petitions against the Bill, and by the publication of a vigorous pamphlet. He relied on the authority of the Church uniform and consistent, on Scripture, on the tendency of such unions to impair the holiness of marriage, to disturb the peace, and corrupt the purity of social life. Some Hebraists and theologians have questioned the interpretation of Scripture which he adopted. It rests, I understand, on great authorities, and seems very consonant with common sense; and he believing in it, of course

could not pass it by. I confess it always seemed to me that the last grounds were abundantly clear, and in themselves quite sufficient for his argument; and because they were more easily understood and appreciated, the best on the whole for the generality to rely on. Keble also pointed out the indirect and personal motives to which the movement was owing; its onesidedness as to the sexes; and also how untruly it was urged that the alteration of the law was at all generally desired by English women. The attempts to pass the Bill failed, and I believe other attempts have been equally unsuccessful. Measures of this kind, however, once put forward, are seldom given over finally, and it is to be feared that the efforts to carry this will be renewed. Should they be, I commend the pamphlet to the notice of my readers.

It was somewhat earlier in this year of 1851, that I consulted him on a difficulty which occurred to me, in regard to a clergyman who had been my own pastor, and who had seceded to Rome. He was a pious and amiable man, and we had lived in a good deal of social intimacy. Keble answered me thus:—

"Now to the question you asked about. I suppose it has been practically answered by this time; it is a difficult one to answer for another person; but if it were my own case, I should keep up as much intercourse as I could in the way of morning visits with the rest of the family;

but I could not have him to dine. I should consider it scandalous in respect of the servants, to say no other; they know that he is a clergyman who has renounced his Orders; and it cannot be but certain thoughts must enter into their minds, if they think of such things at all.

"In one respect this Lent is much pleasanter than last, that one does not live in a perpetual fever of Church Union Meetings, &c.: how far it is the calm of despair may admit of a question, as far I mean as our cause is a *public* cause; for as to private feelings, one seems, thank God, to be more and more sure that one was and is right in staying. Now, good night, dearest friend. From your ever loving, J. K."

It was about this time that he was consulted by a gentleman who was meditating a very unusual step. I am at liberty to mention the circumstance, and I do so chiefly for the sake of the letter in which he gave his answer. The gentleman was at the time a layman, not a young man, and engaged actively in a liberal profession; circumstances had occurred in his family, which made it seem to him a sort of special duty to give as strong a testimony as he could personally to the Church of England; he thought therefore of applying for Ordination, and to be allowed to fill a vacancy that had been made in a small country cure in his neighbourhood. It was obviously a matter that demanded much consideration, and, as so many others did in their difficulties, he turned to Keble for advice. His letter I have not the means of referring to, but I have

the answer before me, and I am at liberty to use it. He says:—

"Concerning your scheme, one can feel nothing but joy and thankfulness that such a thought should have come into your heart. It startled me, I own, at first, but on coming to ask myself why, I really believe that this was only from its being so new and unusual a thing, though in a certain sense it may seem very old; for who knows but it may have been put into your mind for the same kind of purpose, which made so many of our forefathers of all ages and stations enter the religious life. I do not of course compare the two, but may it not be in our day the same *kind* of thing in some measure? This I say to myself to meet the scruple you hint at, and which a great many would feel, about being less useful so, than as a Layman trying his best. It seems to me that this would be more to the purpose, if you cut short your active professional life for the sake of doing this; but it would not be so; it would be something substituted for miscellaneous and not strictly professional work, and in that respect would perhaps involve a good deal of self-denial; of course you will consider well beforehand, whether, applying yourself as you would wish to do to your new profession, you will have leisure for the many calls for time and thought which are sure to be made on you in your retirement. You will not like to put them by, and I can fancy them going on on such a large scale as to interfere seriously with your pastoral work.

"I only mention this for consideration; there may be nothing in it, your habits being so active.

"The *testimony* both as regards religion generally, and faith in our own Church particularly, would, as it seems to

me, be the stronger in such a change, than in a person's continuing a dutiful Layman.

"On the whole, (I have been just reading over your letter again,) I am much inclined to say, go on and prosper, and may a great blessing attend you."

Keble, from his own experience perhaps, seems to have had his attention principally drawn to the calls, which might probably be made on the gentleman, for advice in matters relating to his abandoned profession, and be an hindrance to him in his new one; he seems to have overlooked that it was intended evidently to cut short the professional life; but in itself he had no difficulty in assenting to the sacrifice. This might have been expected from him.

There was a second letter from him, from which it appears that another friend had also been consulted, whose opinion was opposed to the change. It did not alter Keble's view, for which he gives his reasons. However, whether from the occurrence of new circumstances, or some change in the gentleman's mind, I know not, his purpose was never carried into effect. But I have thought it fitting to mention the incident, and publish the letter; they recall the recollection of that anxious time, when the hearts of serious men were greatly searched by a flood of doubts and questionings on the controversy between the Two Churches. The secessions to Rome, though not numerous, and with a very

few exceptions little note-worthy or influential as examples, yet produced in the families in which they occurred the deepest and most lasting distress. They, indeed, who then left father and mother, brother and sister, and made great temporal sacrifices, were not in truth generally those who suffered the most, or the longest. It pleased God to guard our Church from any permanent depression, or injury; and it may be hoped that we have learned to regard such events with sorrow indeed, and it may often be self-reproach, but with a more comprehensive, and I will add reasonable charity, than we could easily exercise at first. I will not undertake to say whether, as regards the individual case which has occasioned these remarks, Keble or the dissentient friend was on the whole right. The wisdom of the resolution may be questionable, but there is no reason to doubt of the gentleman's sincerity, and I cannot but agree in the opinion that as a testimony the step would have probably been impressive on many minds. However, events have shewn, and we may acknowledge it thankfully, that it was not a necessary one.

Later in the year 1851, I was threatened with a very heavy sorrow by the seemingly desperate illness of a married daughter, which I mention only to introduce a letter I received from him when matters appeared to be at the worst. It would seem to me ingratitude to withhold such a testimony at

once to the tenderness of his heart, and to the religious aspect in which he contemplated all such trials:—

"H. V., 4 *Nov*r, 1851.

"My dearest Coleridge,

"I cannot be easy without writing one line to you at such a time as this, though I well know how impossible it is for me really to sympathise with your distress. Only I cannot help imagining that your dear child's sufferings are in kind rather like my Mary Anne's in 1826, concerning which I have always felt that it seemed a case which the Great Physician had taken most entirely into His own hands, so utterly powerless did all human means appear from the very beginning; and the distress in kind so utterly unlike what one could have expected for one so sweet and loving. So that ever since, one has thought of her, I trust not presumptuously, as of one much nearer a martyr's estate than most even of those whom one remembers most thankfully. My dearest friend, your fatherly heart, as it will feel the rending and tearing of such a visitation in a way which such as I cannot imagine, so it will be by His mercy, I trust, opened to receive this treasure of comfort far beyond my comprehension. He who has granted you to take care of this precious jewel for Himself, will enable you to bear your temporary loss of it, I am sure of *that;* and who knows how available her presence *there*, (if He should now take her,) may be to avert some of the evils which we have been most dreading of late? I must write one line to dear M——, God grant it may be of some small comfort to her. We have mentioned dear A——, though not by name, in our prayers and communion, since we heard of her illness. Our affectionate love is with you all. Your most loving, J. K."

Again, in 1852, Keble made his summer sea-side trip for Mrs. Keble's sake serve the purpose also of his own preparation for the Life of Bishop Wilson, on which he was now engaged. They went in August to the Isle of Man, "got a lodging in a very pretty place," enjoyed their stay much, and returned "the haler and the heartier for it." He wrote to me from Leeds, whither he had gone in his return by desire of Dr. Pusey, to compose some little differences; he spoke with great gratitude of the kindness they had received from the Bishop and his whole family. He drops, too, a hint of that which had for years been much on his mind, and on which perhaps he thought a little too much in the composition of his Memoir:—

"If one had skill, the information gathered might be made very profitable, partly as to the good Bishop's personal character and opinions, but still more as to the discipline of the Island, as a fragment of former days, and perhaps as furnishing hints for the future."

I have mentioned one of Keble's trips to Scotland. In 1853 he made another, which he speaks of shortly in the following letter:—

"H. V., 6 *Oct*^{r}, 1853.

"My very dear Coleridge,

"I am tired of not writing to you, though I have very little to say. But I do wish to know whether you have any objection to appropriating the proceeds of the next

Edition of the *Lyra* to Fredericton, for I very much wish to do some little for dear Medley, and hardly know how to do it any other way. We had a most successful flight to Skye and back, staying out two Sundays. We escaped all the violent weather, and had the perfection of steam travelling in every respect, but the crowds that were with us; Sea, Mountain, and Sky, all along performing the most exquisite Trios for our amusement. I suppose, putting the hours together, that I was not less than seven days on board, and I was not at all sick the whole time, a great triumph for me; and C. I think entirely enjoyed it; and though she came back with a cold, she is certainly able to walk farther than she could. Skye scenery beats what I expected, and so does the whole of the Inverness and Rosshire Coast, as we saw it from the steamer; the Coolea Hills are not so high as some others, but their forms are, I think, the finest I have seen. Among other people we met the Bp. of London, and his family, who were staying at Ballachulish, and they were very good-natured. On our way home we stayed a night at Bisley, which was very refreshing, and now we have been at home near a month, and have had several visitors; R. Wilberforce especially, about whom there is still more anxiety than one could wish; though his book is meeting with such success as I for one could never have dreamed of. But I really cannot imagine a person of his truthfulness, learning, *and good temper*, putting up with the Roman system as a Convert. [Keble is speaking of Archdeacon Wilberforce's able and learned treatise on the Doctrine of the Holy Eucharist.] I should be glad to hear anything you can tell me of the Lay Crusade against the *parti prêtre*. My expectation is, (God avert it,) that ——— &c., will have their own way, and that if the world lasts, there will be something as bad as Popery, only in

another direction, marring the Gospel as Popery did, for want of simple faith in the first Gospel as the Apostles left it. . . . . I wish I could find the *double* of Wilson for Ampfield, for I grieve to say he is obliged to go for reasons of health. It is the greatest loss. Our very kind love to all. Your ever loving J. K."

I am unable to say what answer I returned as to the *Lyra*, nor is it material; but I would not omit the question, because it is a testimony to a dear friend, one of the most sound, and zealous, and able of our Colonial Bishops, which it will give him a pleasure, he well deserves, to see recorded.

My next letter from him, on the 16th of November, 1853, was but a note, written under his dictation by Mrs. Keble, and only signed by himself. It was merely an invitation to come down to Hursley, in respect of a charitable object which he thought I might further, and he ends it thus :—

"My worthy friend the Iodine is only just beginning to tickle me, but I dare say it will do its work in time. Many thanks for my pleasant visit to you. Affectionately yours,

"J. K."

This attack was probably a precursor, or forewarning of that with which he was visited so much more seriously not many years after; it was more serious, however, than he seems to have regarded it as being; for three months after, writing to me, he speaks of his "nearly recovered hand." I was about

to say it would have been well if he had learned from it to be more prudent, and to remit in some measure the constant strain to which he submitted both body and mind in the discharge of the duties, regular and irregular, which fell on him. But I will not say this; it was well for him to labour as he did, though his frame sunk under it at last; it was happier for him so to do in this life, and who can doubt that it is far happier for him in another.

CHAPTER XVI.

DEATH OF W. C. YONGE, 1854.—OXFORD UNIVERSITY REFORM.

EARLY in the year 1854, Keble was visited with a great affliction in the sudden death of William Yonge, whom I have had occasion to mention before. In any way it would have affected him much, but in the particular circumstances it was specially afflicting. His only son, a young soldier, was to sail with his regiment on what turned out to be the Crimean expedition, and the old soldier busied himself with his usual activity in equipping him for the service; perhaps, it may be feared, beyond his strength. On his return home from this exertion he had an apoplectic seizure, and although, during what seemed a respite, his son was able to hurry home to see him, it was but for three hours, during the whole of which he was asleep. No more could be allowed. He died without seeing him just after the sailing of the regiment, and too late for the news to reach the son before the vessel touched at Malta. This was a severe visitation on the mother and sister, the only surviving members of the family; the Kebles were on the most intimate terms with them, and no one

would be more likely to sympathize with them in their sorrow than they; but Keble felt the loss tenderly in many ways for himself; William C. Yonge, beside his goodness and tenderness of heart, often concealed from the many, and in matters of indifference, by a somewhat stern manner, had a fondness for business and knowledge of it, a readiness of apprehension, and decision of character, which Keble was glad to lean on. "What we shall do here without W. C. Y.," he says, in communicating the event to Mr. Wilson, who was abroad, "I cannot think." He writes to me:—

"I am grieved to the heart to think that the first letter I write to you with my nearly-recovered hand should have to announce such sad news."

And after describing the particulars, and the state of the widow and daughter, he says:—

"What *they* will do without him, what we and all the neighbours will do, especially what Otterbourn will do, I am sure I cannot say. There is really no one that I know of in this Parish at all to take his place. But our loss, (we may speak it, D. V., with more absolute confidence than usual,) is his exceeding gain."

And, again, on the 31st of March he says to me:—

"But you would be surprised to see how we miss *him* at every turn, and find that it is indeed a gap which will never be filled up. But of course this is a feeling of which one

must expect more and more. . . . Do you not mean to come this Circuit again some time, and let me have one of my pleasant drives, or walks with you? I have no Wilson, nor Yonge now, and only half-a-Heathcote. [Sir William was now attending in Parliament as Member for the University.] But thank God my wife is well for her, and walked the day before yesterday 2⅓ miles. With love to you all, I am affect^ly^ yours, J. K."

It will be seen that Keble in the earliest of these letters to me, from which I have made extracts, dated on the 26th of February, 1854, speaks of his "nearly recovered hand." It appears from the same letter, that it had been thought desirable for him to come to London for advice in regard to it, and that I had urged him to do so again; he refused, saying, "It is so nearly well, that I do not think it need go a consulting any more. I only wish I was as likely to make a good use of it, as to have the use of it." Whatever the affection was, it seemed to pass away; he wrote as much as ever, and I see no marked change in the character of his handwriting for several years after this.

A subject now arose which interested him most deeply, I may say painfully; the Oxford University Reform Bill, consequent on the report of a Royal Commission of Inquiry. It is well known that the provisions of this Bill, which occasioned much debate in Parliament, were framed so as to make great changes in the Constitution of the University, and

to permit some also in the several Colleges. In respect to the former, the measures were for the most part defined at once by Parliament; to carry out the latter, an Executive Commission was appointed, and the members were named in the Bill, among these were Sir John W. Awdry, and myself. If what was then done had been final, it might have sufficed to mention generally that Keble was very much opposed to the whole measure; but much of what he wrote applies itself to questions now pending, and therefore I make some extracts from his letters.

He wrote to me on seeing the first draft of the Bill, on February 26, 1854:—

"I suppose it will be no breach of confidence now to speak to you of the University Reform Bill, the draft of which was shewn to me by permission. I was regularly scared at it, and much fear that it will make a sadder disruption of parties than ever. The Constitution it enforces will leave us (unless we are continually running up from the Country) entirely at the mercy of the Tutors and Professors, (the latter a completely new sort of folk to be as such an organic part of the Body,) and there is no reason to believe that either is not fairly represented by the present persons, who seem to me, I must confess, rather different from the Copelands and Rogers's and Aclands of former days, in respect both of temper and of reverential feelings. Then the plan is expressly Anti-Collegiate: it goes on the principle that it is actually good (*cæteris paribus*) to have a lot of Students who are not *alumni* of some old Founder, but disciples of Arnold, or Marriott, or Newman, or whoever he

may be, as if this was not the immediate way to encourage Party of all sorts, and as if there were not elements of good and happiness in the Collegiate Life, which we ought to provide as far as we can for all our Students, and as if it would be possible, one might say fair, *that* system once admitted, to avoid admitting Dissenters. With the Colleges it deals *rather* less radically, but all through with a notion that *examinations* and talent are everything, and with another notion which I deprecate from my very heart, that natural preferences for homes, kindred, &c., are not to be allowed in eleemosynary endowments. I think it an indication of a certain hard priggishness, which I fear is getting to be characteristic of this generation. Well, here is grumbling enough for one time, but you must not suppose that in what I say of this Bill, I mean to be condemning the person, whom I suppose we must consider its author. I have no doubt he is designing himself to do the best he can for us. He is still to my mind 'Pusey in a blue coat.' But the die seems to me virtually to be cast; I believe the Anglican portion of Christendom, for the sake of doing good, to be on the point of commencing a process not unlike that by which the Papacy rose and throve, in its disregard of Primitive Models, and I hope a great deal of good may be the immediate result; but one cannot but fear the event on a large scale, looking to what has come of the Papacy. Of this great movement, the University Reform is a part, as I take it. But *ohè jam satis*, especially as I know that on this subject, if I were to write for a year, I should only make my heart and wrists ache for nothing. And so I rest, dearest friend, ever your most aff^te^, J. K."

On the 31st of March, 1854, he again wrote to me in part on the same subject. After expressing his

pleasure that Sir J. Awdry and myself were among the Commissioners, he says :—

"I trust that, if it please God, you will be enabled to do a good deal towards drawing the sting of it,—that a sting it has, and a many-forked sting, I wish I could doubt; and I certainly could not myself have been a party to it, were it only for the needless, and, (as it seems to me,) therefore irreverent degree of interference with Founders' Wills; but in this, I believe, not even Pusey agrees with me. I thought I had got over it; but as it was my first thought, so it has come over me stronger than ever. But I am not going now to trouble you with my feelings and fancies; if you think it worth while you may see a specimen of them which I sent yesterday to Heathcote; but, indeed, I poured myself out to you more than enough the last time I wrote. I wish I may be very much mistaken, but the aspect of things oppresses me more almost than ever. This war is to me so horrible; surely we ought to be most thankful for our Lord's saying about Peace and a Sword; else such things would be almost too much for us."

Again, on the 24th of April, he wrote to me on the subject of the Private Halls, which then seemed likely to be of much importance, but from which so little as yet has resulted; though it may be that more may now arise :—

"But what I wanted now to set before you was two or three thoughts obvious enough, yet, (as I fancied,) worth writing down, which have occurred partly to E. B. P., and partly to myself, in considering this plan of Private Halls.

"First of all, he thought whether it might be well to

make a list beforehand of persons who are eligible to them, (as the V. Chancellor is to make a list for the first gathering of the new Congregation,) rather than give a vested interest to every M.A. to the Licence. I cannot but look on this with very great dismay; except (which I do not think unlikely, Woodard says it will certainly be so,) it fall dead to the ground for economical reasons, and I shall be most anxious to see what rules you the Commissioners will prescribe, or accept, to guard it. Might not one be, that no one shall have a licence except he have gained such and such distinction, unless he will consent to undergo an examination for it. Might not the V. Ch. have a Council assigned him, a Committee, say, of the new Hebdomadal Board, who shall certify in some solemn form, whenever they grant a licence, the same kind of points as are required to be certified by this Act, when a man is elected to a Fellowship? Might there be a kind of *Si quis* put forth for a certain time at the meetings of the Hebdomadal Council, for the chance of excluding persons positively discreditable? Might it be ruled that the Licensed M.A. must be either a Priest, or provide to the satisfaction of the Licensers a sufficient Chaplain to look after his pupils? Might not the licences, for a certain time, at least, be restricted to persons associating with them a certain number of co-adjutors, such as to give security to the University, that *between them* they would give their pupils a fair chance of completing the University Course, thus forming a sort of voluntary Colleges, (but S—— says this would not do, they would quarrel so.) Might not some kind of pecuniary guarantee be insisted on? I mean that a M.A. should shew to the satisfaction of the Licensers that he has a fair chance of success, by producing promises in writing from respectable persons guaranteeing him in all so many pupils

to begin with; or in any other way. Rules like these, it seems to me, will be requisite to guard against direct swindling, and charlataneries; but what I most apprehend, if the plan succeed, is a succession of A's, or V's, or W's, or A's, or B. N's, or F. N's, each with his school or personal following, unsoftened by the Collegiate feeling. What will become of Peace and Reverence? and where will you find any safeguard against this? I must see whether I can think of anything against to-morrow morning, for it is midnight.

"Well, now it is to-morrow morning, and I have been thinking chiefly of my dreams, but a little of my being to-day 62 years old, and how little I have to shew for it, except in one way, which is not pleasant to think of.

"I hope to see May here presently, and that will be a comfort.

"As to the evil last mentioned, I suppose it must be taken as a necessary result of 'our unhappy divisions;' however, I dread it exceedingly. I should think also it would be harder to keep up discipline; offences will much more readily be slurred over when a man's bread depends on the number of his pupils; and Proctors will be thought ill of, if they do not a little spare the father of 'six small children,' or 'of eight marriageable engaged daughters.' On the whole, I fear litttle Bernard has small chance of learning the old Oxford ἦθος, any more than he has of loitering with a book under a real hedge-row of the old English Fashion.

"I have just got your letter; many thanks. In your notion of the small effect of this Bill in itself, I very much agree; the loss of ἦθος I fear has taken place already.

"Ever your very loving, J. K."

"Surely the Private Halls *do* make a great opening for

Dissenters, at least, with those who think that the *Colleges* are in some sense bound by the Churchmanship of their Founders."

On the 1st of May he writes :—

"I wish I could be reassured by anything in your letter, or in what W. E. G. said the other evening, that the direct and necessary tendency of this Bill is not to separate Oxford from the Church. As I understand *him*, one of the first things after the Bill shall have passed, will be that the University will be called on to consider how far 'the natural and reasonable desires' of Dissenters to get into it may be gratified;' and one of the faults of the Hebdomadal Board is their not having allowed that question to be mooted.

"I have very little doubt that we shall have to deal with it every year till it is done, and how long then will it be before the Colleges are thrown open also; considering that J. D. himself told me the other day, 'he did not care for Founders and Benefactors;' they were his very words.

"I can only see one way in which this measure can amount even to a forlorn hope, that is, if there were such a lot of people like Woodard and Wordsworth, &c., to occupy the Private Halls, that they should even take the place by storm, and do their work so as to defy competition; but what chance is there of that?"

On the 19th of June he wrote again to me. I was coming on the Western Circuit, and had promised to go to Hursley in my way :—

"My dearest Friend,

"Indeed it is too true that you have not heard from me for very long, and I wish I did not know too well whose fault it is. *Pray* let us see as much as ever we can of you when you come here. I was intending to write to ask you

this before your's came. If you *could* but give us a quiet Sunday! Such things are more and more precious every year as we feel how little we can reckon on them. I am sure you will do what you can for us. We are more of a family than usual, having three of Peter Young's children, while he is being *watered* at Malvern; I hope successfully, but I am far from being easy about him. But the youngsters would not be at all in your way. Heathcote you know may now see his fill of you in London. . . . .

"I very much like, as far as I can judge, the changes which have been made in the Oxford Bill, only I am afraid they will greatly increase your trouble. It is not so much the proposed amount of change that I deprecated, as the cool way in which Parliament was decreeing, without asking those most concerned, that Founders' natural preferences should go for nothing, thereby laying down the principle which Woodgate seems to me to have unanswerably exposed, that endowments may be seized not only for doing harm, but for not doing all the good they might. I consider that principle to be now withdrawn, and that is to me a great gain, be the practical result what it may. Still my quarrel with the first half of the Bill remains. I consider myself and some 4,000 others to be unconstitutionally and wrongfully treated in not being even consulted on so great a thing as the whole scheme of our Corporate Government; and that while it is expressly enacted that Convocation is to retain its privileges. If we had been guilty of ever so great malversation, we could not have been used worse."

Again, on July 13, he wrote:—

"My very dear Friend,

"One word for fear I should miss you by-and-by, to say that I was not quite so simple as to dream of shutting Dissenters out of Oxford. I think you had not time to read

the printed stuff I put into your hands, p. 10, else you would not have misunderstood me. What I ask for is simply that the restriction of a mile and a half from Carfax be taken away, so that people may study any where, and only come up to be examined, &c., at Oxford, and this for all denominations alike, even as all alike will be free of Oxford itself.

"I dare say this is unpractical enough, but it is not, I think, quite so unreal as what you understood me to mean."

From time to time during the sittings of the Executive Commission he wrote to me on the subject of Affiliated Halls, (which he recommended to be allowed without limitation as to distance or denomination). and the Private Halls to be established under the Bill. I will extract from one of these, written from Oxford on the 14th of June, 1855, very soon after the Statute as to Private Halls, which I believe is still in force, had been passed. This adhered to the originally proposed limitation as to the distance from Carfax, within which alone the Hall could be opened; and modified, but not in Keble's opinion sufficiently, that which prescribed within what period before the grant of a Licence, the Head must have been resident within the University. These limitations he would have wholly done away with.

The letter is interesting on several accounts :—

"Dearest Coleridge,

"I have been looking at the Statute for Private Halls, which I understood is now before you the Commissioners,

and I have been a little dismayed at finding that nobody may open a Hall unless he has been lately resident at Oxford. This entirely spoils a favourite dream of mine, that such as Wilson, (e.g.) might make a lodgment in Oxford under cover of the new system, and do something to counteract the terrible secular spirit which has come over the place, naturally enough by the re-action consequent on Newman's secession, and other such things. You see the present Tutorial Body in Oxford, (I don't mean to disparage them, it was but to be expected in their position,) are just of that Academical Generation which was most likely to be influenced in that way. The old Country Stagers were too well settled beforehand, and I hope their children after them will prove to be the same; but there is no doubt, from all I can hear, that the religious tone of the Common Rooms just now is very much gone down from the level of Copeland, Rogers, Tom Morris, &c., and I cannot but think that an opening for such as I am thinking of is very desirable. The obvious way would be to strike out the limitation about time, and leave those who recommend to state what quantity of experience their protegés have, as well as how they stand in other respects. And the Candidates might be invited to bring the best testimonials they could *from any quarter*, as when Rugby or Winchester School is vacant; and the Hebdomadal Council might judge of them, or appoint a Committee to judge, provided always the Committee were *impartially* constituted, in which last clause I apprehend the difficulty would lie, but we *must* trust somebody.

"Perhaps I have no business to write to you on this matter, if so, just put me in the fire.

"I am here for two days for Bp. Wilson, but go home to-morrow."

I have brought these letters together for the general, and as to some of them the present, importance of the subjects on which they are written. The strong inclination of Keble's mind was obviously to preserve Oxford so far, at least, as regarded Resident Students, to members of the Established Church; though he would have conceded the Oxford Examinations at Oxford, and of course the honours, with I presume the Bachelor's degree, to Nonconformists of every denomination; he would have had much more regard paid to the intentions of founders than would be satisfactory to the Reformers; and he clung with the greatest earnestness to the revival and preservation in full force of what he called the Oxford ἦθος, which he considered to be of infinite value, and to be dying out in the new state of feeling there.

These three points are of present and abiding importance; on all of them Keble's opinions would be considered perhaps by many persons as now out of date; but in order to judge of them fairly, we must transport ourselves to the time when they were given, and remember the general object which he set before his own mind. The doctrine of the Nationality of the Universities, because their property was the gift of the nation, and their establishment the act of the State, was at that time little heard of; and when stated, rather assumed than proved. I do not mean now to controvert it; and it is perhaps hardly a practical question how far as a whole

it could be historically proved; but conceding this, if one thought that the State was about so to exercise its right of interference as to impair the gift which it had already made, it would be neither inconsistent, nor narrow-minded, to oppose such exercise. Looking at the interests of the classes which were actually in an ancient and undisturbed possession, it seems to me even now very questionable, whether *their* place of education, and *their* education, may not suffer unnecessarily and seriously by the measures which have been adopted since the Oxford Reform commenced. The engrafting of the Collegiate system on the University teaching used to be considered a circumstance advantageously distinguishing Oxford and Cambridge from all other Universities. I am not prepared to abandon that notion, and if this distinction could have been preserved, with a due regard to the claims of Nonconformists, no Oxford man could be blamed, I think, or considered illiberal, for endeavouring to accomplish it. The scheme of Private Halls may be said to have failed; it was a concession, perhaps a necessary one, to the feeling of the day, but it had the seeds of its failure inherent in it; all the Colleges and Public Halls were not, and I believe are not even now full, and the Private Halls presented no advantage which might not have been had in greater degree in one of them. At the end of thirteen years but two appear to exist, which contain together eighteen Students in all, a number which

might certainly have been conveniently provided for without their establishment. The scheme now started of simple teaching apart from the Collegiate life, I fear may result in a similar failure, although it presents the temptation of economy; unless it be supplemented by something, which it does not and could not promise, and the happening of which, however probable, is still precarious and uncertain. I mean some such event as that which Keble desired, the devotion of themselves by some marked and gifted men to the tuition of the *Non-ascripti.* It does not seem safe in regard to this to rely on the ordinary rule of demand creating supply; here the supply should in some sort precede the demand; and it must be remembered that the Colleges must be expected to present commonly much greater temptations to eminent men to become Tutors, than the class of pupils we are now speaking of.

But waiving these difficulties, it seems to me that this plan, (and Keble's no less,) has been framed in forgetfulness of that which is essential to satisfy the claims both of Churchmen who require more economy, and of Nonconformists who seek admission to University education; it may, and I hope it will, conduce to the teaching a greater number of persons the languages and science, and may give to more of our youth some of the benefits resulting from University Honours and Degrees. And I do not desire to undervalue this advantage. But we de-

ceive ourselves, if we suppose that these gains will satisfy the reasonable desires of parents. Quite apart from these, however valuable, there is and there ought to be, even in the minds of those who neither expect nor desire for their sons Scholarships, or Fellowships, a strong desire to give them the benefit of a Collegiate education; it is the College Hall and Common Room, the College Tutor's classes, not too large to become the seed plots of friendships, the College society and associations, which they know tend to introduce their sons, free from all invidious distinctions, into full membership in the best English society. Their feeling is our own; what is it now which we look back upon with the most affectionate feeling and innocent pride? not so much the University as our College; not merely to our having been First Class men, or having won this or that University prize, but to having been fellow-pupils with such and such men of this or that Tutor at Balliol, or Corpus, or New College, or elsewhere; or perhaps, with some of us, even fellow-oarsmen in this or that College boat; it is the College which creates habits, which forms or cements friendships, which stamps indelible memories and associations. It may be a melancholy conclusion, and involve some serious consequences, (I hope none so serious as excellent men, and Dr. Pusey among them, foretel,) but I am convinced, that if changes are to be made with a view of satisfying those who are now without, nothing short

of a full and free admission to the College will have that effect with the most influential of the claimants. If they know what they seek, and I doubt not they do, they will accept nothing short of this.

But suppose my conviction to be ill-founded, and also that the new measure should be well accepted, and lead to a large influx of young men of all denominations, it is surely matter of grave consideration how far the order, and discipline, and internal harmony of the University can be securely maintained with so large a body, consisting of young men of previous habits so different, and so prone in themselves to give and take offence. It is mere folly to suppose that a machinery by which, or an area in which, a thousand or twelve hundred Students may work well together, will have strength or space for the number indefinitely increased; and it is much to be feared that irreparable injury may be done to those who now occupy the ground, without conferring the desired benefits on the new comers. The change, it must also be remembered, is not a mere change of numbers; besides many differences in themselves, the new comers will not be under the same favourable circumstances for discipline as those under which the Undergraduates are now placed.

One evil which Keble, it has been seen, estimated as very grave, the loss of the old Oxford *ἦθος*, it would be scarcely fair to attribute to anything done under the Oxford Reform Statute; for he speaks of

it as having already happened when he wrote, and attributes it to another cause. Some of my readers may ask what Keble meant by the quality which he so much valued, and called by a Greek name. The familiarity of Students of our Oxford days with some, at least, of the treatises of Aristotle, and especially with the Ethics, and the remarkable expressiveness of his diction, occasioned the frequent use among ourselves of his terms; they were ever in the mouths of Keble and Arnold in conversation or correspondence. I dare say the same remark might be true now. This was one of those terms. It is a somewhat remarkable one. The same it is which denotes custom, or usage generally, differing only in this, that the first letter is then pronounced short, and is either doubled or pronounced long when it denotes, at least in Aristotle's mouth, not a custom, or usage generally, but one that is moral [a]. With Keble it imported certainly no intellectual quality, scarcely even any distinct moral one, but an habitual toning, or general colouring diffused over all a man's moral qualities, giving the exercise of them a peculiar gentleness and grace; it was not that the Oxford lad was more dutiful, more brave, more truthful, more punctual in his religious duties than any other, but that these qualities were habitually exercised by him with more of

[a] ὅθεν καὶ τοὔνομα ἔσχηκε μικρὸν παρεκκλῖνον ἀπὸ τοῦ ἔθους. Eth. B. ii. cap. 1.

deference, and reverence towards his elders, more gentleness and loving-kindness to all.

Few will dispute that this ἦθος, especially in youth, may be of great value. Keble certainly would have sacrificed a great deal of that which was more showy, and more likely to advance a young man in the world, to preserve it. I hope his notions about it are not entirely out of fashion in the present day, and I think it would be, and would denote, a great evil, if any constitutional or administrative reform should be found to throw a blight on this grace at Oxford.

With regard to the respect due to the wills and intentions of Founders, a question of great importance, and very general application for the future, as well as the present, I do not think the Commissioners differed so much from Keble in the principle, as in the application of it to particular cases; they no more than he, would have assented to the doctrine that *no* respect was due to them. This may be a tenable doctrine in a jurist's mouth, founded on the nature of property generally, and, in England specially, on the statutable and judicial restraints on the disposition of it; but when all that is said and allowed, it is still a doctrine which is shocking not merely to ignorance and prejudice, but to the most generous and reverential feelings of our nature. I say nothing of the impolicy of it. On the other hand, to maintain that the intentions of Founders should for all time be considered in all respects sacred and inviolable, is neither

reasonable, nor in a true sense deferential to them. It was the duty, I conceive, of the Commissioners, so far as they could, to place themselves in the position of the Founders, to give them credit for wisdom, enlightenment, and justice; and, so far as they could, to ordain, as it might be believed they would have ordained under the altered circumstances; doing away absolutely what had become useless or mischievous, or impracticable, and advancing the original design in what was good in spirit, but narrow, or impeded in execution; changing nothing wantonly, but not staggering at the mere greatness of any change, if it fell within this principle. I think they acted according to this; they may have erred, they probably did err sometimes; but I do not think they were actuated by a spirit which Keble would on consideration have disapproved of.

It would be disingenuous, as well as foolish, to deny that a difficulty will probably be experienced in conducting the teaching of classes composed of pupils of different denominations; or that a danger may exist when the tutors of a college, either simultaneously, or in succession, should be themselves of different persuasions. Wholly to overcome this seems to me impossible. I remember Arnold telling me that he should fear no difficulty, if he were Regius Professor of Divinity, in lecturing, Greek Testament in hand, a class of pupils of all denominations. I will only say he was no common man; but yet he never had

to make the experiment; moreover a Divinity class at the University naturally implies one of which the far greater part consists of those who are being prepared for Holy Orders, and therefore presumably members of the Church. If, however, it be part of the duty of such a Professor to expose heresies, and shew how they are to be guarded against; or to explain and confirm our Ecclesiastical Polity, ordinary men would find it difficult, I think, if not impossible, to conduct their lectures so peaceably and so effectively as my dear friend anticipated.

But what cannot be denied to exist may yet be much diminished in extent; ability and good sense, a conciliatory temper, with a spirit at once liberal and firm, that manifestly pursues the truth yet with consideration, and a large charity, will do much. The Church of England would begin with great advantages, and it is fair to presume that Heads of Houses would appoint College Tutors with a due regard to the circumstances. And after all it has with justice been asked, Have you security now against the evils you foretel? unless some Colleges are much belied, you have not. Many a thoughtful and conscientious parent, I believe, now exposes his son to the lectures and influence of tutors whose religious opinions he condemns, on account of their ability, their industry, or their moral influence for good. And so, I apprehend, would it be found with not a few Nonconformist parents; as in the National

Schools, the good master in a Church school attracts the Dissenters' children of every denomination; so at Oxford, I apprehend, the Tutor, deservedly popular on general grounds, will draw to his College, and influence, it may be, with his special teaching, young men who have been brought up in opinions very much differing from his own; giving them, for a time, at least, his own bias, but not always settling them into a faith different from that in which they were nursed, nor yet leading them "to care for none of these things;" but making them more truly liberal; by shewing them how much of goodness and truth there exists among those who hold that which they with some exaggeration as to the fact have been accustomed to regard as mere freethinking on the one hand, or as superstition or priestcraft on the other. If it be said that these are but vague and hypothetical answers to distinct denunciations of evil, it must be remembered that they are not the whole answer; they are addressed rather to deprecate exaggeration and heat; to suggest that in matters such as these the strictly logical deduction from the premises is not always found in practice the true one; other unregarded considerations often intervening to qualify the conclusion; and let me add, to warn excellent and earnest men against the embitterment which flows from unavailing opposition to the inevitable.

I hope I may be forgiven, considering my per-

sonal interest, not only for these last remarks, but for having dwelt at so much length on the Oxford Reform past, and that now impending, or on its trial. If I have expressed my fears and doubts as to the great measure recently determined on, I must not be supposed to condemn the authors, or to speak with unbecoming confidence. It would be unnatural in me not to feel the most intense interest in the future welfare of Oxford. All should agree that we must consider the Oxford *that is*, as well as the Oxford *that is to be;* for myself, I would have sought to give an access to those who have hitherto not had it, free, as nearly as possible in the spirit of the old University, Collegiate, and capable of gradually opening more widely to meet what may be expected to be a gradually increasing demand. I should have thought this might be done by Colleges founding Halls, in subordination to themselves, supplied with Principals and Tutors of their appointment from among their own Fellows, and conducted on a strictly domestic and economical principle. Keble College, I may say in a parenthesis, though necessarily in some degree exceptional, yet seems to me, speaking reverently, to have been providentially founded at this very time. What is demanded for Nonconformists is, at least, an equally just matter of claim for Churchmen, who may desire to secure for their children not merely an economical education, but one framed strictly on Church principles. It is well

at such a time that a College should exist, to which whoever resorts, (and I hope that access will be refused to none on account of difference in religious principles,) will enter with notice that there, at least, the teaching he will receive will be that of the Church of England, as Keble understood and subscribed to it.

Upon much consideration I would have everything in the Colleges, of profit as well as honour, that is now to be gained after competitive examination, open to all the Students in these Halls; to this as a conclusion necessary, and under the over-ruling providence of God not a hurtful one, I have come by slow steps, not very willingly taken. I fear in this Keble and I should have differed; but I would have said to him, what I say now to some of his dearest friends, (one especially of whom it would be difficult to say whether Keble more loved, or honoured him, and whom he used to characterize as the most hopeful of men,) recognize an inevitable necessity, not the less inevitable because you may struggle against it with partial success once and again; make a virtue of the necessity; seek to guard your concession with all such conditions as may in your opinion make it most salutary for the future; but remember that England is no longer what she was when our colleges were founded, that her population is not more increased in numbers than in wealth, and in, at least, a certain and improveable kind of educa-

tion and refinement; in upward aspirations, to be guided rather than checked; and that the desire for academical training it is almost unnatural for the Universities to oppose; that, consequently, they who now besiege your citadel have at the very least a plausible ground of right; that their claim, if it be indeed rightful, should and can only be satisfied by full and frank concession, concession worthy of yourselves; that it is a case in which you give nothing, if you give less than all; that it is far better that those who press on you should enter by the gates, than through a breach, and that it is far more Christian-like, and therefore far more politic, to admit them as brothers, than as conquerors.

καὶ νῦν ἔασον, μηδέ σοι μελησάτω.
πάντως γὰρ οὐ πείσεις νιν· οὐ γὰρ εὐπιθής·
πάπταινε δ' αὐτὸς, μή τι πημανθῇς ὁδῷ.

Prom. Vinct. 332.

CHAPTER XVII.

1854, BISHOP OF NEW ZEALAND AT HURSLEY.—FRANCIS GEORGE COLERIDGE'S DEATH.—VISIT TO THE WEST. — THE VINEYARD AND DARTINGTON RECTORY. — ARCHDEACON WILBERFORCE. — SERVICE FOR EMIGRANTS.—NORTH OF DEVON.—PROFESSOR REED.—DECISION OF THE DENISON CASE. —TOUR IN NORTH WALES.—ARGUMENT ON THE DIVORCE BILL.—DEPARTURE OF MR. YOUNG AND FAMILY.—1857, TOUR IN SWITZERLAND.—EUCHARISTICAL ADORATION.

IT is high time that I should return to my narrative, which I have interrupted too long by remarks of my own; although on a subject which seems to be but a part of that which, it has been seen, awakened the liveliest interest in Keble's mind. As regarded his own little circle, and his parish, the year 1854 was gliding peaceably away. The Wilsons were seeking health principally on Mrs. Wilson's account on the Continent, and I have lying before me a long letter from Keble to them, the greater part of which is full of parish details. He had used to receive such letters from Mr. Wilson when he was himself away, and now he communicated to him

abroad the same kind of details. He could tell him everything material as to Ampfield, and he knew that Mr. Wilson continued to feel a strong interest in all that related to Hursley.

I will transcribe parts of this letter, which give a lively picture of Keble in his parochial ministrations :—

"*H. V., begun* 2nd *June*, 1854."

"My most dear friends,

"You will not have wondered, but you may well be 'put out,' at not having heard from me so long after so very welcome a letter as you sent me. But you will bear it as you have so many things. The chief matter that we have been thinking of lately has been poor Holmes. You will have heard all particulars from Lady H. Very little passed between her and me that could be specified; indeed, from the first time I saw her, she was too ill to say much; but all was resigned, and peaceful, and warm-hearted. She asked to have the H. C. every Monday, and received it 3 times; the first time Charlotte was there; the last, the whole body of the Nurses, her Sister, Mrs. C., Mrs. S., and the other servant who was so much with her; she could not then speak at all, but was entirely conscious, and particularly soothed by the Commendatory Service, which I read to her from the *Visitatio Infirmorum*. There was something she tried to say, but we could none of us make it out; I begged her not to distress herself on that account, and from her countenance I don't think she did. She was buried at Ampfield this morning, *rather* near to the Grave we all think of, though not so near as Lady H. wished; however, I hope it will have been all right. I love

to think of her, and of Lady H., and the groupe of Park Servants waiting on her.

"Peter Young wrote very cheerfully of himself the other day, and talked of being home in three weeks, I am thankful to say. I believe he is much better, but I don't expect him to be well enough for work for a good while, and I am much afraid of his worrying himself ill again. We have the two girls and little Edward with us, and a great splotch of sunshine they make in the house, especially the boy; and you would be amused by Jemmy's funny consequential ways, when he comes here on leave-out days. I hope and trust he is doing well in material points. I wish you could be at home at one or two things that are coming on, as the Christening of this 15th Moberly, who, some say, may perhaps be called Cyril; the Bp. of New Zealand in our School-Room on Friday next, with Mrs. Selwyn, and, I hope, Johnny.

"This place, I am sorry to say, distresses me almost more than ever; there is something very very bad going on among the young people, and I cannot fathom it, any more than Bessy can why people are ever naughty; a question she asked to-day at breakfast.

"As to public matters, I will not say anything, they are got beyond me. I am sure people mean what is right, but somehow it has got strangely blended with what one has been used to think very wrong. One thing I fancy I discern, that the Puritan Party is getting on amazingly. I fully expect that before long Oxford will be thrown open to all but R. C's.

"And so with dear love to you, Maria, Mary, or Miriam, and to both the youngsters, I am always yours, J. K."

The person whose illness, death, and burial, he

speaks of in this letter, had been a faithful and favourite servant in the Trench family, and, among other services, had tenderly nursed a sister of Mrs. Wilson through her last illness. It is the grave of this lady in Ampfield Churchyard, of which Keble speaks, near to which it had been desired that the servant should be laid. In her illness, when it became serious, Lady Heathcote had brought her to Hursley Park, where she died; which explains the incidents he describes so simply and feelingly.

It was on the whole a tranquil time for Keble, or rather, I should say, no external anxieties prevented him from cheerful family meetings or parochial celebrations. The visit which he speaks of as anticipating from the Bishop of New Zealand to his school-room, took place, and Johnny, who was a great favourite of his, was of the party.

My extracts take me sometimes far back into the lives of those who are now, it may be, filling their own responsible places in their professions; but I do not like to cut out these little notices, and I trust not to give offence to the Jemmy and Johnny who find themselves here introduced as children.

It was a common practice with Keble, whenever he could, to procure for his school children, and any of the parishioners who might like to assemble, the entertainment and instruction which a Colonial Bishop, a missionary, or a traveller, might be willing to afford them by some account of what he had

seen, or done, or suffered in foreign lands, and by a description of the people or the country. Those who have the honour of being acquainted with the Bishop of New Zealand, especially those who may have seen him with children in a school-room, and witnessed his wonderful gifts, I may call them, of adaptation and illustration, of rendering things unknown before easy of comprehension and interesting to his audience, will understand what instruction and amusement Keble probably procured on this occasion for the young and uneducated of his flock. Nor for them only. He himself was among those who, perhaps, were as much delighted as the children and villagers; and perhaps also in some matters not less instructed. He had talk of course with him besides on higher subjects, and, it will be seen by a letter which I will not withhold from my readers, he did not in all points agree with him. Before they read it, however, I desire that they should consider that, in 1854, the Bishop's large plans for the constituting the Church in New Zealand were scarcely matured, and only partially tried in practice, and that in some respects they departed from the primitive models, to which Keble had always looked up dutifully and reverently; he might, therefore, be well allowed to doubt of their wisdom without diminution of his high esteem for the man. I do not think that it is to be inferred at all from anything he writes, that were he now alive, and had seen the working of

the constitution in New Zealand, or could now see the partial adaptation of it, which the same great man is attempting in his present diocese in England, he would have found any ground for differing with him. One or two matters there are in which I fear, unless he misunderstood the Bishop, he would have still differed, and many will think, not without justification. It is no disparagement of Bishop Selwyn to say that Keble knew more of the character and dangers, in England at least, of Romanism on the one hand, and Rationalism on the other, especially that he knew more of the working of either spirit in the Universities, at least in Oxford. It was not that he thought too lightly of the former; nor did he doubt that there was ground for apprehension; but he believed with the strongest conviction that the issue of the latter in Oxford might be infidelity; and he thought, (and what unprejudiced believer can doubt that he was right?) that honest secessions to Rome were but slight evils, however great in themselves, in comparison with fallings off to infidelity. I say nothing here of what is called Ritualism; at the time I am now writing about, it was so entirely in its infancy as to attract little attention. I say the less on the subject of what Keble calls the Bishop's Protestantisms; my readers will know what Keble's convictions early and late were in regard to this matter, how uncatholic he thought Dissent, direct or indirect, and we do

not know to what expressions of the Bishop he is alluding.

The following letter to Dyson, on the 7th of July, 1854, I desire to be read with reference to these remarks; it may be thought they have been too long, but I have not the gift of expressing myself shortly, and I should be very much distressed, if for want of some such introduction, I gave pain by publishing it :—

"When is the great Bishop coming to you? for I am very desirous of having a finger in that pie; so you must not wonder if I should happen to drop in at the time, and I shall make sure of getting a bed somewhere within reach. I have an extreme desire to hear you questioning, and him answering. I am afraid though I must confess, (will your sister forgive me?) that my courage has a little cooled as to going along with him, since he was here. Impossible as it is not to admire and love him, he makes me *shiver* now and then with his Protestantisms, crying up the Ch. Miss. Society, abusing Becket at St. Augustine's as 'a haughty Prelate,' and encouraging in his tendencies the same way. I am told his Ordination Sermon at Cuddesdon was altogether *Anti-Roman*, as if there were no other evil spirit than Popery now possessing Oxford. It is very horrid to find any fault, but I tell you all this, that you may order your logic as you think best with him. Well, this is crossness enough for one time."

I have little doubt that much passed at the meeting which would have been well worth listening to, and nothing which disturbed the kindly feeling be-

tween the two. In the following month he had the great pleasure of family visitors at home.

"We have had a gathering," says he, writing to me on the 25th of August, "for which we ought to be very thankful; both Bisley and Vineyard have been here, and it was a thorough family fortnight, only too pleasant. Peter Young is home again, much mended, but still in a delicate state. However, we live in hopes of returning our family visits before winter; and if we can, *won't we* come to Heath's Court for a short visit, at least? we shall not need pressing if we can manage it."

In this letter he expresses a hope that a dear brother of mine, of whom he was very fond, might be recovering from an illness under which he was then lying; but it pleased God to release him on the very day after his letter was written, and on the 29th he wrote to me again:—

"My dearest Coleridge,

"I did not somehow expect the account you sent me, and it is a sad thing to me to think of, that I lingered so long in writing. And so he is gone without a kind word from me, so kind and loving as he always was to me. May it please God to soften the blow to you and all the rest, and to make it rather medicinal than otherwise. . . . It is comforting, and yet alarming, to see so many of one's own standing go, and all seeming so much more ready than one feels oneself to be. Only think, it is 41 years since I first knew your kind brother, and I wish I may not have been going down hill rather than up. God help us to pray for

ourselves, and for one another. With affectionate love to you all, I am always, dearest friend, most truly yours, J. K."

I do not mention my brother's death, and cite these passages merely because they relate to myself, but Keble's love for him was characteristic of himself. My brother was a man leading a perfectly retired and quiet life, free from ambition for himself, but rejoicing in the success of those he loved; pursuing steadily an humble vocation, that of an attorney; and finding his graver pleasures in doing acts of kindness, his lighter in his garden, his books, and the antiquarian researches which our interesting old Church favoured; this was the sort of man in whom Keble delighted; he sought out not the man of talents or learning, so much as the good, and gentle, and loveable.

He began to make his summer excursion in September, 1854, and I heard from him dating from the Vineyard, where the Champernownes resided, between Totness and Dartington, proposing to come to us in his way home; but he was then anticipating an event as near, which he had been dreading for some time, the secession of Archdeacon Wilberforce to the Church of Rome. From extracts which I have made in former letters, it will have been seen how much he loved and respected his old pupil, and what a specially bitter sorrow the loss of him was to him :—

"God grant," says he, "that those who are near and dear

to one another may keep more together than they have done of late.

"*This* Archdeacon, (he is speaking of the late Archdeacon Froude, who was still flourishing in a green old age at the Rectory at Dartington,) is very refreshing to see."

He wrote also to Mr. Wilson from the Vineyard on the 18th of September :—

"It is very pleasant being here, and seeing a newspaper only once or twice a-week, and walking among real live hedges, with no thought of grubbing, and paring, and burning, and wattle-hurdles along each side of the road. And this Archdeacon is quite as he used to be, except old age, wonderfully strong in voice; and the memory of R. H. F. is very fragrant. We go to Ottery for a few days on Friday, and mean to make our way to Bisley, perhaps by the North of Devon, so that on the whole I expect to be 3 Sundays away from home; but we have the comfort of hearing that Peter is improving in our absence. I hope to go to Oxford, among other things, to put the *Sacra Privata* to the press. Poor dear R. W., I own I was surprised at last; for the last report I had heard was an improved one, and I had heard nothing for a long time.... I dare say your account of it is the right one; but it disappoints and mortifies one to see one, who used to be so truthful and candid, lending himself at once to the violent contradictions of fact, and *petitiones principii*, which are quite necessary to every part almost of the Roman Theory. I wish I could compose, and write on it, it would be a sort of relief. In theory, I think, his position of Lay Communion is tenable, at least, I wish to think so; for at the rate men are getting on, no one can say how soon he may himself be reduced

to it. But I do not in the least expect that R. W. will have patience for it. I hear he is very miserable; from himself I have only had one short and kind note.....

"I am in correspondence with Rogers about a service for Emigrants on their voyage; a very pleasant work, if one had nothing else to do. And the other day I saw Bp. Wordsworth and his really beautiful family of children. I cannot tell you how kind he was, and how I admired his quiet cheerful way of alluding to his own difficulties. Well, now I must say good bye, with our dear love to you all; and in hope of knowing more than I do about the Simplon before long. I am always yours most lovingly, J. K."

They came to us on the 24th, and left us on the 26th; too short a visit, but a very pleasant one; saddened only by our talk about the secession I have just mentioned, and by his apprehension for the consequences. We went together to see Mrs. George Cornish; it was a great pleasure to him to see her, as she was, residing in the house where he had once been so familiar, with her large family; and bravely, yet not ostentatiously, bearing up against the sorrows that had befallen her.

They left us for the North of Devon, and intending by that route to go into Gloucestershire to Bisley. It must have been a great pleasure to him once more after the long interval to re-visit again the romantic country, which had so delighted him when young. But I did not hear from him until November, on the 6th of which month he wrote to me from Hursley:—

"DEAREST FRIEND,

"It really seems quite unnatural when I think of it, to have been so long without thanking you for all your affectionate love and care of us. God reward you for it, and yours also, both of Heath's Court, of the Manor House, and of Feniton. I would not but have paid that visit to Ottery for a very great deal. And our Circuit was altogether prosperous. We met the girls at Exeter, shot across to Barnstaple, staid two days at Linton, and one at Stinchcombe, and over two Sundays at Bisley, paying a visit from thence to Fairford, and Coln, and Cirencester; and we also saw something of Bussage. So that on the whole it was a complete Family Tour, and very comfortable it was in every way; the 'cumulus' being 'imposed' upon it by young Tom, his wife, and Babe, coming here for three weeks; they only left us on Friday last; and I am only afraid we are too proud of them. But it is a wholesome check that my nephew makes one ashamed of oneself; however, I will not talk about that. I hope your visit from Worcestershire was a great joy, and that dear Frank's family are going on as comfortably as circumstances allow. John told me, what I was most deeply grieved at, the loss of our kind friends in the 'Arctic,' and how much you felt it. Indeed, I suppose it must be looked upon as a public calamity; for probably there are few such as Professor Reed left in the United States. But the comfort in thinking of such as he (no doubt) was, is solid and growing,—not so the thought of poor dear R. W., whose departure touches *me* almost more nearly than any one's; except, perhaps, that of Newman himself. I did not until very lately think that he would really go *there*. I thought he was too good-tempered, besides his learning and truthfulness. But he had got into an Utopian dream, and rather than give it

up, he shut his eyes and made a jump, and now he must, and I suppose will, keep his eyes shut all his life long."

A word or two it seems fitting to add by way of comment on these extracts. I think it is not the first time that Keble had given utterance to his feelings about the grubbing, and paring, which he connected with high-farming; it was really a passion with him, his love for coppices, hedge-rows, and wild-flowers; a few years before he had expressed it in the beautiful "Round Robin," which he drew up for *Anemone Nemorosa, Primula Vulgaris,* and others of the same family, which will be found in his poems, addressed to the Lord of the Manor of Merdon. It is dated from Ladwell Hill, where he often lingered in his parish visitings, and soothed his mind under parish troubles, and other causes of distress, gazing on the poor petitioners, who were, as he feared, now doomed to give way to the plough :—

> "To himself we've heard him say,
> 'Thanks that I may hither stray;
> Worn with age, and sin, and care,
> Here to breathe the pure glad air,
> Here Faith's lesson learn anew,
> Of this happy vernal crew;
> Here the fragrant shrubs around,
> And the graceful shadowy ground,
> And the village tones afar,
> And the steeple with its star,
> And the clouds that gently move,
> Tune the heart to trust and love.'"

Ladwell Hill, I hope, will for many generations be sacred to the memory of John Keble; I am sure it will be so, as long as the present Lord of the Manor lives. It is a pity perhaps to disturb the feeling which the poem cannot fail to create; but in justice to the "Giant High Farming," (as I am told on the best authority,) it must be said that he had nothing to do with what was contemplated, or done in regard to the hedge-rows. Dear as they were to the Petitioners and to the Poet, they were obnoxious to another Rural Deity scarcely less powerful than the Giant, with whom also the Poet was on very good terms, by name Landscape Gardening. She desired to let into view from the Park, the meadows, across which the hedge-rows ran, and which they concealed. The irregular forms of these meadows also, when laid open to view, made picturesque breaks in what had before seemed a continuous line of wood; this surmounted the whole scene, and the breaks in it produced a much more graceful effect. So much, not too much I hope for the sake of accuracy, even in a little matter.

Keble speaks of Sir Frederic Rogers's application to him respecting a Service for Emigrants during their voyage. Sir Frederic was at that time one of the Emigration Commissioners; he appealed on behalf of a very interesting portion of our fellow-subjects, and in respect of one of their pressing wants. This was just a matter which Keble would

delight to be employed in, and the result, without waiting until he had nothing else to do, was a very nicely arranged service with three really beautiful hymns. I am afraid that although the service is still printed and distributed to the emigrants, the hymns, for what reason I know not, are omitted; they will be found, however, in the forthcoming volume of his poems.

He speaks also with true feeling, and renders no more than a just tribute to the memory of Henry Reed, Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Pennsylvania. It has been my good fortune to know and to have received as my guests several citizens of the United States, especially from Pennsylvania; and I have the great honour to count among my friends, only through the medium of a long and intimate correspondence, (for we have never met,) that wise and loving-hearted old man, Horace Binney, the great citizen of Philadelphia. Taken as samples, these shew me what rare and gifted men are to be found in the great Republic. Henry Reed it was impossible to know without loving him; he came with his sister-in-law, Miss Brownson, from a great distance to bid us farewell immediately before their return to America; and they came just at the time of my brother's death. They heard of this event only when within a few miles of my house, and though they still came on, it was only to shake hands with us; we could not

induce them to stay. I remember that we walked on my little terrace until the light failed. Miss Brownson, who was as a mother to his children, visited my grandchildren in their beds; for both were full of his own treasures at home, and she wished to describe an English nursery to them; and so we parted, he promising to bring his wife to visit us the next summer. He then went to Rydal to bid farewell to Mrs. Wordsworth, and in a few days wrote to me shortly from Liverpool. The next thing I heard of him was his death in the miserable collision of the "Arctic" steamer with a French vessel. He and his sister, it is said, were seen sitting together hand locked in hand, silent and tranquil, calmly awaiting their fate, but a few minutes before the ship went down with nearly all the passengers, who had been left on board, and, as it is said, left shamefully on board, by a cowardly commander and crew, escaping themselves in safety[a].

[a] My friend, Mr. Binney, writing to me in respect of this narrative, makes this comment, which I gladly insert, and must express my sincere regret for any injustice of which I may have been guilty:— "There is a single word in your reference to Capt. Luce, and the 'Arctic,' which does not precisely exhibit our version of his part in that most deplorable case. The account, you must have had in England, is not ours; which my son informs me is in that part more accurate. Capt. Luce behaved ill in the first stage of the collision. He did not maintain his command of the crew, and resist, as he ought to have done to death if necessary, the cowardly seizure of the principal boat by the crew, and their desertion of the ship. Luce, however, said that he would not leave the ship, and would not permit his young son to get to the boat, though the crew offered to take him. He and

I trust to be forgiven this passing mention of my friend, but the way in which Keble speaks of him reminds me of the American feeling towards himself. The circulation of the "Christian Year" in the United States has fallen little short of that which it has had here. Again and again my American friends, and sometimes even strangers, have sought for an introduction from me to him. I remember well a gentleman, one of the former, the son indeed to whom Mr. Binney alludes in the note below, with whom I visited Hursley Park. In the morning we walked down to the Service, and when it was over, we had a long talk with Keble. At the close, and as we were taking leave at the Vicarage porch, which is covered with ivy, my friend drew me apart, and asked me if I thought Mr. Keble would take it amiss, if he begged of him a branch of the ivy, cut with his own hand. Keble was much amused, and cut it for him, as of course, and unsparingly. As we two walked away, he said, "You may smile at my request, but I assure you I know and could name the persons at home who would give me, (I am afraid to mention the sum he mentioned,) for every leaf I have in my hand."

The winter of 1854 passed away, and I see by our

his boy both went down with the ship, and when he rose to the surface of the sea, he saw one of the ship's round tops, or a part of a wheel-guard, or cover, and got upon it, and so I think did the son."

His bad or weak conduct at first, excluded him afterwards from maritime service; he left it certainly, and is no longer spoken of.

correspondence that he was busying himself a good deal with, and very anxious about, the proceedings against Archdeacon Denison, and I received many letters from him about them; but I shall pass this matter over very shortly, not because I think the doctrine involved in it of any but the gravest importance, or that I differed from my friend in his belief in regard to it; but that I thought as I still think, it was in that case needlessly and unsatisfactorily made the subject of litigation.

I must confess, therefore, that I was not sorry when the case went off on a bye-point, and the issue raised received no decision from the Court of Appeal. Indeed, I have never been able to see what the Church has gained in certainty of teaching, though I fear it has lost not a little, at least for a time, in charity of judgment, by the several cases carried of late years before ecclesiastical and lay tribunals in respect of assumed heresy or schism. What has Ritualism gained or lost by Westerton *v.* Liddell, or the belief in Baptismal Regeneration by Mr. Gorham's Appeal; the Catholic doctrine in regard to the Holy Eucharist by the suit I have just mentioned above, or the hold of the fundamental verities of the Christian faith on the minds of Christians by the proceedings against the "Essays and Reviews?" I believe little or nothing; certainly nothing fit to be compared with the distress of mind to thousands of tender souls, and the fatal offence which some of these cases

gave to over-scrupulous, and as I think mistaken persons; who, although they thought the Anglican belief, our creeds, formularies, and articles, orthodox, and the decisions erroneous, yet abandoned the former on account of the latter. Of course I am not suggesting that no such litigation should ever be instituted, and I do not forget the solemn undertaking of the Bishop on his Consecration. It would seem presumptuous in me to say a word in limitation, or explanation, of the words then used; our Fathers in the Church will act, it must be presumed, each according to his own understanding of their obligation; yet it seems, at least, hard to conceive that any one is bound by them to appeal to a tribunal, the constitution of which he thinks to be uncanonical, or the decisions of which he holds to proceed on unsound principles; especially when so much may be done in the spirit of the undertaking by other means.

Keble's motive, indeed, was a different one. He was very sensitive to the imputation, which he feared he might labour under, of adhering to the Church from interested motives; and therefore he desired in his own case on some occasions, that his belief, or his practice, if impugned, should be brought under some authoritative judicial cognizance. It was, however, always I think more wisely considered that such a reference was neither necessary nor expedient.

Mr. Wilson remained abroad and in Italy in the

spring of 1855, and appears to have interested Keble very much by his letters therefrom. On the 6th of May he wrote a long answer, from which I will make some extracts; a great deal of it is devoted to parish matters :—

"My very dear Friends,

"Here is a letter from you, Robert, which came in this morning, lying as yet unopened; because I feel as if the beginning of it would be less heart-breaking, or, however, I hope to feel less unworthy of it, if I make a decent beginning of this before I unseal it. I am really very penitent, but you would partly forgive me, if you knew how tired my hand gets by the time I have written a letter or ½ a Sermon. Else full gladly would I have accepted the exercise of writing to you in exchange for the 2 last things which have hindered me from it; a long Anti-Roman letter to a Lady, and a sketch for ——, of part of an argument against this bill for letting people marry their wives' sisters, which is now in full career again. Well, however, now I have really begun, and I *will* go on I am '*termed*.' . .

"I think it might not be a bad time to suggest to our worthy friend the Public the notion of having *a brotherhood for Education*, like the Freres Chretiens; who, as an Ecclesiastical Body, would be under control, and from their slight touch of Asceticism would work as cheaply as they could. I have long had it in my mind to suggest this to you; it would be quite in your line to undertake it, (among other things,) from your knowing so much of the Christian Brothers; pray think of it while, (as you may guess by the above,) [here a line is drawn up to some blunders in the writing,] I indulge myself in a small nap.

"Well, I have read your kind, long letter, and cannot

tell you how much I am obliged to you for it; it does but confirm the impression which one is daily receiving from all one can read or hear of the matter, that Rome, so far as she is *distinctive*, builds not only upon falsehood, but upon falsehood of which she has a certain consciousness; only she has made up her mind that it is her duty to back up her system, (being, she says, substantially true,) with any amount of needful, or very profitable deception. The Legendary services in the Breviary, with that for the 15th August at the head, are a standing instance of this; and so will this new doctrine be, in whatever degree they allege antiquity for it. They cannot but know in their hearts, that it has not the shadow of a Tradition; and yet see what their Abp. of Armagh, poor dear ——'s select patron says of it. Most fearful it is to me, that neither among the more moderate Romanists, nor among our Romanizers, (with one exception that E. B. P. told me of,) does it seem to have produced any sort of scruple or re-action. From the highest to the lowest they satisfy themselves, I imagine, with your friend's argument, 'How can we be certain that it is not so?'

"Your account of Rome really makes one shudder, when one connects with it this idea of unreality, and comes nearer than anything for years past to bring back the old Ultra-Protestant notions that one learned as a boy out of Newton on the Prophecies. With it (i.e. with your account) on my mind, I feel as if I would go miles out of my way to avoid seeing Rome; it seems so very shocking; and if this be a man's feeling, I suppose there would be no special danger in going there, and he would be free to choose as health and convenience and other duties dictated. But I should be very thankful on a great many accounts, if you are able to get work and stay here. We really have need of all the

help we can get. Outwardly our friends from Exeter Hall are having it all their own way; all appointments, public meetings, &c. But underneath is, I much fear, a deep and gradually swelling tide of Rationalism, in unison with the revolutionary spirit, which has disclosed itself upon occasion of these mismanagements in the War. But enough and too much of this croaking. I saw a letter the other day from Moorsom to Upton Richards, dated, I think, Easter Monday, in very good spirits, and altogether comfortable. Also I know you will be glad to hear that I think your successor is making his way very nicely in the place and neighbourhood; he puts me often in mind of George Herbert's lines:—

> 'Be useful where thou livest, that they may
> Both want and wish thy pleasing presence still.'

I find myself continually resorting to him, as in old time to dear W. C. Y. At this present he is superintending a negotiation for a new Clock in our Church.....

"Dear Mrs. Heathcote, you know better than I, was a great loss; it was very touching to be with her son just afterwards. Thirty-five years ago I think it was that I saw them first together, and I thought then I never saw a Mother and Son on such *lover-like* terms; and they have never been apart for six months together..... With dear love to your wife and bairns, ever yours affect[ly], J. K."

It will be seen how Keble speaks of the new dogma of the Immaculate Conception, and he felt the same as long as he lived. The promulgation of it pained him much; it constituted in his opinion, so long as it remained unrevoked, an absolute bar to the unity of Christendom. In this letter he specifies one ob-

jection to it on which in all such cases he relied much, that not only was there no authority for it in Holy Writ, but, as he expresses it, not a shadow of tradition. It will be obvious, that his reliance on this involves his denial of others of the foundations on which Romanism rests; as for example, the infallibility of the Pope, and his supreme power in matters of faith.

I make no apology to Sir W. Heathcote for printing the short extract relating to his mother. It will give many pleasure to look at the picture which Keble paints like a poet in a single word, and I am sure it will give him no pain to have such recollections revived. Fifteen years before, I think, she had been visited with a serious illness, a paralytic seizure, the effects of which on her bodily frame were never removed; but her mind was spared to the last, and she passed away in 1855 in her son's house, in which she had lived during the interval, painlessly and peacefully, from gradual and gentle decay, rather than from illness, in the presence of the son, who was thankful to God that he was allowed "to watch her last breath."

I think the case of Westerton and Liddell was decided in this year, 1855. Keble's opinions in regard to Ritualism will have to be noticed more fully hereafter, but I may say in passing that this decision *vexed* him a good deal, though he did not exaggerate its importance. I had allowed him to read a very

beautiful letter to myself from my nephew, now Bishop Patteson, who had attached himself to the Bishop of New Zealand, and gone out with him in the spring of 1855 to that island. Keble wrote on the two subjects to me on the 11th of December, 1855 :—

"Thank you over and over again for the sight of that noble, tender letter; surely it is one of the most perfect things altogether that one ever met with in this worky-day world. One cannot, as the people say, think enough of it. Surely there must be in store some very good thing for the Church in those parts, that such men should be attracted towards it. It is enough to make up for —— pretending to determine how Christian People should think of and behave to the Holy Sacrament. I have something to write to you on that matter, which I shall try and put on another piece of paper, for my own mind's relief, for I don't suppose it can be of any use. No doubt, as you say, there is a tendency in all this to drive unstable minds to Rome. The souls, however, must be very unstable, indeed, less settled than the loosest possible tooth, if such a matter can cough them out from among us. For what is it to the proof or disproof of the Pope's Supremacy, or the *ruling* powers of the B. V. M., whether I may have a Cross on the Altar Table, or no? Though I must own, I do expect that when these outward signs of the Truth are suppressed, the Truth itself which they symbolize will be openly persecuted, and probably forbidden to be taught in the Established Church; but not a bit the nearer should one be to Rome for that, as I understand the matter."

The state of Mrs. Keble's health during this year fluctuated much, but generally speaking it was such

as to cause him anxiety; and though, as he said affectionately in one of his letters to me, referring to another cause of discomfort, "As for Charlotte, I know nothing can *really* hurt her;" yet there was so much doubt as to the real cause of her ailments, and they were so variously accounted for at different times, as much to increase his uneasiness. However, he tried again the remedy, which was never without some effect, and I find several letters to Mr. Wilson dated from North Wales; they were at Llandudno, and Capel Curig, and, I believe, Barmouth in August; and before they returned to Hursley, they visited the Bishop of Oxford at Lavington. The trip answered in some measure for her; but his letters shew that wherever he went, he carried his Church anxieties with him, and beyond these, his Church work also. After "tossing about the South Downs for a few days," he was busy now with the present Archdeacon Freeman, in comparing their notes about two proposed Hymnals, Sarum and Scottish.

Indeed, he never rested; and if he was anxious for his wife's health, her anxiety for him was very great; and earlier in the year it had led her, without his knowledge, to communicate with me respecting him. Her account of his ailments, and his determined exposure of himself in parochial ministrations, even at night when suffering under erysipelas, infected me with her fears. The necessity for imprudent ex-

posure often arose from his excellent Curate being only a Deacon, and unable to obtain Priest's Orders. This was a matter of conscience between the Bishop and him, in which of course I could not without difficulty interfere. At last, however, from anxiety for one friend, and confidence in the personal kindness of the other, I made an attempt, which was unsuccessful; and the consequence was the separation of Keble and Mr. Young; a separation peculiarly bitter, as there was the greatest intimacy and a connection between the families; and the services of the Curate were so dutiful, and earnest, and so acceptable to the parishioners, that without any reflection on his successors I may in justice say, they never were, and scarcely could be entirely replaced. As I had no right to interfere, so I desire to be understood as making no reflection on the decision; there was, I am certain, nothing personal in it; the motive was a conscientious one, and however I might regret the judgment at the time, it is not for me to reflect upon it.

I went on the Winter Circuit into the West this year, and saw Keble for a very pleasant Sunday evening at Hursley Park on the 30th of November. I had come out from Winchester after the morning service to the afternoon service at Hursley; there was no party, and we had some quiet talk together; but my work was very heavy, and distressing, and I had no time to see him again. His mind, however,

was now at work on the Divorce Bill, which was about to be brought into Parliament. I need not say how strongly he felt against the measure, which in one of his notes he calls "a Bill for legalizing Adultery." Early in the spring of 1857 he published "An Argument for not proceeding immediately to Repeal the Laws, which treat the Nuptial Bond as Indissoluble."

It was a plea for delay at all events; and the argument on the general question was professedly left incomplete, because it was necessary he thought to enquire how far the practice of the Church from early times agreed with the construction which he gave to the passages of Scripture on which he grounded his opinion. Nor does he appear to have objected to separation under certain circumstances, as distinguished from divorce. With these qualifying remarks the argument seems to me, if I may presume to say so, sound and ingenious, and to display that intimate acquaintance with Scripture which he certainly possessed. The Bill, however, as we know, passed into a Law; in vain stoutly resisted by Mr. Gladstone clause by clause. Whether society in its morality has received the benefits which it promised may well be doubted; the old practice of divorce by special statutes was certainly very objectionable; and the new law has to the present time had the advantage of being administered by two judges in succession of rare excellency, men who may be

equalled, but will scarcely ever be surpassed in their own province; and yet when I consider the effect on the purity of the public mind, of the proceedings in the Court, daily circulated among all ages and classes; the collusion between parties, sometimes defeated, but too often no doubt successfully practised; and above all, the fatally strong temptation which its open doors must offer to conjugal infidelity; I cannot think that Keble had cause to regret anything but the ill-success of his very moderate argument. I do not believe that the eminent judges to whom I have referred, could we have the benefit now of their advice, would be disposed to commend the law which they have been called on to administer. But it is one of the instances of legislation in which

"Vestigia nulla retrorsum."

The ill-success of my interference in respect of Mr. Young, and a just consideration for him, could lead only to his giving up the Hursley curacy. How best to arrange this for him had been for some time a subject of sad consideration for Keble; it was of course no easy matter; but on the 30th of March, 1857, he wrote to me from Hursley as follows:—

"We are here just now in the agonies of parting with dear Peter Young, and Caroline, and the 8 minor dears. It is a great deal of sunshine to be shut out from us, from my poor wife especially. But if they were to go, and to a place as poor as they leave, they could not well have

more comfort in going. What do you think of our farmers here, quite and clean of their own accord, getting up a subscription, which by liberal addition from the Park, amounted to £142, collected entirely in the Parish, and with such love and good-will from all sorts. It took my breath away when I heard of it; and it was done in such a delicate and feeling manner too; £16 applied to find him a set of vessels for Private Communion, the rest for expenses of migration. Also 3 voluntary and unpaid teams start to-night at 12 o'clock to carry his goods as far as the Fisherton Station at Salisbury. It makes me love the place better than ever. You should have heard the little speech which Heathcote made to him this morning before a select audience, consisting of the Collectors, i.e. the principal tenants, and a very few wives and daughters. We are going to προπέμπ (escort) them as far as Salisbury. Two of the children are left with us at present."

It was no doubt a cause of great present distress to Keble, and of lasting sorrow, the departure of the Youngs; it was more than the mere loss of an affectionate and diligent Curate on whom he could entirely depend; he felt the loss of his companion, of the whole family, not least, perhaps, of the little children; and he felt also for the great privation which he knew it brought with it to Mrs. Keble. However it was inevitable. He had the great consolation after a while of seeing Mr. Young preferred to the living which he now holds. I need not say that I am speaking of the author of the "Daily Readings," which those who know them will not think I

overrate, when I say they are an invaluable addition to our family libraries, and help to our family prayers. His place as curate was well supplied for a time by Mr. Le Geyt, but circumstances thenceforward occasioned many changes in Keble's curates, and as he was before long compelled, sometimes by his own, and sometimes Mrs. Keble's ill-health, to be absent from home for long periods, he increased the number, and had two.

In the summer of this year, 1857, Mrs. Keble and he made a tour on the Continent, of which he gave me a short account in the following letter, written from Hursley the 23rd of October :—

"Dearest Coleridge,

"This is, indeed, worse than ever, that I should never yet have thanked you for your most kind letter received, I think, at Thun, and so welcome every way. But you are too much used to my idle ways, and I to your forgiving ways. Somehow, when I was out, I had even less inclination to write than usual. I cannot say that I had not time, but I accepted all manner of excuses. Our journey was very full of interest, and I hope has done my wife's health good on the whole, notwithstanding one very serious drawback, of which I dare say you have heard. Our course was to leave the main Railway at Dijon, and scramble over the Jura, chiefly for the sake of the grand view, (which, however, we missed, owing to a certain M. de Brouillard, who had a trick of waiting upon us just when his presence was least acceptable,) and to come down upon the Lake at Nyon, (for we agreed to cut Geneva,) and after

two nights at Vevay, to go a little way up the Valley of the Rhone, and turn to the left according to a route which Wilson had given us, avoiding the Mont Blanc side as too much for Madame. We went up the Val d'Ormont, staid three nights, including a Sunday, at Sepcy, a curious specimen of a Swiss Village; then by Chateau d'Oex to Thun, Interlacken, Lauter-brunnen, and Grindelwald for our third Sunday. The next week took us from Grindelwald to Meyrinzen, then up the vale of the Aar to the passes of the Grimsel and Furca, and down the Reuss to Andermatt, and these two days were the noblest part of our doings to my mind; then down the Lake and up the Rigi; then to Lucerne for the next Sunday, (the pleasantest *town* I think that we made acquaintance with). We lingered a little there to nurse a cold, which she had caught, and then went on to Basle, intending to make our way home down the Rhine; but at Basle she was suddenly seized with a violent attack of pleurisy, with some inflammation of the lungs. It was in the middle of the night, but by God's good Providence a friend, (Laura Richards,) was with us, who proved a most admirable nurse; and we got some leeches then, and some good advice the next day; so that we were able to get to Strasburgh by the end of that week, and came home by Paris, Dover, and London, giving up the Rhine of course, and also giving up, which I more regret, our Devonshire visits, amongst which we had quite reckoned on one to you. Since then she has been rather mending, and could do in the way of moving about rather more than before we went abroad. Just now she is suffering from a cold, but I trust it will not come to much.

"I have been too much taken up since we came home with a little book I have been trying to write on Eucharistical Adoration. I hope it will be out next week. The

subject I fear will be very disturbing to us again; and I want, if I could, to quiet people, or, at least, shew those who wish to be quiet, that they are not wrong in being so. Alas, that dear Pusey should still be unable to write for us; I fear for a long time yet."

The book of which Keble speaks in this letter appeared soon after its date, a second edition in 1859, and a third has been published since his death. Its fuller title is, "The Worship of our Lord and Saviour in the Sacrament of Holy Communion." Its object and its plan are so shortly and so fully stated in the opening paragraph, that it may be well to transcribe it; as I could not pass over in entire silence a work by Keble on a subject on which he felt so deeply, and had thought so intently and laboriously for so many years of his life. The subject, indeed, is so important, and the treatise so able, that I regret it has not obtained a wider circulation, and I should be glad to draw to it more attention from serious people, whether for praise or condemnation :—

"The object of this Essay is to allay, and, if possible, to quiet the troublesome thoughts which may at times, and now especially, occur to men's minds on this awful subject, so as even to disturb them in the highest act of devotion. For this purpose it may be well to consider calmly, not without deep reverence of heart, First, what Natural Piety would suggest; Secondly, what Holy Scripture may appear to sanction; Thirdly, what the Fathers and Litur-

gies indicate to have been the practice of the Primitive Church; Fourthly, what the Church of England enjoins or recommends."

The words, "now especially," refer to the decision of Archbishop Sumner in the Denison Case, which was the cause for writing the book; and after an orderly and careful discussion of the four points above stated, a fifth and concluding chapter is added on the duties of Churchmen in respect of that decision. This is a very interesting chapter, and has an importance as applicable to other possible cases. It is of course addressed to those who might think the decision erroneous; and it first establishes, that however gravely erroneous it might seem to a man, even if he conscientiously believed it to be heretical, it would have been, even if final, no cause for leaving the Church, or declining communion with its author; because it would not bind the conscience; the refusal to act in obedience to it might expose one to temporal penalty, but it could do no more; the penalty must be submitted to meekly, and if it fall not on an individual personally, he must help with his prayers and out of his means those on whom it should. Further, there might remain protest and appeal, the former is "the course of those who feel themselves aggrieved, but know of no legal remedy," it supposes "the final authority to have spoken;" the latter supposes some higher authority, which may be applied to and has power to reverse the decision.

For the satisfaction of conscience Keble would, and, indeed, I believe, did protest, but he relied on appeal; not to any other English tribunal, but to an Œcumenical Council when it should be assembled. Here it was that many have considered his course an unreal and chimerical one. He was aware of this, but his opinion was not hastily taken up, nor, as he thought, without the sanction of great authorities. He had had occasion more than once in his life to consider the matter deeply, and it had quieted his conscience, and made him easy in a loyal adherence to his Church. Those who deride or condemn his view, should in justice read, at least, this part of his work, for it is not easy to give the full force of his argument in a short analysis. He considered it—

"Of the very last importance that we should keep in our own minds, and before all Christendom, the fact that we stand as Orthodox Catholics upon a constant virtual appeal to the œcumenical voice of the Church, expressed by the Four Great Councils, and by general consent in all the ages during which she continued undivided."

And he asked,—

"If that voice be disputed, is there any conceivable way of bringing the dispute to an issue, except only by another true Œcumenical Council when such by God's grace may be had."

Further on he says :—

"The question may well be asked,—much more easily

asked than answered,—whether in the present divided state of Christendom, all who believe in the Holy Catholic Church must not in reality, however unconsciously, be going on under this very appeal, at least, as against other claimants. The Greek will say, 'I go by the voice of the present Church diffusive;' the Latin, 'I go by the infallible voice of the See of St. Peter;' the English, 'I go by what has been held fundamental everywhere, always, and by all;' but who is to decide between them, which of these measures is right. Yet all, one may hope, would agree to defer to the decision of such a Council as has been specified, were it attainable. It is our common position; and we in England have so much the more reason to acquiesce in it, as it does not force us to "unchurch," (as it is termed,) either of the other great sections of Christendom; as they do mutually one another and us."

It may be said there is no true analogy between the case of one branch of the Church at issue with others, and that of an individual or individuals who cannot in conscience accept an authoritative decision in their own branch, as for example, that of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council; but certainly there is no difference in principle between the two cases in respect of that on which mainly the charge of unreality must rest, namely, the present apparent hopelessness of a really Œcumenical Council being assembled. It will not be doubted, that if so unlikely an event should occur, the Council would be the proper place in which should be considered the grievance of those individuals who, like Keble, had

invincible objections to the Latin and Greek branches, who loved and adhered to their own branch, and who complained only of a judicial decision which seemed to them to taint its orthodoxy.

I do not know that any allowance need be made, or, indeed, ought to be made, in considering Keble's reasoning, for the extreme anxiety he felt for those who were troubled by the judgments to which he alludes. He was familiar with all their sorrows, and I think he felt it in some sort his mission, (though in his modesty he would have shrunk from acknowledging this,) to soothe them, and reconcile them to follow in the path in which he himself had found peace. Time has in God's good will had a healing force; many have forgotten, many never knew the anxieties of that day; but it is good to remember them, that we may learn tenderness for others, and be grateful, too, for ourselves.

I see about this very time I wrote to him expressing my anxiety about the pending judgment:—

"I have seen," I said, "how mischievously these judgments do disturb and overthrow men's minds. We have lost an excellent man here, a pious, good-hearted clergyman, a perfect blessing to his little flock, simply on the Gorham proceeding: against the scruples which it inspired he has been fighting for five years, and at last given in. He told me with tears in his eyes, that he was worn in body almost to a skeleton, and would rather die than go through again all he had suffered."

However mistaken such persons were, their agonies were real; to such persons Keble in the conclusion of his treatise addressed himself affectionately, and it seems to me conclusively:—

"Many a devout and loving heart, I well know, will rise up against this view of our case. To be on this conditional temporary footing will strike them as something so unsatisfactory, so miserably poor and meagre, so unlike the glorious vision which they have been used to gaze on, of the one Catholic Apostolic Church. And poor, indeed, and disappointing it undoubtedly is, but not otherwise than as the aspect of Christianity itself in the world is poor and disappointing compared with what we read of it in the Gospel.

"Men will not escape from this state of decay by going elsewhere, though they may shut their eyes to the reality of it. Rather, whatever be our position in the Church, since God Almighty has assigned it to us for our trial, shall we not accept it, and make the best of it, in humble confidence that according to our faith it will be to us?

"This, please God, is the way of truth and peace, and therefore in it we may hope for a blessing, the rather if it should prove to be the way of the Cross also. But to engage oneself, by a strong act of the will, to the whole system of a body new to us, not upon the proper evidence of that system, but because some in temporary authority among ourselves have denied our holy doctrine; this has something in it so very unreal, that it can hardly agree with truth; and so like ill-temper, that it gives but a bad omen for peace."

CHAPTER XVIII.

1857, DEATH OF THE REV. J. D. COLERIDGE.—BUILDING OF SCHOOL CHAPEL AT PITT, 1858.—DEATH OF MRS. T. KEBLE, JUNIOR, 1858.—TROUBLES IN THE SCOTTISH EPISCOPAL CHURCH. — STAY AT OXFORD, 1859. — TOUR TO THE NORTH. — VISIT TO EDINBURGH, 1860. — DEATH OF ELIZABETH KEBLE, AUGUST, 1860.—DEATH OF C. DYSON.—VISIT TO DEVONSHIRE. — DEATH OF J. PATTESON, 1861.

IT may seem that I take advantage of my present task to obtrude impertinently my own trials or sorrows on my readers. I hope, however, that my motive has been seen by them, and the sort of necessity that was laid on me, not to omit some of the choicest out-pourings of Keble's tender heart and religious spirit. I must crave their indulgence when I commence this chapter in the same way. On Christmas Eve, in the year 1857, my eldest brother, with whom I had walked, for sixty years and more, from the earliest childhood in love that had never had one remembered breach, nor even the slightest diminution, was almost suddenly taken from me. I communicated this of course to Keble,

and on the 29th of December he wrote to me as follows :—

"DEAREST COLERIDGE,

"I am, indeed, grieved that your Christmas should have been saddened by such a loss, a loss I too, deeply feel, irreparable in this world; and you have had so much to go through in that way; but 'the time is short,' and Christmas is happier *there* than even here; and surely his being taken just at that time, and with so little comparative suffering, seem special marks of favour and blessing. He will be sadly missed. . . . Dear Heathcote feels as you know he would; he did not say he would write to you, but I dare say he will. What a gathering, dear friend, we are permitted to think of as time goes on, one after another taken out of sight to pray for us, and wait for us in peace. The last I had much to think of, was the little babe on whose account this is edged with a little black; Charlie Young, the least of our little cousins, 13 months old. He came with his mother to pay us a little visit in November, and you would not believe, yes, *you* would know better than I, how he wound himself round all our hearts, and how much my dear wife thinks of his little grave, close to the Church door at Brooking; which has made the place seem like a home to them, more I dare say than any other kind of thing could have done. To all appearance, our next parting in the family is likely to be still more trying, very much more, but who knows? and who dare choose? I wish in one respect that your kind thought for Tom could have been realized, one fancies that work would be a help and relief; but I dare say it is best as it is. The rest of our lot, thank God, are in tolerable Christmas order. . . .

"I thank you with all my heart for your encouraging

words about my little Book. I shall be very thankful, if it does some little good, and no harm. Something of the kind, I am sure, was very much wanted, especially just now in Scotland. Have you heard of Bp. Forbes's troubles? but I have not time to write more now.

God bless you, dearest friend, and dear Mary, and your wife, and all, and give you a full share in all the good prayers that are offered up at this time by all His people everywhere. With kindest love from me and my two betters, ever yours, J. K."

It may be remembered that in an early part of my memoir, I stated that after all the church arrangements made for the benefit of the two parishes which formed Keble's incumbency, there was still a hamlet in Hursley parish not provided for as he desired. This was Pitt, which lies between Winchester and Hursley, in a little green valley as you descend from the upland downs which separate the one from the other; it is as much as three miles from Hursley Church. For a long time a service was performed in it weekly in a cottage, to which Keble walked often and often, as long as his strength was equal to it; but in this year, 1858, a school-chapel was built there, which was licensed on the 31st of March, and not long after a residence was supplied for a schoolmaster. This last was due to the liberality of several contributors; for the former, Keble and this portion of his flock were indebted to my dear relative,

Charlotte Yonge, the daughter of him whom I have more than once before-mentioned, whose name is deservedly well-known in the literature of England. I may not particularize, indeed I cannot, and I believe no one but herself could particularize all her munificent acts done in the same spirit, which render her literary works the greater blessing to herself, and yet the very least of her claims to the love and respect of others. She could scarcely have gratified Keble more than by this offering, though he could scarcely love her the more for it, than he had done before. He seems, from the manner in which he always writes of her, to have regarded her almost as a daughter bequeathed to him by her departed father.

Pitt flourished. Writing in the following year to the Wilsons, he says :—

"The Pitt district seems at present to thrive under the care of Mr. Baker, (a nephew by marriage of Moberly,) who is very kindly curatizing there for me in the intervals of his work as Chaplain of the College. He brought 8 candidates to Confirmation at Otterbourne the other day, and had 17 Communicants in the little School-Chapel on Easter Day, and a congregation of 72 on Good Friday, the population of Pitt being under 100. I advise you to get a Moberly-bred Curate."

Keble alludes in his letter of the 29th of December, 1857, to the illness of the young lady, the daughter of George Cornish, whose marriage I have

mentioned above, and he wrote no letter for some time without speaking of it. She, however, lingered until the end of the year; meantime he had been made very anxious by an alarming illness of Sir William Heathcote; and writing, as I now do, when that same dear friend is recovering, as I trust, from an illness at one time equally alarming, I cannot help inserting a word from one of Keble's letters at the time. My readers may remember my mention of the baptism and death of one of his children; it was in this year that he was taken, and the loss was a very trying one.

Keble, speaking of Sir William, says:—

"Indeed, I trust by God's blessing, that he is now really getting better. I saw him on Wednesday for ¼ of an hour, very sweet and cheerful, but much pulled down. It was much owing to his anguish about that dear little Godfrey."

It is for the sake of both, the living and the dead, that I set down any notice of this interview; it impressed Keble very much. I find it mentioned in three letters; in one to Mr. Wilson he says:—

"I saw him on Tuesday for ¼ of an hour, and I cannot tell you how it impressed me. Would that I were worthy but to remember it all exactly, much more to enter into it. He was so sweet, and noble, and humble, and loving."

In this year Keble and I lost our dear old Corpus friend, Noel Ellison, and at the close of it, the niece

of whom I have just spoken died also. He expresses his feelings on this and other similar visitations in the letter which I now insert:—

"*H. V., Innocents' Day*, 1858.

"DEAREST COLERIDGE,

"You will have heard, I dare say, that the long-expected blow has at last fallen on us. Our dear Niece at Sidmouth was on Thursday gathered to her Father, and Sisters, and Brother, and her little first-born Child. She had been very much worse for several days; and a very little before had given a sort of signal of what was going to happen by saying with one of her bright looks, when she was asked to take something, 'Nothing but Holy Communion will do me good now.' So we were quite spared what I had much dreaded, that her mind might give way before her body, as I believe often happens in such extreme weakness. Poor dear Tom, he will be all the more desolate, from having been able all along to devote himself exclusively to her; but of course it is a pain, which so far he would not part with for all the world. His Father and Mother, I trust, are with him now. He and Harriet, (Kenie's Mother,) were the only persons with her at the moment, 2 P.M. At 7 that same morning dear Moberly saw the departure of his second son Arthur, a most promising youth every way. He is by this time buried in the cloisters of the College, where also Kenie's brother George is laid. And a few days before, a Coxwell, nephew of Caroline Young, 'the only son of his father, and he a widower,' died, and was buried at Hurst Pier Point. Dear Kenie is to be buried at Salcombe on Thursday next. It is, indeed, a trying, though a very soothing Christmas. This one day seems

to diffuse itself, as it were, over all the twelve. You will think of us all, though I sadly feel that I never thought enough of you in your many troubles. My own dear Sister alarmed us also a good deal this day week, but I thank God that she is now apparently getting better and better.

"But, O my dear friend, what is it all in comparison, whether we and those dear to us are here a few days longer, or no. If we may but be with Him, and with one another by and by! This has been a trying year all along,—Miller, Ellison, Marriott, W. Barter,—each as he went seemed to say, 'Your Time must soon come.' Yet the comforts left are unspeakable.

"Dec^{r} 29. I could not manage to finish this yesterday, and now, lest I should be prevented again, I must go at once to business. The sum you speak of, (which in spite of your asseverations I can scarcely believe to be all mine,) may be paid to my account with D. L. and Co., Winchester, whenever it is convenient. Of course I am glad of it; but I wish people would *consider* my prose, as well as *like* my verses. Or rather, I wish that some one of real learning and ability might be raised up to *force* good people to put their minds to the truths which I believe they are instinctively acting on, though they are afraid to enunciate them in words. That is my account of this Scottish Controversy, as well as of a good deal that is going on in England. And having that view I cannot but hope that matters will be overruled, so as to spare us a Schism, though at present matters look very like it. I have not read Mr. Mansel's book, and do not at all expect I should understand it if I did. I hear people speaking very highly of it, and sadly of the need of it. . . .

"I like to hear of your visits to John, how happy they must make all parties. My love to all three generations,

and especially to poor Mary, when you see her. May all go well, and may the New Year be every way happy to you, prays your loving friend, J. K."

In more than one previous letter he had spoken of the Scottish Controversy, which was much on his mind, both on account of the subject—the Holy Eucharist—and because, according to his usual mode of judging himself with severity, he fancied he had done harm by mingling in it unnecessarily and presumptuously :—

"I am paying," says he, in writing to me, "for my conceited interference, (for so I fear it must have been indeed before the All-Seeing,) with this Eucharistical question, by being made the instrument of rending (too likely) the Scottish Church. I know that in all your own cares you will find room to pray that I may be spared this."

At this time among the persons prominently engaged were two men, both of whom he had long known intimately, and both of whom he esteemed and loved very greatly — Bishop Wordsworth, and Bishop Forbes ; and he had always regarded the Scottish Episcopalian Church with deep reverence ; he had accepted with pleasure a titular canonry in the College at Cumbrae. It so happened that Dr. Pusey's ill-health had prevented Bishop Forbes from having free recourse to him, whom he ordinarily consulted in his difficulties, and so he had applied to Keble, who of course could not

shrink from answering the call made on him. He had not obtruded himself in the matter, and I suppose no one but himself could have seen any impropriety, or anything like conceit or presumptuousness, in his giving advice or support to one whom he believed to be in the right, and who seemed in danger of being overpowered.

In the May of this year, 1858, six of the bishops of the Scottish Church had met in a special Synod, and issued a Pastoral Letter condemnatory of a Charge which had been delivered to his own clergy, and published, by the seventh of their body, Bishop Forbes. And this occasioned the publication by Keble of "Considerations, suggested by a late Pastoral Letter on the Doctrine of the most Holy Eucharist." "Interference" by me now in a controversy on this mysterious subject would be, indeed, to use Keble's word, "conceited," and I shall pass it over, except that, to prevent my leaving a wrong impression as to the spirit in which Keble interfered, I think I ought to add an extract from one other of his letters :—

"I have been harping on a string, which I fancy might be pacific, if people would be so minded, between the two Champions, Brechin and St. Andrews. My firm belief is that they both agree in *this*, that there is in the Holy Eucharist a Presence Real in the utmost possible degree of Reality: and that they only differ about the question, what degree is possible, i.e. of course possible to God. And

about this, since no paramount Church Authority has expressly decided it, the right course is to allow each side to hold and teach their own opinion with express toleration of the other."

And this in truth was the spirit in which he was a controversialist. He certainly had strong opinions as to what he deemed the true faith, and they were to him matters of the holiest obligation; he had been brought up in them, he had read deeply and largely upon them, and he thought he saw moral failures traceable to a departure from them in the belief of men. But with all this he ever made the largest allowances, and his most inward desire was for peace.

Nevertheless, I call to mind that I was uneasy at what I feared in him, the growth of a controversial spirit, and we had a little correspondence about it. I urged him to give the world some of his parochial sermons. I said:—

"I am sure you undervalue them, and the good which by God's blessing they might do. Of this I think you should let others judge. But in addition to this other and direct motive, I am also, I must confess, somewhat influenced by the effect it would have on your reputation as a Divine and Parochial Clergyman. I should be sorry that you should only be known by strangers as a controversialist. I wish they should see that the occasional short publications, which the more part never look at for fear of being 'perverted,' are as nothing to the amount of your work and teaching as Vicar of Hursley."

He answered, referring me to the neglected sermons he had published, and I replied, insisting on a volume of parochial sermons, with his name:—

"You have not tried this, and there are in my opinion two good reasons why you should, one for the good I believe they would do, the other personal, (partly so only,) that the world may be undeceived, or better informed about you, and not suppose you are merely a Controversial Divine, engaged in propping up unpopular opinions in the Church."

I went on also to urge him on to his Life of Wilson, which seemed in danger of being never finished:—

"Still another last word; ὦ μελλήτων μελλητικώτατε, where is thy Wilson? You are not so old as I am, and you have learned to linger by the way as much as I do. Why is it that the shorter our time, the more we loiter over our work? Procrastination should be the thief of younger days, but she delights to gather up the lengthening shadows."

I stumbled on these letters among those returned to me, and I cannot expect others to read them with the feelings which they roused up in myself. Alas, though younger, he was not allowed so many days to loiter in and on his work, (if, indeed, I had justly accused him of loitering,) as have been allowed to me. But he did not loiter, he was continually, too continually, at work. I failed to persuade him as to the sermons, unfortunately, as I still think; but

he undervalued his compositions; it was unpleasant to him to undertake a selection, and a reviewal of them for publication. This would of course have been necessary, but he might have bequeathed to the Church something like the gift which Dr. Newman has left behind him, differing indeed in character in some respects, and perhaps inferior in general merit, but still a great and good gift. In delivery he did not give his sermons the advantages of an ordinarily eloquent preacher, but he was eminently winning; he let himself down, I do not mean in language or argument, but in simplicity and child-like humility, to the most uneducated of his audience; he seemed always to count himself one of the sinners, one of the penitents, one even of the impenitents and careless, whom he was addressing, and the very quietness, the almost tearful monotony of his delivery became extremely moving, when you recollected how learned, how able, how moved in his own heart, and how earnest was the preacher.

His brother, I am happy to say, is now seeking to repair our loss in this respect by a serial issue of his sermons, and for this we shall thank him much; but of course he will not venture to correct them; and it must have been desirable that Keble himself should have had the opportunity of finally perfecting them before publication.

I was more fortunate as to the Wilson; at least,

not long after I wrote, in the spring of 1859, he writes to me :—

"We go to Oxford a bit if we can after Whit Sunday to kill off Bp. Wilson, if possible. It would be very pleasant work if one had nothing else to do, and plenty of time to do it in. As it is, I expect it will be a good deal of a failure."

He made out this visit to Oxford, and I think Dr. Barrow, then the Principal of St. Edmund Hall, lent him his house. On his return, he wrote to me from Hursley on the 1st of August :—

"You may be quite sure that it would be a great delight to us both, if we could answer your most kind invitation in the way we desire; as one grows older, such meetings are more precious, but somehow harder to be managed; nevertheless, I live in hope of managing it before the end of the available weather. We had a dear little two days of Dogmersfield lately. I had fancied falling in with you at this Election, but you were gone before I emerged. Somehow I am become quite a gownsman again. I like my new place as Head of a Hall very much; how it would be if there were anything to do is another question; and also whether it be 'tanti' as regards Bishop Wilson; but I believe it could not be helped; there were so many little odd points to be verified and explained. About the 15th we are to join the Wilsons at Whitby, which I hope will give Charlotte a little strength for the winter. I *may* have to go to the I. of Man again; but if I can do without that, my dream is of the 'Sweet Shire;' only I cannot engage."

He did not go to the Isle of Man, but he accom-

plished his scheme of a tour northward, and on the 4th of October he wrote again very cheerfully about it, and himself:—

"One is almost ashamed to be so well and thriving oneself, when one's dear friends and betters are suffering; but so it is, that we have had a most enjoyable wandering; and my wife is thought to be looking much the better for it. Certainly it was a very pretty little programme of an English Tour. A month or 6 weeks at Oxford, revelling in Gardens and Libraries, which we had all to ourselves; a fortnight's sea-whiff at Whitby, 2 days at York, and 1 at Rivaulx Abbey; 4 or 5 at the Wilsons at Baldersby, near Ripon; 1 at old Collins's at Knaresborough; 3 at Hubert Cornish's, near Chatsworth and the Peak; 1 at G. Mackarness's, near Isaac Walton; and a week at Bisley, including the Elijah, at Gloster Music; where the two old Codger Kebles were seen sitting side by side."

I have not thought it right to go into the details which Keble's letters furnish me with as to the part he took in what he called the Scottish troubles; it would not have accorded with the rule which it seemed proper to lay down for myself in this Memoir; and as I trust they are now happily composed on charitable principles, it would be clearly wrong on all accounts to incur the least risk of reviving the feelings of the past; and this I might have done, intending nothing less, even by the most accurate and careful use of my materials; which, however, it must be remembered, are all from one side. But one of

Keble's letters of February 21, 1860, from which I must make an extract, reminds me of an incident which ought not to be passed over, as shewing his heartiness and activity in rendering help to a dear friend in distress:—

"I was most glad of your letter, for I was longing for some account of you; but I wish you could have reported more cheerily of your belongings. Why did you not say a word about your own self? We are scrambling through the cold as well as we can, but C. feels it a good deal, E. less, I think, in proportion. I am rather frightened at the returns of the C. Y., what shall I do with it all? Of late all one's spare time has been taken up with turning over Indices of Anglo-Catholic Divines, Benedictine Fathers, &c., on behalf of our dear Lord of Brechin; moreover, I actually ran down to Dun-Edin, and was there the week before last, from Tuesday morning till Friday afternoon, i.e. during the whole of the pleadings; but I was in Court only on the Thursday to hear Mr. Henderson; for I lay *perdu* until I had ascertained that my presence would not provoke the Bishops. I fraternized with Moray, Argyll, and St. A.; and whatever they mean to do as Judges, they were personally very kind."

I have been favoured with some anecdotes of his visit from members of the family with which he was a guest at the time, from which I will make extracts:—

"His first visit to Edinburgh was in the inclement month of February, 1860. It was cold snowy weather, and he arrived at 8 in the morning after travelling all night. It was the first day of the trial. He did not go to Court, but

confined himself to calling upon his old friend the Bishop of St. Andrews, who returned his visit. He spent most of that day with my sisters, and was much amused by being told of an aged Aunt of ours, who had worn out many copies of the 'Christian Year,' and had it by heart. He talked of its success with great enjoyment and playfulness. He spoke of his Life of Wilson, and when found looking over the book-cases, said, 'I always look at books to see if I can find anything about Bp. Wilson.' He noticed the Portrait of our Uncle, Mr. Cumming Bruce, whom he had not seen since he was an Undergraduate at Corpus, adding 'I remember him quite well, a nice pleasant fellow he was.'

"Our friends crowded to see him. There was a very atmosphere of peace and restfulness in which he moved. He gave comfort to every one, though matters then seemed critical. That day he dined with my sisters.

"On the 8th, the second day of the trial, he was in Court, and his presence there was an object of interest to all. All in the crowd tried to catch a glimpse of his snowy head. The remembrance of those calm features, contrasting so markedly with the excited faces in the midst of all the turmoil, will never be forgotten by me. There was, however, an expression of profound distress upon his countenance. He dined that day with Mr. Forbes of Medwyn, where he was delighted with the children. One of these, at that time aged sixteen, thus recorded her impressions of him. 'He is old and short, with white hair, and rather plain features; but he has such a sweet heavenly expression. His voice is rather low; we cannot hear him, unless he is close to us. He is so kind, and takes such interest in the little ones. Aunt A. calls him her good old angel, and really he has such a sweet winning sort of manner, that it must make every one like and look up to him, giving one the idea that

he must be one of those, who, our Saviour has said, are converted, and become as little children.'

"One day he did not go to Court, saying that he would rest, and would best do so by playing with the children, two boys of six and nine years of age respectively. He crept about on the floor, shewing them how to put up a new toy locomotive, which had been given them."

Keble again went to Edinburgh in March, 1860, although suffering much from rheumatism, when the Synod pronounced its judgment; it was unfavourable to the Bishop, but very much milder in tone than had been expected, and a great relief upon the whole to his friends. It had been thought worth while through the whole proceeding to consult Patteson and myself, and we all three had considered carefully, (what Keble called the δεύτερος πλοῦς,) the course to be pursued by the Bishop in case a suspension should be awarded. Keble's opinion was that the Bishop should not stand out on what he might consider his strict right, but act charitably and submit:—

"His course," he said, "I apprehend should be to submit to his suspension, and remain in Dundee, visiting and school keeping, and doing works of mercy, but refraining from any Episcopal Act. Then his Clergy, whom he thinks very much of, might keep their places, and his witness would be borne to the truth."

I need scarcely say that in advice such as this Patteson and I heartily concurred, and it is cause

of much thankfulness to me that our excellent friend has been for many years, and still is engaged in the discharge of his duties pastoral and episcopal in Dundee and Brechin, to the great comfort and profit of those over whom he is set. And I can scarcely doubt that even those who differed from him most widely and most warmly, must be thankful now that no such victory was obtained by them as might have led to a schism in their small body.

For a long time the name of Elizabeth Keble had appeared but little, and seldom in his letters; her life flowed on in an even course, and much as he consulted her, and was probably influenced by her, yet all she said or did was in so quiet a way as to be little noticeable; and her health, never strong, was yet not interrupted by violent illnesses, as was the case with Mrs. Keble's.

But from this time a change began; in truth her heavenly Father was preparing her and him too by more direct notices for the summons, which she was about to receive. I have no doubt both interpreted the indications correctly. I am sure he did, though he clung to every little apparent amendment with natural fondness. It was not very long, however, before her course was ended, and I shall extract what he wrote about her during the interval.

On the 4th of April, 1860, he says:—

"My two Companions, especially my Sister, seem to me almost always this winter more or less on the edge of illness,

but have hitherto been kept from being quite ill, except Elizabeth's weakness, which is sometimes extreme, may be counted for an illness."

She had somewhat mended as the weather grew more genial, but it was the flickering lighting-up of a sinking patient :—

"She gets out," he says, on June 28, "in a sort of Bath Chair almost every day, but is *very* weak, and has a regular nurse, besides her servant. Tom staid, I think, 3 Sundays here, and it was such a comfort. My wife is about as she has been. I fear as things are, it will be hardly right for us to go a visiting this summer; if we do, I trust we shall get to you, at least for a short time. How strangely things seem to be twisting themselves both in Church and State. Ever your loving and hurried, J. K."

On July 16, he begins a very short note thus, (my dear sister's 70th birthday). "Dearest Coleridge.... Elizabeth continues much as yesterday, not *quite* so comfortable."

She died on the 7th of August, and on the same day he wrote to me thus :—

"Dearest dear Friend,

"Our sweet sister left us this morning, having been apparently on the verge of departure for ten days or more, during which time, and to some extent before it, she could be hardly said to have full consciousness at any time..... The last 18 hours were nearly all spent in sleep, like that of a little child, till at 9.20 this morning, with the very slightest start, but with no expression, that I could see, of pain or

distress, she was gone. I, indeed, did not see it, though I was very near her, reading now and then a verse from some Psalm, (which had all along been what she was feeling after). I fancied she still breathed, and went on for a while; at last I doubted it, and asked the Nurse, who said 'she has been gone this quarter of an hour,' so you may judge how quiet it was, and from the nature of the illness we had greatly feared it might have been otherwise. . . . She will be buried here, D. V., next Saturday, not far from dear little Godfrey Heathcote, so that it will yet seem for the short time that remains very like going to Church with her daily; and one ought to be very thankful that it is so, for it would be a strange world to one, dear friend, to be altogether without her; for 20 years of health, and 50 of sickness, always at hand, or always within reach; and never a look, nor a word, that I know of, but was wise and kind, with the true kindness and wisdom. Only it makes an old man's heart sink to reflect what one might have been, with such helps, and many many more, and what one really is. One comfort is, that those helps, and you among the rest, will remember one all the more earnestly. I have never thanked you for your last loving letter, which will now be worth two to me, so entirely had you realized what has happened. Mrs. Bliss, as you know, has been most kind and helpful; I wish she were not going. The Heathcotes come here the 18th; with all's love to all, ever yours, J. K."

There is surely something very solemn and affecting in the picture which Keble has here drawn of himself kneeling by the side of this dear and saintly sister's deathbed, from time to time slowly reading a verse of a psalm, which her parting spirit was, as he expresses it, "feeling after." And if she ceased

to breathe while he continued to read, is it presumptuous, or irreverent, or unreasonable, to believe that she might still hear the familiar words, it may be with a new and enlarged apprehension, and more unmixed delight; and, it may be, still see the loved brother; not hearing, nor seeing, as we hear and see, but perceiving by a clearer and purer intuition *all* the meaning of the words of inspiration which he uttered.

The nursing, and the parting with Elizabeth, had pressed heavily on Mrs. Keble's feeble frame, and very soon after the funeral Keble was constrained to take her to Dawlish, and there they remained for some weeks, close to the sea; but she was more helpless than usual in her illnesses, both as to breathing and walking, and recovered but very slowly. He was himself a good deal depressed when he wrote to me on the 29th of August, from No. 12, Marine Parade, there :—

"I have," says he, "a sort of awful, yet soothing impression of it all; will you pray that it may never leave me; but you cannot imagine how quickly I forget. We think of staying here a week longer, in hope that by that time C. will be a little recruited; and then going on to Vineyard and Brooking."

The proposed stay at Dawlish was prolonged, owing to renewed illnesses of Mrs. Keble, nearly all through September, and it was not until early in October that he dated his letters from Brooking.

The loss of his sister was a heavy blow to him, but I need not enlarge on it; he has himself in his letter stated in few words all the circumstances that made it so great a trial. Nor was it the only bereavement which he had within a short time sustained. Just when his sister's illness was becoming a source of anxiety, Charles Dyson's declining state of health had terminated in his death; and this was in many ways a great affliction to Keble. Nothing could be heartier than the love he had for this friend of his youth, or more entire than the confidence he reposed in this counsellor of his maturer years. He could ill afford to lose such an elder brother now, when he had been bereaved in succession of so many whom he loved and leaned on; it seemed to leave him so nearly alone. In an early part of my memoir I have spoken of Dyson, his death, and funeral. At the gathering which then took place, the setting up a memorial had been agreed on, and Keble bestirred himself with pious assiduity in collecting the necessary contributions, and helping to determine on the manner in which it should be carried out. Finally this was effected by placing two stained-glass windows in the parish church of Dogmersfield, and in settling the designs for these he took a principal part. I may add before I leave this mention of Dyson, that it was a concurrent thought of Mrs. Keble and Mrs. Dyson, joyfully accepted by Keble that Mrs. and Miss Dyson should take shelter

under his wing in the old parsonage at Hursley for the winter, while the arrangements for a new habitation for them at Church Crookham in the neighbourhood of Dogmersfield should be completed. This plan was carried into effect, to the great delight of the Kebles, and the comfort of the bereaved widow and sister.

In their way from Brooking to Bisley and their home, the Kebles came to us on the 5th of October, which was on a Friday, and left us on the following Monday. These short visits it is now very pleasant and touching to remember; and I refresh my recollection of the particulars by my memoranda made at the time. I see I noticed his peculiarly kind and loving manner; as we parted on the Monday, he turned his cheek to me to kiss it. My entry concludes with a hope "that I might be spared for another such meeting, and that I might have wisdom to seek the opportunity more frequently than I had done." Wisdom alas, which indolence and procrastination, and engagements more fancied than real, prevented me from acting upon as I might have done. He preached in our church on the 7th of October; my comment at the time was this:—

"One of those truly Christian sermons, opening out the Scripture, full of citations from it, going directly to the heart that would open to receive it; affectionate, earnest, true, and high; but very simple, very unadorned, just as I suppose St. John might have preached when an old

man, and one which perhaps the mere itching ear would receive with indifference, and the mere literary intellectualist despise."

I have ventured to transcribe this, because I really think now that it is not an inaccurate account of his parochial sermons generally.

Thus characteristically he wrote of his little stay with us on his arrival at Bisley:—

"It is no use for me to pretend to thank you properly for all your love and kindness to my dear wife and myself, so I must be content with loving you more and more, and *you* in this passage means, 'te cum tuis.' It was quite spoiling, and high time to come away."

This has been a melancholy chapter in respect of the bereavements and trials with which it pleased God to visit Keble at this time, and it must end in the same strain. The winter of 1860-1, was passed at Hursley; in the early part of the summer Mrs. Keble's cough drove them to Sea View in the Isle of Wight. He knew that I was anxiously watching the close of my dear brother Patteson's long and hopeless illness; and he entirely sympathized with me. Comparatively speaking, there had been personal intercourse between the two only at long intervals, and then only for short periods; nor did they correspond; but Keble had a very great regard for him, and the very highest opinion of him.

On the 2nd of June he wrote to me from Hursley:—

"Being here for a Sunday while my wife and nephew,

and three children, are at Sea View, I am going to try and write you a regular letter, for indeed I long to talk with you, and wish I could see you. Yet it seems almost profane to interrupt you with any kind of talk in your present employment, which must keep you so consciously on that edge where we all are. It does seem most soothing to think of dear Patteson from time to time, and of his child-like unconsciousness that he was anything out of the common, which must now seem more than ever like a gift from above."

On the 28th of June this great lawyer and judge, and good man, was summoned to his rest. Keble, to whom I communicated the intelligence, wrote to me thus on the 3rd of July :—

"I am shocked to think that so many posts have gone, and I have not told you any part of my thoughts about you and dear Patteson ; about yourself I think most, for it will be such a sad gap to you ; one feels that nothing in this world can make it up. As for him, he seems too high and noble for one even to try and follow in imagination. I should like always to connect him in memory with 'the righteous hath hope in his death,' hope in this world as well as *there*. Does it not seem like a sign from Heaven, that just before his going he did, as it were, receive the message that God had accepted his son, whom he 'had lent unto the Lord' for as long as he should live? One comfort in thinking of him, at least to a man with a bad memory like mine, is that there was something so very *distinctive* in him, traits and tones to make an impression to be remembered all one's life even by one who now regrets more than ever that he had not seen more of him."

Keble here alludes to the manner in which Patteson had devoted his eldest son to God's service. With the fullest sense of his own loss, yet with the most unhesitating heartiness he had given up one who was dearer to him than life. He gave him up at a time when his presence was most cheering, and his help much needed and readily afforded, he being in charge of a small Chapelry within short walking distance from Feniton Court. No father and son could be more tenderly united, none could feel separation more sensibly, but neither wavered for an instant in their resolution. The son parted from his aged father in 1855, never to see him again on this side the grave; and he has never re-visited England since. It was a great pleasure and gratification to his father very shortly before his own death to hear of his son's consecration as Missionary Bishop to the South Sea Islands; in which office he has ever since laboured unceasingly, under what trials, and through what dangers, and with what success, I must not in this place attempt to describe.

CHAPTER XIX.

KEBLE'S SELF-DISSATISFACTION, AND THOUGHTS OF RESIGNATION. — OXFORD LOCAL EXAMINATIONS. —MRS. KEBLE'S ALARMING ILLNESS. — MOVE TO SEA VIEW.—FIRST VISIT TO PENZANCE.—BISHOP WILSON'S LIFE COMPLETED.—CHURCH DISCIPLINE. —COURT OF FINAL APPEAL IN CASES OF DOCTRINE. — BISHOP OF WINCHESTER'S CHARGE.— COMMENTARY ON THE BIBLE.—FIRST STAY AT PENZANCE.—RETURN TO HURSLEY. — JUDGMENT IN LONG *v.* BISHOP OF CAPETOWN.—FIRST VISIT TO TORQUAY IN JANUARY, 1864.—SECOND STAY AT PENZANCE, APRIL, 1864.

KEBLE began the year 1862 in good health, and quiet spirits, yet somewhat anxious on one or two subjects, and a little dispirited at heart. There seems to have been a visible change for the worse in Mrs. Keble's health; the state of his parish did not satisfy him; and the accounts he received from Oxford, especially in regard to the "Essays and Reviews," at one time so much talked of, troubled him. Mrs. Keble's decline, indeed, was not so marked at the very beginning of the year, though even then he notices that she was "a poor hand at locomotion

of any kind," and was indebted for what she had "to Jack the Donkey," whom she drove. But I will extract parts of his first letter for the year, dated on the First Sunday after the Epiphany :—

"I had rather," says he, "wish you joy of the Peace, and of the good feeling towards the Queen, and ask you when you are going to take us and Heathcote, as your duty is, in the way to or from London. Time steals on, and I am now 'in the seventy of mine age,' and I suppose it would be a wholesome thing, if one could always feel as if every visit, and every letter might be the last. But really my health is wonderful, as it has been all my life. What a talent to account for, alas ! . . .

"I cannot give a good account of my parish, people are sadly disappointing, and neither 'true religion, nor useful learning,' appear to me to flourish and abound. I often think that 'tempus abire tibi est,'—do think of it for me a little calmly,—and yet I creep on from day to day, fancying that perhaps I may do better, and quite ashamed to think of the condition in which my successor would find things, if I were to make a vacancy at present. 'Too late, too late,' are the words that haunt me from morning to night ; and sometimes I wish I had been at a public school, that I might be a man of business, and get on with things as I ought. You must not imagine though that I am low-spirited, I am only too jolly ; but this is the point of view in which I see things when I consider them calmly. O wretched Self, how durst thou take up all this paper. Well, God bless you and yours in both hemispheres, dearest friend, prays J. K."

These despondent remarks about himself, partly

perhaps attributable to transient depression of spirits, were however characteristic of him, and his abiding humility; but I reminded him in answer, of what he had said on other occasions, that it was not for us to measure ourselves by what we seem to effect in the path before us; that results are not in our hands, and that in his line this is especially true; we do not always know for certain what they are, we can neither measure the failures nor the successes; that much good may have been effected which no human eye will ever see, much which will appear only after a long interval. I wrote very strongly against his notion of retirement, and I heard no more of it; until some time after, when the necessity for long absences from Hursley was more pressing, and threatening to recur more often, and when therefore there was more ground for consideration of the question.

His letter had touched on some other points, one in particular, the Oxford Local Examinations, the results of which he appeared to contemplate uneasily. Not that he was unfavourable to advancement in the education of the middle classes, but that he thought the religious element was either neglected in this scheme, or even excluded. He did not speak from personal knowledge, and I thought his information not correct. I went, therefore, fully into the subject with him according to the knowledge which I then had. In the years that have

since passed my interest in the movement has never flagged; it has seemed to me that the original principle was both wise and benevolent, and that in some particulars, which were perhaps objectionable, and which have been now much modified, the motives of the originators, and the University, were misunderstood by their opponents. The fears which these last entertained have, so far as I know, turned out to have been groundless, or exaggerated, and the general results have been good. I can hardly doubt that in one respect they have been so; the improvement namely of schools and schoolmasters in the class which certainly needed it. Still I think the time has come for an enquiry as to the moral and intellectual effects of the experiment on young persons of the middle class; are they really more or less informed, more or less advanced in morals and religious habits? The enquiry might be difficult, but there are materials now for conducting it effectually; and it is surely very desirable to ascertain whether or no this part of society has or has not been leavened as one could wish by the system; for it cannot be but that some considerable results for good or evil have flowed from it. The whole matter is so important that I shall be excused, I trust, for these observations.

My answer to Keble's letter, (to return,) was long, and he knew I was unwell, and forbidden to write much. I mention this only to account in some mea-

sure for the more than usual affectionateness of his reply, which I do not like to suppress, and cannot of course alter :—

"Dearest dear Coleridge,

"I am full of thoughts about you, very sorry to hear of your trial, (only that by His blessing one feels sure how all trials will turn out for you,) and very much wishing that I could see you for at least an hour every day. But you *must* not write me long letters. It will spoil the pleasure of them to think of the result to yourself. I thank you for this one all the same, it will do me I hope much good.

"C. was, indeed, very ill for a while last Monday Night. The spasms on her chest so violent that I was quite frightened. Ether and hot steam in the room relieved her, and she is now well enough to be downstairs great part of the day, but very weak, and never sure but the gasping may return. D. G. we have I think a very nice doctor in the village, else I hardly know how we should have fared."

It seems to have been, indeed, a frightful attack. From a later letter it appears it had been described to him by his medical attendant as "spasmodic asthma literally stopping the action of the arteries;" and well might he say that it was a providential mercy that skilful relief was at hand in the village. If he had been obliged to send to Romsey, and wait for a medical man coming thence, the attack must have ended fatally, as life could not have been sustained for half an hour in the state in which at one period she appears to have been.

The attack left her in great weakness, from which

she recovered slowly, and it was not until May that she was strong enough to move for change of air, even so far as the Isle of Wight. He wrote to me on the 7th of that month from Sea View; he was then still in continual apprehension of a return of "those dreadful spasms," and he was perhaps the more sensitive in his feelings from having just met Mrs. Cornish, and seeing her greatly shaken and altered :—

"It really," says he, "makes one afraid and ashamed to think of one's own (now 70) years of uninterrupted health, along with the sufferings of so many persons so unlike oneself. It would be a charity if people would sometimes in their Litanies pray for the *very* healthy, *very* prosperous, *very* lighthearted, *very much* bepraised, &c. . . . .

"Now give our love to your wife and daughter, and such other belongings as are near you, and to dear Devonshire with its primroses, which it must be hard work for the Pixies to count this year; and believe me ever (I hope) yours, J. K."

They returned to Hursley in June, Mrs. Keble in a very precarious and uncertain state :—

"She came home," he says, writing on the 13th of June, "on Wednesday week, certainly the better for the sea, &c., but far from well; that, indeed, we dare not look for in this world. Since then she has not fallen off, except for the last few days; her breath was the worse for something in the weather on Tuesday, and she has hardly got back to the same point again. But she coughs very little, and writes, and reads, and plays, and keeps accounts; she cannot

teach, or visit cottages, but drives out, wind and weather permitting; her going to Church is exceptional."

In this state of her health he was wisely advised to consult high medical authority in London, and he did so, Dr. Williams. The result he communicated to Mr. Wilson, and to me, which it is unnecessary to state in detail. But one particular was the positive forbiddance to remain at Hursley during the winter; it was recommended to winter abroad, but Devon and Cornwall were acquiesced in; and after some hesitation Keble determined in the first instance to try Penzance.

He wrote to me on the 8th of October from that place. They had rested in their way at Plymouth, refusing all solicitations to stop anywhere else; and the first effects of the change to Penzance were so promising, that he sent home for his heavy luggage, and resolved to pass the winter there. He announces his resolution to me characteristically enough:—

"Her breath is relieved, and her walking powers improved; she walked along this Esplanade, and looked over the lodgings upstairs and down without being fatigued, and then enjoyed a three hours' drive, and it was altogether summerish and delightful. On Sunday she went to the full morning Service; and it was what my Sister would have called 'a very pleasant Church.' For these and other reasons, including the goodness of certain mackerel and apples, &c., that we have made acquaintance with, we have made up our minds to try a winter here, and have

sent for our heavy luggage, which we had left on the road. . . .

"What a beautiful and comfortable circumstance it is of this great development of our Missions, that quiet people are come naturally without thinking of it, or writing *in a tone*, to pour out their hearts mutually to those whom they suppose to be like-minded, from the other side of the world; just as the old folks did in the very old centuries. S. Cyprian, (e.g.) not to mention S. Paul. I say this apropos to the South Pacific, and South African Letters, which have been so much of our reading of late. It really does seem to help one in a very special way to realize the Communion of Saints, and to feel (D.V.) one not only with the distant living, but with the holy dead. What a comforting thought (among many more) for those who were mainly instrumental in the Colonial Episcopate at first. . . . .

"Your calling —— a 'middle rate' biographer, makes a certain friend of yours wince; you can easily guess why. I do hope at any rate *that* will be soon off my hands. . . .

"I wish you could see the Mount as I do now every time I look up from my writing, with the tenderest of hazy light and shade upon it. We have got a kind cousin, Fanny Coxwell, to help take care of C., and a very great little comfort she is. And so with dear love to you all, I am as ever your lazy and affectionate, J. K."

Their first house was chosen with special reference to Mrs. Keble, "in the very best position," says he, "for seeing the whole of Mount's Bay, and feeling and hearing all that the wild waves had to tell us." Indeed, they soon found that the wild waves had somewhat too much to tell them, and they were

obliged to move to a house higher up, and more distant from them. But he took intense and never-failing delight in that most beautiful Bay, sweeping round on his right, with a shore gently rising from the sea; and guarded as it were by St. Michael's Mount nearly in his front, crowned with the stately and picturesque castle and church on its summit. I have no doubt that the view was a never-failing delight to him; and to him, a mere Saxon, there was interest in the novelty, almost the strangeness, of the Cornish race, their language, and customs. But more than this; as they prolonged their stay, they were touched with the hearty kindness with which they were received, especially by the clergy; the impression which his first Sunday had made on him was deepened by more familiar intercourse, and so far as he could be, he got reconciled to the enforced absence from Hursley.

The allusion to his Wilson gave me great pleasure, much increased when, on the 22nd of November, he wrote:—

"What you will be glad to hear of, the last sheet of Bp. Wilson's Life is gone to the press, and only a little correction and some notes, with a small part of the Preface, remain to be done. I only wish any body may have the same pleasure in reading, that I have had in writing it; but that of course is a romantic idea. Suppose it, however, to do some of the kind of good one would wish, what will that be to having been a beginner and prime agent in the Co-

lonial Episcopate Fund; the fruit of which, by God's great blessing, we are allowed to see more and more."

This was his too kind way of alluding to my exceedingly small services as one of the Treasurers of the Fund he speaks of; but I do not pass it by in silence, because in the beginning he had for some reason looked rather coldly on the movement; and it was and is a great pleasure to me now to recall with what a different feeling he grew to regard it.

Early in 1863 the Life of Bishop Wilson was published, and it formed in two parts the first of seven volumes, which contain, I believe, a complete collection of the Bishop's works. They are part of the series of the Anglo-Catholic Library, and certainly no English Churchman's library ought to be without them. It is now well known how shamefully the *Sacra Privata* were treated by those who first professed to give them to the public; treated so, I fear, for party purposes. Keble was very earnest in restoring that work to its integrity. Much had been already done in that way, and in presenting it in an attractive and convenient form before his volume appeared; but he still looked on what he had done for it with more satisfaction than was usual with him as to anything on which he had been employed. He was not given to praise his own performances; but I remember he said to me once that his volume might be less attractive in appearance, and less portable, and so less convenient for a manual, but that it

would be found, he believed, the most correct and full edition which had yet seen the light. As the Bishop's character was one which he most admired and loved, so this work was a special delight to him, and justly so. Many persons, I fear, are deterred from becoming familiar with it, because at first sight it seems to have so much to do with the writer exclusively in his character of Bishop, and they suppose, therefore, it can have little application to themselves; but let them persevere, and if I mistake not, they will not only be moved with the unconsciously-drawn picture of so much goodness, greatness, and holiness, but find also abundance of that which is practical for themselves. Indeed, there is a homely affectionate simplicity in everything which Wilson writes of this sort, that makes it specially fitting for the purposes of a Christian Manual.

It will have been seen how Keble speaks of the pleasure he had had in writing the Life; it was with him truly a labour of love; he wrote it carefully, and it is, I believe, perfectly trustworthy, telling us all that can be known of Wilson, and considerably more than was known before. Still it is thought to labour under the fault of being long-some; its very fulness may have contributed to this; in truth, it tells more than ordinary readers may care to know of its subject.

My readers will have long ago seen what were Keble's opinions respecting Church discipline; it

was unfortunate, I think, for the work, that Bishop Wilson not only felt about this as strongly, and in the same way, but laboured during nearly the whole of his episcopate to enforce its practice. On these sustained efforts Keble naturally dwells with interest, and in much detail. It seems to me with great deference, that the conclusion in his mind might have been, (and I am not sure that it was not,) that however desirable, indeed however a duty of strict obligation in itself, it was hopeless to attempt a revival of it in our days, and in our country. If a bishop such as Wilson, so able, so venerated, and so loved, could not succeed in a diocese so small as that of Man, with a population so much more simple than our own, what could be hoped for in England at this time? But beyond this, I cannot say that even in the instances in which what is called success is recorded, I see very satisfactory evidence of *real* success. The power of the Church, indeed, was maintained in the particular instances; she did punish the evil-doers, and they submitted; but the impression left on the reader's mind is that the submission was too often made in order to escape the continuing temporal inconvenience rather than that the penance ended in real penitence.

"Non hoc tempus Censuræ" was the saying of Tiberius, when it was proposed to revive that office in vigour; certainly an adviser whom one would not listen to without distrust; yet to attempt the re-

form of manners in Imperial Rome by the Censorship, and in the Christian Church by Ecclesiastical Discipline, have this in common, that the one and the other were equally but means to an end, and that end in many respects the same. Now the fitness of means must depend very much on the circumstances under which they are to be used; what might be available and good in the early days of Rome, and of the Church respectively, might be far otherwise in the days of Tiberius, or those on which we are fallen. I speak it with diffidence and unfeigned respect for my dear friend, with whom these subjects were a life-long study; but it even seems to me a fallacy to refer *everything* as he did to the standard of the Primitive Church; and to be unwise, because unpractical. If I am asked what I would substitute for the ancient Discipline, I feel how utterly unfit I am to answer the question; and with that feeling on my mind I yet venture to say that the pastoral care, and the influence under God's blessing on it, of *a really laborious, learned, self-denying, prayerful, and exemplary clergy*, may be at least more practical, and at all events it is that without which all other means must fail.

I have been led astray from my proper subject, Keble's Life of Bishop Wilson. I shall have done it injustice, if I leave my readers with an unfavourable impression of it on the whole. He might, indeed, no one more successfully, have caught his inspiration from Isaac Walton, and left us a tale to

be bound up with *his* immortal narratives. I wish he had; but I cannot wish he had not written *this* Life, for it is the storehouse of facts, faithfully recorded, in which is contained all that can be known of an Apostolic Bishop; to which, indeed, whoever desires to write something more popular must, and may safely, have recourse for his materials.

Yet there was a branch of this subject on which I could not and cannot but think there was much real ground for Keble's uneasiness. I mean that a modern Statute should have placed in the hands of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, assisted by two or three of the bishops, not selected for personal fitness as judges, but in virtue of their sees, the final decision of questions touching the doctrine and discipline of the Church. Even if the Committee were necessarily composed of Churchmen, there would be the question, whether such matters are properly to be adjudicated on by laymen; but it is well known, that among its members may be those who are conscientiously, or otherwise, not only alien from the Church, but opposed to it. And the evil has this peculiarity in it, to which attention should be drawn. Where *any* court has jurisdiction to determine the point directly in issue before it, it has necessarily for *the purpose of arriving at its determination*, jurisdiction to decide on *any* point collaterally arising, the decision of which is necessary to the determination of the point at issue. Thus a single judge and jury at the Assizes have jurisdiction to try an action for

libel; suppose a beneficed clergyman should sue in such an action for the publication of a writing which imputed to him that he had taught something in derogation of one of the Articles; it might become necessary on the trial not only to decide on the fact of publication, and the meaning of the language used, but also the meaning of the Article alleged to have been derogated from. Rightly or wrongly the judge would have *in that case* to lay down the law of the Church; and if he interpreted the Article wrongly, he would *for the time*, and for the purpose of the cause, impose a new doctrine; but neither his ruling, nor the judgment consequent on it, would bind judge or court, bishop or clerk, in any other case. The Judicial Committee, on the other hand, often takes cognisance of the doctrine directly and as the point in issue; and it does so in the last resort; its decision binds every court, and even itself; so that if it should happen to determine certain propositions not to be contrary to the Articles, or *vice versa*, however manifestly wrong or dangerous the decision, those propositions might be maintained and preached by any incumbent to his flock with impunity; and to preach propositions logically contradictory of them might subject an incumbent to prosecution and its consequences. It cannot be doubted that this would practically be very much the same thing as making a new doctrine for the Church. There are some, it is said an increasing number, to whom this gives no

pain, because they hold doctrine to be of little importance; but even these, if candid, would admit that it must be very grievous to those who hold, as Christians in general do, and have done from the beginning, that definiteness and truth in doctrine are essential to the Church in the discharge of her function, as keeper of the Faith, and teacher of the people.

Keble was one of these, and the matter touched his conscience. The judgment in what is known as the "Essays and Reviews" Case gave him, in all its circumstances, as well as the decision itself, great pain, and he wrote several letters to me; for he rightly enough had no scruples in doing so merely because I was a member of the committee. He was not always accurate in his knowledge, and I think he did not see at first all the difficulties of forming an unexceptionable tribunal; nor did I always agree with his inferences or propositions. I do not think I should do any good by printing the whole correspondence; but I may perhaps revive the attention of those who might do good, by quoting some extracts from his letters to shew what a real grievance to men like him still exists:—

"PENZANCE,
"*Jan*^{y} 7, 1863.

"DEAREST COLERIDGE,

"Thank you for your kind letter, and patience in explaining to me all the difficulties of the case. I have no doubt it *is* full of difficulty, but then I consider that Law-

yers and Statesmen are the very people to whom one is to complain of one's difficulties, as one tells a Doctor when one is ill. I do hope that our friends in those professions will believe that we are really ill, (so to speak,) and not mere valetudinarians. I hope they will give themselves no rest till they have thoroughly looked into the matter, and *either* devised something which will not positively hinder the Church from executing its commission, as the present Law does, *or* ascertained and reported that no such course can be adopted consistently with the present relations of the Church to the State. Until one of these two things is done, there must be perpetual 'fears and jealousies,' until we waked up some morning and found ourselves without Creed or Discipline,—without Discipline we are indeed at present.

"Don't suppose that I am setting up my judgment on the legal and political view; I am really thinking, or trying to think, of the souls which, I believe, are daily and hourly perishing through disregard of our Lord's Ordinance. I would thankfully make use of qualified Laymen to any extent, consistently with the 'Discipline of Christ,' to which we are all sworn, and the grace for which is given us, if we are worthy, at our ordination, in our several degrees. These miserable Essay and Review Cases, more I think than anything which has happened, have brought out the fact, that the present Law of England absolutely quashes that Discipline, and also that other fact, that acquiescence in such a state of things is fast tending, as I said, to nullify our Creed. I should think *something* might be done; your reference to the Bishops, for instance, or what was it that Bp. Blomfield proposed? But do you really think that a Clergyman aware of all this should not complain of it, unless he can suggest the forms of a Parliamentary Remedy? Among

other effects of things as they are, Dr. Wiseman, &c., are making a good deal of gain, as you doubtless know better than I."

What Keble calls my "reference to the Bishops," was a suggestion I had thrown out, and of which I still think *something might be made*, that in order to separate the fact, including the mere construction of the language charged to be heretical, from the doctrine itself, the Committee might ascertain the two former, and then refer to a Court of bishops to state the doctrine, and applying that to the finding of the Committee, certify the conclusion on the issue to the Committee, which should be binding on it. This seemed to me a way to give to each branch of the tribunal what it was most competent to perform satisfactorily, relieve the minds of Churchmen, and, as far as could be, keep the doctrine of the Church from change. Lawyers will know that my hint was borrowed from the practice, now obsolete, of trial by the Bishop's Certificate, of which some account will be found in Blackstone's "Commentaries," vol. iii. p. 335, and also from the practice of the House of Lords to put questions to the Judges on a statement of facts which the House deems to be *cardines causæ;* and usually though not necessarily, to decide the case according to the answers given.

But I was of opinion, (and this I ought not to withhold now,) that nothing could be hopefully devised to forward Keble's views, until the clergy were

to some extent educated in law, and accustomed by some training, as hearers at least, to the practice of courts; it seemed to me that the most learned divine could not be fit to act as judge, without that training or experience which is so essential to constitute the judicial habit of mind.

Keble wrote to me subsequently on this subject thus:—

"PENZANCE,
Jan. 8, '63.

"MY DEAREST COLERIDGE,

"Suppose I was to dream such a dream as what follows, would it have any meaning or no?

"That six or 8 men, good and true, were sitting cosily together some time before Parliament meets, and that their initials were such as J. T. C., W. H., W. E. G., R. P., R. Ph., E. B. P., S. O., &c., &c.

"That it were represented to them somehow what an unconstitutional position the Church of England is in. It is as a corporation having its own bye-laws, which to it are fundamental, and which the State professes to respect. Among those laws are,—

"1st. All must hold a certain prescribed Faith, or be excluded from the Society.

"2. The measure of that Faith is, 'Quod semper, quod ubique,' &c., being also scriptural.

"3. The Judicial Power in regard of alleged offences against this Faith has been entrusted by the Founder of the Society to persons nominated by Him for the purpose.

"But our present Statute Law,—

"1. Virtually annuls the penalty, viz. Excommunication.

"2. Substitutes, in the case of Clerks, (the only case in which it allows the Church to take cognizance of any such offence,) another rule, a certain Statute of Q. Elizabeth.

"3. Takes the judgment and decree out of the hands of those ordained by the Founder, and sworn by the order of the State itself, to administer in such causes.

"Then I might perhaps go on and dream that the said revered and highly-valued initials were set to a sentence allowing that there is more or less of truth and reason in the said complaints, and that the grievances are real grievances.

"And of course I could not then doubt that they would lay their heads together to consider what should be done.

"Would it be beyond the absurdity allowable even in one's sleep, if I dreamed again and fancied them considering about an experiment in mitigation of the mischief?

"1. Whether it is impossible to obtain a law taking away *all* temporal penalties, annexed to excommunication, and leaving the Church really free to enforce its own rubric and canons in case of notorious sin or unbelief. Might not something analogous to a trial by jury be invented in aid of the Bishops?

"2. Might there not be a declaratory Act to the effect that the Formularies must always be interpreted agreeably to Holy Scripture and general consent, (as in the Act of the 1st of Elizabeth the decrees of Œcumenical councils were made part of the measure of Henry?) To which Act the assent of Convocation should be obtained, and recited as in the Act of Uniformity.

"3. After providing in the completest way for perfect investigation and exact legality, still might not the Bishops in Provincial Council, with full publicity to all their proceedings, be made judges in the last resort?

"I am much mistaken if the errors of such a system would not be, (as they had better be,) entirely on the side of leniency; especially considering how the Bishops are appointed.

"But it would save the point of principle, and take off the strain on our consciences.

"My dream, if it went on, and found that nothing could be done, would be a very frightful one; for it would exhibit our Church in no long time reduced to the alternative of voluntaryism, or unbelief.

"Luckily it is *but* a dream, and as such I hope harmless.

"Pardon it from your loving friend, J. K."

Keble agreed in what I wrote respecting the present insufficient training of the clergy for this purpose, and the greater fitness at present of laymen in this respect, whose interference he would by no means have rejected :—

"But what," said he, "if those who appoint Bishops insisted on this quality of a judicial mind, and an education to prepare them in some tolerable way for that kind of work? Would not such a demand in no long time produce a supply, as you seem to say it did in old times?"

One point, however, it would have been out of his nature to give up :—

"I want," said he, dating from Penzance on January 15, 1863, "to explain one or two things in which I fear I seem to you and other legal friends more absurd than I need. One is, that it is not only nor chiefly for want of theological learning that one objects to Laymen as final judges in ques-

tions of doctrine and spiritual discipline, but because one believes that such judgments are divinely entrusted to the Apostles and their successors, even as the Powers of order; and that they are specially endowed for the work; not so, of course, as to exclude the duty of availing themselves of all providential helps, of which one of the greatest will be the advice and instruction which I quite believe nothing but a legal education can supply. Just as in interpreting the language of Scripture, they are bound to avail themselves of the opinions of the best Scholars; but they cannot transfer to them the right of *authoritative* interpretation, because they cannot transfer the responsibility. It is a burthen laid upon them, and they must bear it."

He closes a long reply to me in this somewhat sad way:—

"Don't trouble yourself, dear friend, to answer this long prose. I foresee that very few would interest themselves in my scruples, so I shall keep them with my forebodings, as well as I can, to myself. If I was 20 years younger, I might in time be fit to talk and write on such things. As it is, I feel I ought to be otherwise employed. Yet I hope my fear is not mistrust of His goodness, but I say to myself, what if we are being punished for not keeping our deposit?

"Ever yours, with love to all, J. K."

So for the time ended our correspondence on this subject, but not his thought or anxiety about it. It is one of so much importance, as yet unsettled, and one on which we may confidently say some settlement must be made, that I have been the fuller on it. It seems important, that whenever it is seriously

considered, this side of it, to which mere lawyers may be disposed to attach little importance, should at all events be brought into view.

I part with this subject, though it must be considered as one never long out of Keble's mind so long as he lived, and revived by him from time to time in his letters.

It was shortly before he wrote the last letter, that I received one from him, from which I extract the following passage :—

"I have only just got our Bishop's Charge, and it is really admirable to my mind, better even than the Newspapers led me to expect; better, I think, as a composition. There was often a sort of strain in what he wrote and preached, which in this he seems to have quite got rid of; and then as to the matter, it is *very* instructive; and the tone is so firm yet so candid. I am very thankful, and hope to be the better for it, though it is rather late to mend; but no more of that."

Almost before he was relieved from the Wilson burthen, it seems that the living Wilson had ventured to remind him of the Commentary on the Bible. I am not sure to what extent Keble had engaged himself at all in this work, nor for what part of the book. He shrunk from engaging at once in a new labour, and wisely now; though he did not disclaim the obligation, nor ever entirely renounce all hope of fulfilling it to some extent. At an earlier period there was no task I think in which

he would have worked with more pleasure to himself, none for which he was more fitted :—

"Pray don't begin," writes he to Mr. Wilson, "talking and speculating about Commentary. I have not yet written a word, and at my age, and according to the scale of other people's work, it really seems quite idle to think of such a thing. But for honour's sake, I suppose I must try, and it will be *too* good for me if I *am* helped to do anything. *But you know I never could bear being looked at while I write.* I do so hate for any one to see how *I hold my pen.*"

He begins this letter with a sentence which I cannot withhold from my readers :—

"Dearest Friends,

"It is, indeed, high time I should write to you, and yet I am not at all sure that I should have been dutiful enough to do so, if she, who is my Conscience, and my memory, and my common sense, had been up to the work, but I am sorry to say she is not."

Care for Mrs. Keble indeed, nursing her when ill, interesting her when better, taking her out for a drive, or a downhill walk, when alleviation of her symptoms, or abatement of the cold permitted, occupied much of his time, and more of his thoughts. Her health fluctuated a good deal, and although he still maintained that Penzance was warmer perhaps than any other place in England, she suffered occasionally very much from a change of wind, or such like winter casualty. And with the knowledge

he now had of her case, his best hope was that he might be allowed to take her from Penzance not worse than when he brought her there. I do not suppose she was a hopeful patient, in the sense of expecting a recovery; but she was more than resigned; she was a cheerful one, bearing her part so far as she could in their little circle, interested in all that was done to interest her, and seeing, when she could, some of the many kind people who were delighted to visit her and him, when allowed to do so. And people were *very* kind to them, full of neighbourly attentions, sending such delicacies as grapes, or wild fowl, or anything thought good for Mrs. Keble. He found there a sister of his and my friend Mr. Copeland, Mrs. Borlase, whom he specially mentions for her kindness; one who was a prisoner to her house, or able only to take carriage drives, yet "making," he says, "a bright sunshine all round her." But what of course charmed him most, was his cordial and congenial reception from the Clergy; in Mr. Hedgeland and Mr. Tyacke he found two in whose ministrations he could heartily join, and whose hearts warmed towards him with a loving respect, and respectful love, which could not but delight his humble and affectionate nature. This was a matter of consequence to him, for he reluctantly bore to be doing nothing in his vocation, while in forced exile from his own Cure. He preached many times, as often, indeed, as either of these had occasion for his

help. Mr. Hedgeland records of him, in a letter to the "Guardian," that at his first visit he asked to have some pastoral visiting assigned to him, and characteristically wished it to be entirely among the poor, and shrank from going among any who would see in him the author of "The Christian Year." On one or two occasions of public rejoicing he supplied them with lines suitable for use as a Hymn; and attending a meeting of the Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts, he spoke shortly and touchingly at its close, addressing himself specially to some young children who had been singing near him.

After his return home, Mr. Hedgeland had written to him, sending him what Keble called "his fresh kind present," and I will insert here, a little out of its place in point of time, an extract from his acknowledgment."

"*June* 13, 1863.

"My dear Mr. Hedgeland,

"The sight of your handwriting, and fresh kind present, was very welcome indeed, and made me feel how wanting I had been in not doing sooner what I had been all the while intending, to write to you a word of hearty thanks for your and your parishioners' very great kindness to us. Such it was as must always make the very bends and turnings of the streets, let alone the Mount and the Bay, and the lanes and flowers, and moors, and cairns, and crosses, most pleasant to think of."

Mr. Hedgeland, in the same letter to the "Guar-

dian," mentions an incident which I also insert here, though out of its place. He visited him after his return to Hursley, and in the course of a walk, directed his attention to a broken piece of ground, a chalk-pit, as it turned out :—

"Ah," said he, "that is a sad place, that is connected with the most painful event of my life. It was there that I first knew for certain that J. H. N. had left us. We had just made up our minds that such an event was all but inevitable, and one day I received a letter in his handwriting. I felt sure of what it contained, and I carried it about with me all through the day, afraid to open it. At last I got away to that chalk-pit, and then forcing myself to read the letter, I found that my forebodings had been too true; it was the announcement that he was gone."

I do not know whether it was a habit of his to select retired spots like this for such purposes; but I remember well on some occasion, when he and I had to talk over some serious matter, his taking me to an abandoned chalk-pit, one, at least, in which the growth of brambles and coppice wood indicated that it had not been worked for some time; and there we discussed our question. Few spots, by the way, are more picturesque than these old chalk-pits sometimes are; and this may have been to him, like Ladwell Hill, with its wild flowers, a familiar spot, in which he chewed the cud of sweet and bitter fancies.

Keble had hoped to return to Hursley for Easter, but he was obliged to give it up, and on Palm-

Sunday, March 29, he wrote to me from Penzance, commemorating a visit to them from his brother and sister-in-law, with his usual sense of great enjoyment. Mrs. Keble continued better, but—

"Everybody advised us to give up our dream of being at home at Easter; and there has been a slight flavour of March lately, even in the West Winds, which proves them right; and I am rather ashamed to own myself too lazy to feel as uncomfortable as I ought about it."

On the 19th of May, 1863, he wrote to me from Hursley, after having been at home for some little time; he was full of the kindness he had received at Penzance, the beauties of the place and neighbourhood, and perhaps, above all, "what one might call three distinct immigrations from home." Among these he reckoned one from Mr. James Young, the son of his old Curate, whom he loved, and treated as one of his own family, who looked up to and regarded him and Mrs. Keble as Uncle and Aunt, and who was destined in some sort to repay their love by being allowed to watch over, and attend on, and nurse both to the close of their last illness.

It was evident that Mrs. Keble had returned not substantially better than she went, and he intimates to me the thoughts which arose in his mind, and which not long after he propounded to me more distinctly. He writes:—

"It would be very wrong to complain, wrong also to look forward, though I cannot conceal it from myself that

in all probability it will be wrong, (supposing we have the chance,) to spend another winter here, and therewith come practical questions which I need not now specify, but I suppose one ought to look on to them so far as to pray for guidance."

In accordance with these thoughts he wrote to me on the 3rd of July:—

"Although Charlotte has not been absolutely ill since we came home, and many think her improved in looks, I cannot flatter myself that she is radically reformed, and a very little makes her exceeding weak. We are rather deferring to take any medical opinion about our staying here next winter. I do not myself doubt what the Doctors will say; but how to manage afterwards? (This is private). Ought I not, at least, to lay the matter before the Patron and the Bishop, and place the Nomination to the Cure in their hands. In plain English, should I not offer to resign? Do tell me your first impression, i.e. what you feel would be your first impression in my case. I have not whispered it to *her*, but it must, I should think, have come into her mind. Well, now I must leave off for the present; with all love to all, ever yours more and more, J. K."

I told him that my first impression was that he should do as he proposed, *because* I felt sure that both Bishop and Patron would say, it was better for the living and Church that he should retain the incumbency now, even if he were sure to be absent another long winter. But I thought the question must be looked at from a different point of view; that it was a question for himself, not one for the

Bishop and Patron to decide for him. And then with the view I had of Mrs. Keble's health, as gently as I could, I distinguished between the case of one who had no prospect of renewing his winter residence for the whole of his lifetime, and his own case. I tried to induce him therefore to narrow his consideration only to the absence for the coming winter; and in that point of view there seemed to be no doubt, that he ought for the sake of his people to retain the incumbency for the present. I believe he was satisfied. However, as late as the 8th of October, the necessity for a determination had not arisen :—

"We live on," says he, at that date, "from day to day, in hopes to be allowed to spend the winter here, my wife continuing on the whole, I think, nearly as well as when we left the West. But I consider myself as under orders to be ready to move at a very short warning."

It was about the time of his July letter that the Judicial Committee had decided an appeal by a clergyman of the name of Long against the Colonial decision of an action he had brought in the Supreme Court there against the Bishop of Capetown. The judgment of the Committee was adverse to the Bishop. The case was not one under the Church Discipline Act, but simply a Common Law appeal from the court in the colony. I cite the following extract from Keble's letter for several reasons, which it will itself suggest :—

"As to Cape Town, I said that about legal and theo-

logical half in jest to Butterfield, but when I read the sentence, I saw that the abstract I had seen of it was erroneous, viz. 'that Synods were pronounced altogether illegal;' but its real tenor seems to me a gain to us, in discountenancing *voluntary* 'synods,' framed, for the nonce, of Laity as well as of Clergy, and throwing us back on the Common Law of the Church. And a wiser pen than mine, writing from Bisley, says unasked, 'To me it seems a wise decision, and what in the end will produce good.' Indeed, there seems but one opinion about it."

"The orders to move," which he spoke of, arrived in December. On the 4th Sunday in Advent he wrote to me :—

"We have had too plain warning that we must move. She has not had a regular attack, only her breath is very weak, and not near so fit for travelling I fear as last year. I have no time to write on other things now; so can only say, our dear love, and 1,000 thanks for your kind letter. I had *such* a kind one from our Bishop yesterday."

Mrs. Keble feared the long journey to Penzance, and the substance of the letter was to ask me help in finding good lodgings for them at Torquay. I had advised him to try that place. His letter found me just breaking up from some weeks' stay there; but his god-daughter, with a niece of mine resident there, soon found him a comfortable abode in a house called Enderlie, in Croft-road, and on the 3rd of January, 1864, I had the pleasure of receiving from him a cheerful account of his patient, and an assurance that they were comfortable.

They remained at Torquay for about three months, and I need scarcely say that Keble was received by the clergy generally with kindness and respect, and by some of them with more than even those words import. Enderlie is in the Tor district of that large parish, and in close neighbourhood to St. Luke's Church; he delighted in attending the services there, and was very much drawn to the incumbent, Mr. Harris, and his father, the Incumbent of the Mother church at Tor, which is at no great distance. He was not slow to render help where it was needed, and, as at Penzance, he always preferred the smallest churches, and the simplest congregations for his own ministrations. It was not, however, from the clergy only, that he and Mrs. Keble received the kindest attentions; people were not merely delighted to do him honour, their hearts seemed to flow out towards him with love and gratitude, as well as admiration. But he shall speak for himself on this matter. His first letter from Penzance, (for to Penzance they went from Torquay,) was dated April 18, 1864:—

"My dearest Coleridge,

"It is, indeed, too high time for me to write to you on 100 things, and first of all, to thank you over and over for your good and timely advice about Torquay. You heard of us from time to time through dear Mrs. Martyn, and the rest of your kind allies and clanspeople there, who seemed as if they could not do enough to befriend us. On the whole, considering to what a ripe age I have attained, I

have a marvellously fragrant remembrance of Torquay on my mind, which will last me, I dare say, to the end of my brief remaining time. The Churches and the Sundays were so pleasant, and so much real sympathy, and all that is best within a few yards of us. Charlotte was not very much in visiting, or in visitable order, during a great part of the time, so that we did not make so much as we should have wished of our privileges; but she did mend, or, at least, was kept from suffering as she would have done at home; so as to make us very thankful that we took your good advice, and went there when we did. She was not then in a condition to go much further, had we wished it ever so much. And so when the Spring weather came, and we got on here, she was in a condition to enjoy thoroughly her dear old friend, the open sea, to the very edge of which we have crept as close as ever we could, our house being within about 12 feet of high-water at moderate Spring Tides. And we see, both from bed-rooms and sitting-room, all round the Bay from Mousehole to the Lizard. She has mended upon it, as in old days; for a great part of her time she neither coughs, nor suffers neuralgia; and the E. wind which has prevailed, has come to her very much mitigated by the sea. She goes often to Church, and sometimes can take a tolerable walk downhill. Altogether, I very much wish that I could invest in a decent sea-side house and garden somewhere in this climate, with a good aspect, and within reach of a good Doctor; but such a thing is more easily wished for than found. Sometimes I dream of combining such a plan with being Curate of Hursley, (if I might,) in the summer time. But I have not yet said anything of this to the Patron; *she* keeps on saying, 'Let us try another winter.' One ought not to listen to this (?), for what a thing it would be if one made the trial once too often."

It was not a long visit which they paid to Penzance at this time, and I need not repeat the account which I have given as to Keble's course here, or the reception he met with; but I think I must not withhold part of a communication which I received from Mr. Tyacke long after, dated from St. Levan, to which he had been removed :—

"One trait in Mr. Keble's character, and one essentially Christian, was his sympathy; this I had the opportunity of personally experiencing when I have seen him in Penzance, since I came here to live. He took such real interest in the character and progress of the work I am seeking to do here; he also expressed himself with such kindliness respecting the position of Dissenters, in this too long neglected place, as shewed the loving nature of his heart.

"His *humbling* humility, too, shewed itself here as elsewhere, when he would thank one for coming to see *him*, and put himself into the position of a learner, when in conversation he asked an opinion for information.

"I seem to feel 'The Christian Year' a different book, or rather a book of greater power now than I did before, and I am thankful to be able to do so, it makes me reverence his memory more."

I cannot help attaching importance to the inferences to be drawn from such a letter as this; the particular circumstances are in themselves perhaps not very remarkable; but as naturally drawn traits, which an intelligent stranger, (for such was Mr. Tyacke to Keble,) observed so strongly, they give us accurately the character to which they belonged.

Keble's next letter was dated on the 29th of April at Dartington Parsonage, where Mrs. Keble and he were resting in their way home; they reached Hursley a few days after, and remained there for many months.

CHAPTER XX.

SUBSCRIPTION AND OATHS OF THE CLERGY.—RETURN FROM PENZANCE.—PRACTICE AS TO CONFIRMATIONS. — PARALYTIC SEIZURE, NOVEMBER, 1864. — SECOND VISIT TO TORQUAY. — REMOVAL TO PENZANCE.—THE COLENSO APPEAL.—PASTORAL LETTER TO THE CONFIRMED AT HURSLEY. —VISIT AT HEATH'S COURT, MAY 10.—RETURN TO HURSLEY.—ABOLITION OF TESTS AT OXFORD.—MRS. KEBLE'S SEVERE ILLNESS. — VISIT OF DR. PUSEY AND DR. NEWMAN.

IT was at the close of 1863, or very early in 1864, that a Royal Commission issued to consider the existing laws as to oaths taken and subscriptions made by the Clergy. The late excellent Primate was placed at the head of it, the Archbishops of York and Armagh, and several other Bishops, were members; and it was certain that it was not issued in any spirit hostile to the Church. I hardly know, however, whether at first it was an unmixed pleasure to Keble, that Sir William Heathcote and myself were also members. Although he did not fear the spirit in which the Commission issued, and by which its functions were carefully guarded, he saw

clearly, or thought he saw, that the real motive for issuing it was to satisfy men who did not in truth believe in all that the clergy swore to and subscribed; and he was apprehensive that in the desire to do this some portion of vital truth might be conceded. He doubted, too, where this small beginning would end. Before he is condemned as narrow and unreasonable in this, some of the publications of the day, and their acceptance, as well as the state of religious opinion and teaching at Oxford and elsewhere, must be borne in mind. The strange language also must be remembered, which, it was commonly said, had proceeded from a high legal authority even in judgment, as to the meaning of such a word for example as "everlasting," in reference to the punishments of the other world. Years before he had said no less beautifully than forcibly :—

"*Then* is there hope for such as die unblest,
That angel wings may waft them to the shore,
Nor need th' unready virgin strike her breast,
Nor wait desponding round the bridegroom's door.

"*But where is then the stay of contrite hearts?*
Of old they lean'd on Thy eternal word,
But with the sinner's fear *their* hope departs,
Fast link'd as Thy great Name to Thee, O Lord[a]."

And now he wrote :—

"There is never a boy or girl going up and down the

[a] "Christian Year," Second Sunday in Lent.

street but can catch in a moment the idea of there being no Hell, and can apply it when tempted to deadly sin; and, in fact, who can tell how many souls may have been already lost by the mere broaching of the idea."

He was from this and other circumstances in a state of mind more than commonly sensitive; and he was at all times especially alive to anything that touched the Common Prayer-book. When we of the Commission were considering the declaration of "unfeigned assent and consent to all and everything contained and prescribed in and by it," which the Act of Uniformity required to be made upon presentation or collation to any benefice, and I consulted him on some proposed changes of these words, he answered me thus:—

"I have nothing to say but what appears to me the plainest common sense, as much within the reach of the simplest labourer believing, as within my reach. It is all comprised in two points, 1. That the Teacher should be pledged to the Faith and Practice of the Church, and 2, that the Taught should know them to be so pledged. With a view to the former, supposing men to be honest, (a thing implied in the very notion of subscription *ex animo*,) I don't see that there is any fundamental difference between one of the suggested forms and another. But in regard of the latter, the right of believing Laity to be satisfied that they and their children shall be taught according to their belief, these two things occur to me, 1st. that the mere cry for alteration is to such a ground of suspicion; for it naturally occurs to them, why do people want this altered,

except because they do not quite believe it themselves? And what is more alarming, it is not denied, it is dwelt on in Parliament as a great reason for the change that good and clever men are kept out, or, being within, are made uncomfortable, through lack of some such alteration. And what other interpretation can one put on the proposal to leave out the 'assensus and consensus,' than to license in holy ministrations language which the heart inwardly disavows? This being so, one (2) must prefer that among the proposed forms which least disturbs the existing practice. And that if I understand it rightly, is ——' amendment with Mr. ——' further resolution. I wish we could retain the 'assensus and consensus' somehow; one could have done without it, perhaps, but being there, its omission will be a positive act, and is sure to have the positive consequence above-mentioned."

If my dear friend could have been present at the meetings of the Commissioners, and witnessed the spirit which was manifested in all their discussions, I think his mind would have been made more easy, and, I may venture to say, disabused of some prejudices. Unless I am mistaken, both Houses of Convocation adopted the conclusions to which we came. It is too early undoubtedly to speak of any fruit which they have borne; they have been accepted, and I believe acted on gratefully and heartily, and not less by one party in the Church than the other.

Keble went on in the same letter to say:—

"Since the assent of Convocation is recited in the pre-

amble of the Act establishing the Prayer-book, ought not this change in the Act to be first laid before Convocation, seeing that it (the change) will relax the binding force not of this or that part, but of the whole?"

Keble was anticipating changes in kind and degree very far exceeding what were in the end recommended and became law; but I confess in the principle of this last recommendation he seems to me quite right, and that it was a jealousy of the Spiritual power, quite unworthy of the undoubted greatness of Parliament, which refused to admit in the Preamble of the Act passed, any recital expressing in any way that Convocation had concurred in the provisions. The statute would surely have been just as entirely the act of the legislature only.

They returned from Penzance in April, (1864,) and continued at Hursley till towards the end of November :—

"My wife's behaviour," (as he called it, writing in September,) "has been tolerably good, yet not without neuralgia, and shortness of breath, coming exceptionally, and generally to be accounted for, so that we are not in a way to flatter ourselves that we shall make out the winter here; but we *do* hope, at least *she* does, to weather it until Christmas."

Many friends visited them, and they made one visit to Church Crookham, where Mrs. and Miss

M. A. Dyson were now living; he speaks of this thus characteristically :—

"By-the-bye, what a charming arrangement that is of the Dysons at Crookham. We were never there until this summer, and then for 2 days in the very hot weather. All the time I had almost a sense of *his* presence; everything seemed so exactly as if he had settled it for them, and then gone out on a journey."

In the meantime he was as active as ever in the discharge of his pastoral duties; what that activity was, I shall have occasion to shew before I conclude. A confirmation was to take place in Hursley early in 1865. There was no one of those duties in regard to which his practice was more careful and laborious than in the preparation of the candidates for this.

Mr. Young, to whom I am under many and great obligations, has furnished me with so detailed an account of his course in regard to this most important pastoral duty, that I cannot do better than introduce it here :—

"He took," he says, "great pains in preparing the young people for Confirmation; sometimes, as soon as one Confirmation was over, making a list of those whose turn would come next, and at all times beginning the preparation several months beforehand. His usual course was to go through in order, first the Baptismal Service, then the Catechism, then the Confirmation Service, and, lastly, the Office for Holy Communion. He took a certain portion each

time, making perhaps 20 or 30 lessons in the whole. He usually wrote down on paper 3 or 4 passages of Scripture, bearing on the subject of the next lesson, which he required to be learnt by heart, or carefully studied; and he was always very particular in ascertaining whether the Lesson, as he called it, had been attended to. Wherever it was practicable, he led his pupils up to their first Communion immediately after Confirmation; but in many cases he was satisfied, if they promised to continue under instruction. One class of boys came to him for more than a twelvemonth, and read through with him different parts of the Bible, according to their own choice, before he could persuade them to turn their minds distinctly to preparation for Holy Communion. I believe his rule as to refusing to recommend for Confirmation those who would not pledge themselves to communicate, became stricter as years passed on; but I should say generally that he was always very much guided by circumstances in regard to his adherence to particular rules."

I will add one or two particulars supplied to me by a lady, who had scarcely less personal knowledge than Mr. Young:—

"One year, at the beginning of Lent, he gave notice that there would be a Confirmation at the end of Lent in the next year, and therefore desired to receive at once the names of those who would then be of ripe age for Confirmation. The Children, whom he prepared, came to him either in classes, or *singly*, every week for about a year before the administration of the Rite. He took those of different ranks and ages separately, as needing a difference in the kind of teaching to be given; and as there were few of the Upper Class at the same time under preparation,

these usually came to him each alone every week. The knowledge of the Bible possessed by the Children long before their preparation for Confirmation began, and the way in which it was interwoven in their minds with the Creeds and the Catechism, was something uncommon, indeed. If farm lads could not come to him for press of work, he went to them, one by one, however far off."

"Latterly," writes to me another Lady, "he used to bring the first class of boys to the Vicarage on Sunday Mornings, and teach them in his Study, the door, as usual, standing wide open all the time. He said he did it in hopes it might make the big boys like coming, who might think it beneath them to go to the School. He used to say, 'I like them very much, if they would only like me; but they always do much better as long as they are under my wife.'

"If a servant came to him who was ignorant, or who had not become a Communicant, he always taught her himself. I have known him take the most ignorant girl day after day alone, carefully instructing her; and although she had been confirmed, deferring her first Communion from week to week, until he had reason to hope she was prepared for it."

I could multiply statements of this kind, as to this part of his pastoral duty, but I will only add now the impression which I myself received, when in his house. It seemed to me that he and Mrs. Keble were substantially the servants of the parishioners. To attend to their wants, to help them in sickness, trouble, or difficulty, at *their* convenience, not his or her's, or that of the guests in the house, was evidently the understood rule and practice.

What wonder, then, if under such a course of labour for years, such constant anxiety on her account, and such frequent distress in regard to Church matters, his constitution at last broke down. My narrative left him half hoping that Mrs. Keble's health would enable them to stay over Christmas at Hursley; and he expressed no uneasiness whatever about his own. But on the night of St. Andrew's Day, the 30th of November, while he was sitting alone after Mrs. Keble had retired, writing a letter for publication on a matter deeply interesting to him, he was struck with palsy on the left side and right arm; the latter part of his writing was afterwards found to be illegible; but he did not lose his consciousness, or his presence of mind. He went up to her room, and they knelt down as usual, and said their prayers together; his voice was observably indistinct; and at the end, asking her if she had remarked anything, he held out his hand, which was losing its power. Medical aid was sent for at once, but during the night the symptoms became worse; from the morning, however, they were alleviated.

His medical attendants who knew his constitution well, the anxieties he had long been under, and his habits of labour, advised his removal westward without any delay as soon as his strength should be equal to the journey to Torquay; above all things they were urgent for his taking rest. They attributed the attack to over-exercise of the thinking powers.

If he would rest, there was every reason to hope for nearly, if not a complete, restoration of his health; and none without it. Before this illness, they had settled to go to Penzance immediately after Christmas, and their lodgings had been secured there from the 28th of December. So long a delay would not have been proper, and the distance to Torquay was more convenient to the strength of both, and accordingly to Torquay they came. The medical opinions there entirely concurred with that given at Hursley. Keble said he was not aware of having over-worked himself recently; and the reply was obvious, he had not been aware of it, because he had for so many years been in the habit.

He promised obedience, and as far as he could he kept his promise, that is, he read less and lightly, and wrote little; indeed, writing was now more than ever a wearisome process; its character was much altered for the worse; but how could he prevent thoughts? Medical advice of this kind is often given; but it seems to me, the weaker the body, and the organs of the brain, the less control does the will exercise over them. Habitual trains of thought can in such a state be almost as little put aside as distressing dreams in illness. And as such dreams in such a state of the frame are sometimes more than ordinarily distinct and vivid, so it seems probable that our waking meditations may be perfectly clear and correct in the state in which Keble

was, only that we cannot exercise the control of the will over them, nor bid the mind be still. "Indeed," wrote Mrs. Keble to me, "he does quite mean to be prudent, but he can scarcely help *thinking*." And it seems as natural that he should be thinking on the subjects which painfully and habitually occupied his mind when in health, as that our dreams by night should borrow much of their train and colouring from what may have much occupied or disturbed our thoughts by day.

It was speedily found that they could not move on to Penzance so soon as they had intended. They were, however, well placed at Torquay. All that could be done to cheer them they received; he was not allowed to see many persons, but they had the great comfort of Miss Coxwell's and Mr. James Young's attendance; these two formed part of their family, as it were, and could never be in the way; they lightened the nursing and attendance, which would have been too much for Mrs. Keble unassisted, though providentially she as yet bore up well. I was forbidden by my own medical friend to leave home, and I could render no help, except by answering for him some questions as to Church matters, which he had not been able to attend to.

Early in the year he took up his pen again to write to me, and he dated from Penzance; he wrote shortly, and in a sadly altered character,

but with his usual overflowing affection. I give it entire :—

"*P.*, 31 *Jan.*, 1865.

"DEAREST FRIEND,

"You will be sorry to hear that my dear wife had one of her very bad attacks on Saturday Morning. It soon subsided, D. G., but left her of course very weak; however, she was down stairs yesterday evening, and is again this morning. But the attack coming *here* was a disappointment. At home, indeed, it might have been much worse. The weather has been very sharp here.

"I am very comfortable, and were it not for my wrist and voice, should hardly know that there was anything the matter with me. Thinking, so far as it has come to me, has not seemed to hurt me. I do not seek it.

"God reward and bless you for all your great love, and all yours with you. Your most affec^te^, J. K."

"C. is most thankful for your letter, and very sorry she could not answer it."

However loyally he might endeavour to obey the injunctions of his medical advisers, there was one cause of anxiety over which he had no control, and which almost continually pressed on him for the remainder of his life, I mean Mrs. Keble's illnesses, which henceforward were scarcely intermittent. And now as she was recovering from her severe attack, she had the misfortune of a very severe scald in one foot, which in her then state, and with her delicate constitution, produced so much injury, and became so serious, as to compel recourse to a second medical adviser. The danger apprehended was from a failure

of strength, and the difficulty how to keep it up without irritating the chest. "But," wrote he, as he summed it up, "they are good fellows, and seem to know what they are about. The rest is in His hands."

This is an extract from a note dated on the 6th of February. He wrote short notes to me about her progress from time to time all through that month. On the 10th of March he writes still from Penzance, and gives this account of himself and her :—

"All thanks for your much love. I wish I could answer it as I ought; but my *writing* powers do not sensibly improve, and I am told not to try them much. Ditto with *speaking;* but I can read and think (D. G.) without finding any inconvenience. In other respects I seem to myself well, only not up to my ordinary amount of walking. Charlotte is regularly down in our drawing-room from after breakfast till after tea, and the wound on her foot, (now after 5 weeks reduced to about the size of a shilling,) is not I hope much of a trouble to her. She is in other respects pretty well for her, and always cheerful. The weather has mostly been very pleasant; your snow, if it came at all to us, came in the shape of coldish rain. I wish Torquay had not proved such a failure to you."

The Oxford contest of this year was already in preparation, and he was sensitive about Sir William Heathcote, whose seat no one wished to disturb, but as to whose course in regard of what could be no more than a mere understanding between the other two candidates there was some little delicacy :—

"Can there," wrote Keble, "be possibly any doubt about H.'s position on the Oxford Poll. I should think that

all the Hardys and the majority of the others would surely support him."

It is well known that this expectation was fully justified.

After some words about his brother and nephew, he ends thus cheerily :—

"My wife has the most charming weekly letters from Ch. Yonge, and she keeps her supplied with the most charming French Books. Moreover, we solace ourselves with a nightly *rubber* or two, a great step in old folks' education. With all love from us both, I am most affect^ly^ yours, J. K."

I believe this nightly rubber was, indeed, as he calls it, "a step in old folks' education," with him; at least, I never remember seeing him have recourse to the innocent pastime in earlier life.

I do not remember what book I had sent him, which he so kindly acknowledges on the 24th of March :—

"DEAREST FRIEND,

"First thank you again and again for that beautiful book, beautiful in every sense. It is so refreshing to open a collection *entirely* of old and tried gems; tho' far the greater part of them, I must confess, are new to me. We are both of us, D. G., reasonably well, though I cannot boast much of getting on, as you see. Nor is Ch. able to get out at all; nor has her foot even as yet quite healed. I think the E. Wind, which is here as everywhere else, though mitigated, is against both of us."

The handwriting of this letter was, indeed, very feeble, but it was much longer than any he had

written before since his illness; for this was the time, I think, when the issue between the Bishop of Cape Town and Bishop Colenso was submitted to the Judicial Committee; and he looked on that submission, in the first instance, on the part of the Government, and the question being entertained by the Committee at all, as grievances. It is well known that the appeal was finally entertained, and decided in favour of the appellant; the lamentable and perhaps unavoidable consequences are also well known; but this is not the place to enlarge on them. I mention the matter, because in some sort it is part of Keble's biography, and because there is no doubt that the general subject formed to the end of his life one of the sources of distress, which helped to break down his strength, and accelerated its close.

The decision of the Appeal, it is right to add, satisfied him, as he understood it. In a letter written by Mrs. Keble under his dictation, on the 31st of March, he says:—

"I see most thankfully that the decision annuls Colenso's Episcopate, (meaning of course his territorial jurisdiction,) and if I understand it rightly, almost all the Colonial Sees as much as it does the Metropolitan's claim, and therefore virtually leaves the matter to be settled by the Churchmen of the two dioceses. And what I pray and hope may be done is,—

"1. That this may be thoroughly and openly recognised by the authorities in England.

"2. That the will of Natal may be fairly and fully ascertained, (that of Capetown is ascertained without a doubt).

"3. That so much of Natal as may wish to continue, (what it has supposed itself hitherto,) a See in the province of Capetown, may be allowed to elect its own Bishop, and Capetown to consecrate him.

"4. That the Metropolitan with his Suffragans may freely exercise the prerogative inherent in them, of censuring, and if need be, excommunicating any heretic, Bishop or other, who may be molesting the faithful within the Province.

"5. All, of course, subject to the correction of the Courts temporal, in respect of any temporal wrong sustained."

Such were Keble's not unreasonable wishes; we know how far they seem even now from being accomplished; nay, how disturbing even to the Church at home have been the miserable distractions of the English Church in Southern Africa. It is a very painful subject to think on. Lawyers, who considered the matter, had long suspected that the Colonial Episcopate in many of the colonies stood upon a very sandy foundation as to jurisdiction and discipline. There was a hope, which people were but too glad to indulge in, that by God's blessing on Christian holiness, discretion, and temper, years might elapse before the solidity of the foundation in these respects might be tried. If this had been granted time might have consolidated it; acts

would in all probability have been done, and acquiesced in, and the result have amounted to acceptance and consent; so presumptions would have arisen, to which Courts of Law would have properly allowed great weight. Unfortunately such events occurred as made it necessary to examine the foundation too soon, and the original defect was laid open. It is very convenient to lay the blame now, in the particular instance, on the Metropolitan Bishop, but it may surely be said, without vindicating his conduct in every step, that this is most unjust. The Law Officers at home, whoever they were, on whose authority the Patent issued, ought to be answerable for its worthlessness. The Bishop may have committed errors of conduct in the course of the long warfare in which he has been engaged; naturally enough in the commencement he assumed the authority of the Crown, and the validity of the Patents which it had issued. But the inherent defect depended on circumstances on the one hand, and on legal principles on the other, which ought to have been well known and appreciated by the legal advisers of the Queen. To state this may give offence, but at the hazard of that, what it is just to state ought to be stated.

I turn with pleasure from these remarks to a subject far more agreeable to think on. On the 28th of March, 1865, the Confirmation took place at Hursley, in the preparation for which Keble had been inter-

rupted by his illness. It should seem to have been the first time that he had been absent on such an occasion, and now, when the day arrived, his heart was with the young ones of his flock. He sent to them from Penzance in proof of this an address, which seems to me so valuable in itself, and so characteristic of him, so worthy to be preserved, and yet so likely to be lost, that I feel it right to insert it here at length, and in its place in point of time :—

"To the Newly-Confirmed at Hursley.

"*March* 28, 1865.

"It is a real grief to me that I am not able to be with you on this, as on former Confirmation Days. But I may be able, by God's help, to say a word to you now which shall remain with you and do you good in time of temptation.

"What shall the word be, my Children?

"Our Lord Himself seems to have given it to us in the second Lesson for this morning,—St. John xv., 'abide;'—over and over He says it,—'Abide in Me, and I in you.'

"You are now His, and He is yours. Doubt it not, but earnestly believe it.

"If you have come here to-day with a good and true mind towards Him, the Holy Spirit has come to you in the laying on of hands, and has sealed you afresh, as He had before sealed you in Baptism.

"All henceforth will depend on your keeping this Seal unbroken; and that can be only in one way, by WATCHING.

"WATCH yourselves, then, dear Children, in all your ways. Whenever Christ's Spirit in your heart says to you, 'Do not this thing,—draw back your hand, look another way, think of something else,—for this thing I hate,'—take

care to attend to Him, and obey the gracious warning at once. And when the good Spirit whispers, 'Do this,' do it at once for His sake. For instance, I know that He is now putting you in mind of Holy Communion.

"Let nothing tempt you to lose time about It, but go directly to your Minister, and tell him you wish to be prepared for It, if you have not done so already; for depend upon it, that Bread is as necessary for your Soul's Life, as your daily bread is for the life of your body.

"Thus you will be WATCHING your ways; and that you may have Grace and Power to do this, you must WATCH your Prayers too. You must try always to mean what you say, when you ask God to keep you from sin, and give you more Grace.

"So doing you will Abide in Christ, and be sure He will abide in you. There may be sorrow on the road, but all will go right in the end, for you will see His Face with joy. And, oh! how gladly will you then remember this day, if for your dear Lord's sake you shall have made it a day of such good beginnings.

"Do not then delay, but be found WATCHING, the very first time you are tried.

"God grant that it may be so with each one of you. This is the earnest prayer of

"Your loving Father and Servant in Christ,

"JOHN KEBLE."

On the 18th of April he wrote a cheering account of Mrs. Keble; they were planning their return home, and promised us a visit on their way. Of himself, he says:—

"I have not for a good time found much change in

myself, but I think I can walk farther, and perhaps read and write better; still I don't feel as if I could do my duty at home, or a fair share of it, but *nous verrons*."

On the 19th he wrote again, having made some mistake as to the dates of their intended movements, and says of himself, "I fear that it will be a very small fraction of my duty that I shall be able to do myself."

They left Penzance after all not until the first week of May, and he wrote on the 9th as to some particulars in regard to his visit to us, and thus he sums up as to this his last visit to Penzance:—

"I am very thankful to have so good a chance of a few hours with you; the news from Stinchcombe makes every hour seem more precious, and every surviving friend, and indeed every departed one, dearer. My wife is less of a walker than I had hoped she might have been by this time. Penzance, though it was indeed a shelter from the extreme cold, was very trying from the spasmodic attack and scalded foot, which came together, and from the Bronchitis which followed, and she has not got herself up quite properly. But we cannot think enough of His goodness in sparing us as He has done. Heathcote is waiting to see us before starting for Malvern, so I fear we must not think of another night with you, even if it could be otherwise."

They came to us on the 10th of May, and left us on the following afternoon for home; a short visit, and the last; but one for which I never can be too

thankful. He seemed to me much recovered, looking better; and he was stronger, and far more helpful than I had ventured to hope for; and his "mind," I say in my memorandum at the time, "seems perfect." We were much alone, and conversed much, sometimes on subjects which might have taxed his powers and his memory a good deal. I remember among other things in speaking of one of Dr. Colenso's objections, as to the descent into Egypt of Jacob, with his sons, and descendants, and the return from it, his stating an explanation of his own, which involved the repetition of many names, and some calculations; his memory was matter of surprise to me, though he had a difficulty sometimes of utterance; which impeded only, but did not prevent the statement of all particulars. He had less command of himself when his tender affections were stirred. We talked of old and departed friends; in speaking of Cornish, he suddenly turned away, covered his face with both hands, and shed a torrent of tears; but he soon recovered his calmness. It is impossible adequately to describe his sweetness and affectionate manner; it seemed to me then as now, that the thought of his departed friends, and the consideration of his own state, about which I am sure he never deceived himself, made him cling only the more closely to the very few who remained. And so, I trust, that as we advance in age, and strive as in reason we ought to do to make our attachments less and less strong

to the *things* which are merely of this earth and for this life, we may yet blamelessly, even commendably, cling with warmer and closer love to the *persons*, the friends, whom loving through life we humbly hope to love through all eternity. Keble and I parted at this time not to meet again in this world; but I was spared, and I believe he was spared from anticipating this at the time.

It was not until the 5th of June, Whitsun-Monday, that he wrote to me from the old date, H. V., and I make some extracts from his letter :—

"My dearest Coleridge,

"I am a thankless wretch for not having long ago told you how much I like to think of the day we spent with you, our pleasant talk, and everybody's kindness.

"We are, I think, D. G., as well, at least, as when we parted; I, if any difference, rather better. I read a lesson or two in Church most days, now and then visit in one or two of the nearest houses, drive out very often; but for the most part I lead a sort of semi-vegetable life, and have no very definite prospect of promotion in that respect. But, indeed, dear friend, I ought to be very thankful that it is no worse; and I am really ashamed of the love and kindness that is shewn me. Dear H. is, I really hope, materially better, and more cheerful about himself.

"Now I have one or two little questions to ask." [I pass over what immediately follows as immaterial; he then goes on,] "3. I can't get it out of my head, that it would be both justice and good statesmanship to state in the Preamble of the new Church Subscription Act, that the change had been

approved by the Convocations of both Provinces, as in the present Act of Uniformity. This might be very valuable to us, if the Parliament should take to altering the P. B. If you think this notion worth anything, you will know whom to apply to about it better than I....

"I am reading up some of dear Isaac Williams's works, which to my shame I had neglected; and I find them *so* beautiful. Ever your most affectionate, J. K."

Through the remainder of this month, and to the middle of July, he was at Hursley, with no decline apparently, nor any material improvement of his bodily health. He took much interest in the Oxford Election, for which we were now preparing; and whatever exertion he thought it useful to make on behalf of Mr. Gladstone, for whom he felt as warmly and as unreservedly as ever, he made as heartily as of old. This does not mean that he agreed with him in every opinion, or measure, which he was understood to favour; as to some he would say, that though as he understood them, he did not wholly approve them, yet he thought it became persons not conversant with State affairs to have confidence in one, whose knowledge and ability were superior to their own, and whose integrity of principle they did not doubt. The Irish Church question, however, was not one of these; as to this, I believe he agreed with Mr. Gladstone in the principle, and I shall have occasion to shew hereafter, there is good ground for so believing. Beyond the principle I am

not aware of any direct evidence; conclusions can only be drawn from the general character of his sayings and writings; and considerate persons will, I think, pause before they pronounce confidently either way.

At the Poll, as is well known, we were defeated, to his great regret; he thought the decision of the University a misfortune. And I fear he would with many others have thought her humiliated by her rejection of Sir Roundell Palmer in 1868.

The issue of the election, however, did not abate his interest in the University. Writing to me on the 25th of July, very shortly after my son's election by the city of Exeter, he says :—

"I should very much like to know whether John includes in his Abolition of Tests the Collegiate Foundations, as well as the Universities. If he does, I am totally at issue with him, on what seem to me legal and constitutional, as well as moral and religious grounds. Of course he does not mean it; but might not what he says about the Irish Church have somewhat of the effect of a fire brand, addressed to such a very popular audience. I should have thought it fitter for a Cabinet Council or a grave book. I should also have thought it discreet not to put the matter forward so prominently, unless a man saw his way to the mending of it; which perhaps John does.

"But I cannot say how much I am obliged to the said John for what he has done for us in the matter of Confession."

This last remark refers, I believe, to a legal opinion given in a matter which arose out of the extraordinary

case of Constance Kent, and to services in it as her legal adviser. On the former part of the extract I have already said all that it is needful for me to say. Although the measure to which Keble refers was in the commencement carefully confined to the University, (and in some material circumstances the cases of the two are clearly distinguishable in argument,) it always seemed to me that in the progress of the measure it would be found impossible to preserve the distinction entire; though it might be possible, and would certainly be just, to make modifications as to the Colleges.

On the next day, (July 26,) he wrote again a short note with some information respecting a matter we were then both interested in, an Oxford testimonial to Mr. Gladstone on the close of our Parliamentary relations with him. I extract a sentence or two in a more cheerful tone :—

"H. is just returned from spending two very pleasant days with Lord Derby at Highclere. Lord D. was full of fun, but H. is regretting that he omitted to ask him why he renders βοῶπις 'stag-eyed.' However, you see we have two strings to our bow. Homer and good wit are in fashion, whether we are Whigs or Tories."

He adds at the end :—

"My wife is very feeble, and her breath troublesome. The weather is sultry, and I fear we have too many visitors. Your most loving, J. K."

He very gently, as it was in his nature, alludes to what had become a great and I fear a hurtful burthen to both himself and his wife in their feeble state, the number of visitors who came to them; especially as a considerable portion of them were strangers, whose object was to see and converse with the Author of "The Christian Year," a thing he particularly disliked. Some would have little in themselves to lighten the burthen of entertaining them; and though some interested him much, yet even for that very reason they fatigued him too; and he was always anxious for Mrs. Keble. Yet he could not refuse these visits, nor decline to exert himself to please those whose motive he felt to be kind and reverential.

A visit from Bisley, or from an old friend, was a different thing, and with different results. August 19, he says:—

"We keep about the same, I not much better, nor yet, D. G., any worse; *she* too often with her breath out of order, and the other symptoms of (I suppose) a disordered spine, but rallying again, and taking her drives. Just now we have Tom Sen^r^, and his wife staying with us, a great delight; too great to last long." [And noticing all my scattered family, he concludes,] "Kind love to all, Swiss and English, on the Moor or by the River."

It was clear, as the year advanced, that Mrs. Keble must move from Hursley; the attacks on her breath now recurred two or three times a-week, and their

good Doctor Sainsbury, of Romsey, pressed them to try the effect of change of air. Keble, who never deceived himself as to the seriousness of her ailments, felt how important it would be to diminish as much as he could the distance between her and her sister. They went, therefore, with his brother and sister to Bournemouth on trial, and the result was so promising, that they made a sort of conditional engagement to return in October for the winter. They had hoped for a month of fine weather at home; but only three days after their return, she had one of her worst attacks; indeed, the account he gave me of it was frightful; feeling its approach, she began to go up-stairs to her room, but "about half-way up she was obliged to sink down on the staircase, and it was full 2½ hours before we could move her up to her bed. By God's mercy she was relieved after a time." And up to October 9, when he wrote to me, she had had no return, though left in such a state that "to talk earnestly, even to listen with great interest," put her in danger of one. Yet strange to say she was afterwards able to take her drives as usual, and even to go to London to consult Dr. Gull, and return on the following day.

I mention these incidents of her attack with this particularity on account of the remarkable visit to Hursley, which he himself thus shortly mentions at the end of a rather long letter, written to me on the 9th of October from Hursley :—

"Ought we not to thank God more than ever for E. B. P.? how he *has* come out in print and in Congress. He and J. H. N. met *here* the very day after my wife's attack. P., indeed, was present when the attack began. Trying as it all was, I was very glad to have them here, and to sit by them and listen; but I cannot write more of it now."

I was very anxious to have an account of a visit so remarkable in itself, and about which so much interest was felt, more detailed than Keble had given me in the extract I have made above; and yet as calm, and as free from exaggeration as he would have furnished himself, or desired to have preserved. And I therefore took the liberty of applying to one of the survivors. Dr. Newman was good enough to furnish me with all that I desired; and, further, in answer to a second request, to allow me to publish his letter, for which I thank him sincerely, and I am sure my readers will thank him as heartily and sincerely :—

"Rednall,
"*Sep*r 17, 1868.

"Dear Sir John Coleridge,

"I must begin by apologizing for my delay in acknowledging your letter of the 10th. Owing to accidental circumstances, my time has not been my own; and now, when at length I write, I fear I shall disappoint you in the answer which alone I can give to your question. It almost seems to me as if you were so kind as to wish me to write such an account of my visit to Mr. Keble as might appear

in your Memoir, but, as I think you will see, my memory is too weak to allow of my putting on paper any particulars of it which are worth preserving. It was remarkable, certainly, that three friends, he, Dr. Pusey, and myself, who had been so intimately united for so many years, and then for so many years had been separated, at least one of them from the other two, should meet together just once again; and for the first and last time dine together simply by themselves. And the more remarkable, because not only by chance they met all three together, but there were positive chances against their meeting.

"Keble had wished me to come to him, but the illness of his wife, which took them to Bournemouth, obliged him to put me off. On their return to Hursley, I wrote to him on the subject of my visit, and fixed a day for it. Afterwards, hearing from Pusey that he too was going to Hursley on the very day I had named, I wrote to Keble to put off my visit. I told him, as I think, my reason. I had not seen either of them for twenty years, and to see both of them at once, would be more, I feared, than I could bear. Accordingly, I told him I should go from Birmingham to friends in the Isle of Wight, in the first place, and thence some day go over to Hursley. This was in September, 1865. But when, on the 12th, I had got into the Birmingham train for Reading, I felt it was like cowardice to shrink from the meeting, and I changed my mind again. In spite of my having put off my visit to him, I slept at Southampton, and made my appearance at Hursley next morning without being expected. Keble was at his door speaking to a friend. He did not know me, and asked my name. What was more wonderful, since I had purposely come to his house, I did not know him, and I feared to ask who it was. I gave him my card without speaking. When at length we found

out each other, he said, with that tender flurry of manner which I recollected so well, that his wife had been seized with an attack of her complaint that morning, and that he could not receive me as he should have wished to do; nor, indeed, had he expected me; for 'Pusey,' he whispered, 'is in the house, as you are aware.'

"Then he brought me into his study, and embraced me most affectionately, and said he would go and prepare Pusey, and send him to me.

"I think I got there in the forenoon, and remained with him four or five hours, dining at one or two. He was in and out of the room all the time I was with him, attending on his wife, and I was left with Pusey. I recollect very little of the conversation that passed at dinner. Pusey was full of the question of the inspiration of Holy Scripture, and Keble expressed his joy that it was a common cause, in which I could not substantially differ from them; and he caught at such words of mine as seemed to shew agreement. Mr. Gladstone's rejection at Oxford was talked of, and I said that I really thought that had I been still a member of the University, I must have voted against him, because he was giving up the Irish Establishment. On this Keble gave me one of his remarkable looks, so earnest and so sweet, came close to me, and whispered in my ear, (I cannot recollect the exact words, but I took them to be,) 'And is not that just?' It left the impression on my mind that he had no great sympathy with the Establishment in Ireland as an Establishment, and was favourable to the Church of the Irish.

"Just before my time for going, Pusey went to read the Evening Service in Church, and I was left in the open air with Keble by himself. He said he would write to me in the Isle of Wight, as soon as his wife got better, and then

I should come over and have a day with him. We walked a little way, and stood looking in silence at the Church and Churchyard, so beautiful and calm. Then he began to converse with me in more than his old tone of intimacy, as if we had never been parted, and soon I was obliged to go.

"I remained in the Island till I had his promised letter. It was to the effect that his wife's illness had increased, and he must give up the hopes of my coming to him. Thus, unless I had gone on that day, when I was so very near not going, I should not have seen him at all.

"He wrote me many notes about this time; in one of them he made a reference to the lines in Macbeth :—

> "'When shall we three meet again?
> When the hurley-burley's done,
> When the battle's lost and won.'

"This is all I can recollect of a visit, of which almost the sole vivid memory which remains with me is the image of Keble himself.

"I am, dear Sir John Coleridge,
"Yours faithfully,
"JOHN H. NEWMAN."

"*Sir John Coleridge, &c., &c.*"

I must not venture to add a word of comment on this letter; and I must be careful not to suffer my feelings to exaggerate the interest of this meeting, so remarkable in every way. It is difficult, indeed, to restrain one's emotion in thinking of what must have been in the hearts of these three friends, once so bound together in the prosecution of the highest

objects; separated in the body, but not in heart, for so many years; and now meeting under such trying circumstances, for a brief while, and for the last time in this world; what must one of them, at least, have felt as he stood with Keble, "looking in silence on that Church and Churchyard, so beautiful and calm."

They parted, and Keble wrote the well-known lines from Macbeth. I hope we may not irreverently look forward for them to another more blessed meeting,—

> "When before the Judgment-seat,
> Though changed, and glorified each face,
> Not unremembered ye may meet
> For endless ages to embrace."

CHAPTER XXI.

OCTOBER 11, 1865, LEAVE HURSLEY AND GO TO BOURNEMOUTH.—LETTER ON THE RITUAL QUESTION.—HIS LIFE AT BOURNEMOUTH.—ILLNESS.—DEATH, MARCH 29, 1866.—BURIAL AT HURSLEY.—REMARKS ON PERSON AND CHARACTER.—MRS. KEBLE'S DEATH, BURIAL, CHARACTER.

BUT little remains to be told. The illness of Mrs. Keble, of which there had been so alarming an attack at the very time of the meeting of the three friends, continued to manifest itself in gradually-increasing weakness and suffering, from which there was no effectual rallying, and never any complete relief. She was, indeed, sometimes more easy, and must have had considerable strength of constitution. She was supported, too, by a cheerful heart, and entire resignation to God's dispensations. To these last Keble bears most affecting testimony in the letters I am about to transcribe.

They were advised to lose no time in settling themselves for the winter at Bournemouth, but they were naturally desirous to keep the anniversary of

their wedding-day, the thirtieth, at home. This was on the 10th of October, and on the eleventh they left it, never to return alive. Domestic as he was by nature, and always prone to attach himself to places as well as persons; and loving his parishioners, his church, his parish, and his parsonage, as he did, we may well imagine with what feelings he commenced his journey to Bournemouth. I am not sure that he had at all realized to himself that he should never return. This, indeed, was of less consequence to him who always carried his life in his hand, and whose heart was stayed elsewhere; but I feel sure that he had realized this to himself, that if he did return, it would be to follow his wife to her grave, and linger at God's pleasure a widower on earth.

Mr. Moor tells us that on the Sunday before he went, the 8th of October, Keble took some part in the Services, reading the Lessons, and celebrating the Holy Communion; and not only this, but zealous to the last in the work he loved most, walked with him to visit some of his poor people at a distance; and also entertained at dinner some friends who had come unexpectedly to see him.

The journey was well accomplished on the 11th of October. I am drawing near to the end of my store of letters, and it will be seen that for what remains to be told, I make use of his own pen wherever I can; I believe my readers will with reason thank me for this.

On the 13th of October he wrote thus :—

"South Cliff Villa, Bournemouth,
"*Oct.* 13, 1865.

"Dearest Coleridge,

"We accomplished our journey here the day before yesterday, with as much comfort as we could expect, and are well satisfied with our lodgings, which are as thoroughly within breath of the sea as any in this place, and seem so far very comfortable. My niece Charlotte, and Fanny Coxwell, are with us. But as yet I see no rallying, even to such strength as before that last attack..... I do not mean that I am without hope that, by God's blessing on constant care and prayer, we may hope to have her with us for an indefinite time, but she has had more frequent attacks, with less of rallying in the intervals.

"I am ever, my dearest Friend,
"Most affec^ly^ yours, J. K."

Of course I was writing to him frequently, and I did not scruple to consult him on any difficulties which I might have in my reading as at other times. Among my own letters returned to me, I find in one, written on the 18th of October, a passage which I transcribe for the sake of the answer :—

"Now I want an answer from you, if you can give it without book, and without trouble. Reading S. Bernard's Sermons on the Advent, I am puzzled with this phrase twice occurring. He is speaking of our Lord's two advents; he urges his Monks to ponder how much He has performed in the one, how much He has promised in the other, and then says, 'Utinam certè dormiatis *inter medios cleros*. Hæc

sunt enim duo brachia Sponsi, inter quæ Sponsa dormiens aiebat. Læva ejus sub capite meo, et dextera ejus amplexabitur me,' and goes on quoting Cantic. ii. 6. And, again, 'Sint ergo, si dormire volumus *inter medios cleros*, id est duos adventus, pennæ nostræ deargentatæ.' The words, 'medios cleros,' are in my edition printed in italics as a quotation. Don't trouble yourself about this, if it does not come into your head at once."

I thought the question might interest him, and from his great familiarity with the Fathers, I did not anticipate that I should put him to much trouble. I was right in the first supposition, but it will be seen what a diligent enquiry he made for me.

On the 26th of October he answered me; and, first, he gave an account of his wife's state, and said that they were about to change their lodgings, "not being able to get a bedroom here on the same floor as this, which is quite necessary, for though we do get her carried upstairs, the walking down, and the colder air of the passages, is apt to affect her breath;" he then proceeds thus :—

"....I have borrowed a S. Bernard from the Vicar here, and have thought over your question as well as I could, with the help of the Bible, the Septuagint, and Gesenius. I dare say you have long ago found out that the clause is from the Vulgate Version of Ps. 68, (67,) v. 13, (14,) and that *inter medios cleros*, is what our Bible version renders, 'among the pots,' the Vulgate apparently adopting the word κλήρους from the LXX. ἀνάμεσον τῶν κλήρων. So the question is how the LXX. came to translate the Hebrew word which

we render 'pots' by 'lots,' or 'portions;' and the phrase 'between the portions' somehow led my mind back to the rite of *dividing* victims offered to sanction a covenant, as in Gen. xv., and Jerem. xxxiv., and a passing between the *portions* of the victims. Also the Hebrew of 'pots' is nearly the same as that rendered 'hooks' in Ezek. xl. 43, where plainly something is meant on which, or by means of which, the flesh of the offerings for sacrifice was deposited on *each side* of certain entrances to the Temple, so that the offerer or votary going in would pass 'between the hooks,' i.e. 'between the portions' of the sacrifice, (our Translation in the margin there says, 'or endirons, or the two hearth-stones.') The mystical meaning, then, of being *between* these portions would be 'being under a covenant by Sacrifice, (see Ps. l. 5,) and *sleeping* between them as Abram seems to have done, would be, *being at rest* in that Covenant,' for which purpose we must be sanctified as Christians, there must be the 'wings of the dove,' &c. . . . . I wish this may be intelligible, and have something in it; at any rate, it interested me greatly.

* * * * * *

"I am disgusted much at finding the Colenso (public) fund is more than £2,000, the Cape-Town hardly £200. Hard lines for what is at worst a fault of temper. I cannot write more just now. Ever yours, J. K."

I could not help observing to Keble, when I thanked him for his answer, how much the Fathers took for granted as to Biblical knowledge in those whom they addressed. If they could do so properly, it would seem to indicate a much greater general diffusion of that knowledge than prevails

now. Certainly, considering where the Fathers themselves studied, a kind of learning seems necessary which is now, I fear, not common even among the Clergy; it may be that a different kind is substituted; whether more or less valuable I will not venture to say. But those among them, at least, who yield to the sceptical spirit of the age, and delight rather to find difficulties and suggest doubts, than to accept old beliefs, are surely bound in conscience to acquire a deep and thorough knowledge not merely of Hebrew, but of the best and earliest commentators, of the history, usages, and ritual of the Hebrews, before they communicate their doubts or their theories to the public; considering how often they are found to trouble men's minds needlessly by doubts, which more of this knowledge shews to be groundless, or by theories which rest mainly on unwarranted assumptions.

I am not competent to pronounce any opinion whether Keble, whose answer is, at least, ingenious and learned, had correctly solved my difficulty; and I print the extract in great part to shew how entirely he still preserved his activity and clearness of intellect. But he gave a more remarkable proof of this in a letter which he wrote and published in this same month in the "Literary Churchman," on the "Ritual of the Church of England." I hope this is more known and considered, especially at this time, than I fear it is. It is written in such an admirable

spirit, and with so much clearness and cogency, that one might hope it might furnish a useful guide to the clergy, and allay somewhat of the bitterness which is so much to be lamented in the manner of waging the present controversy. It is too long to be inserted here entire, but I cannot forbear enriching my pages with the concluding paragraph. The occasion recalls to my mind a wish which has been expressed by one of Keble's dearest and wisest friends, that all the occasional contributions which he made to the public journals, as well as all his fugitive pieces, should be collected, arranged, and published. I entirely concur in this; if it be not soon done, they will surely be lost; and as he never wrote anything for publication without care and thought, the loss of them would be much to be regretted :—

"It would seem to follow upon these statements—and I understand that there is high legal authority for the opinion—that the *onus probandi* lies in this matter upon the many who practically ignore or slight the usages (of which number I must confess myself to be one) rather than upon the few who have regularly maintained or recently adopted them. I do indeed regret the disregard of that rubric as a real blemish in our ecclesiastical practice—a contradiction to our theory, less momentous, but quite as real as our almost entire disuse of the discipline of Jesus Christ, our obligation to which, nevertheless, we formally acknowledge. But as in the latter case, so in this, the time and manner of regaining the old paths must, under our circumstances, be a question of equity and charity, not of strict law alone. I,

for one, rejoice whenever and wherever I see that kind of revival successfully and tranquilly accomplished. But the success will be more complete, and the satisfaction more perfect, when those who have the work at heart shall have ceased to indulge themselves in invidious comparisons and scornful criticisms on such among their brethren as do not yet see their way to it; and when, on certain kindred subjects, they have learned to make candid allowance for the difference between our circumstances and those with a view to which the primitive canons were framed. I allude particularly to the disparaging tone sometimes used in speaking of mid-day Communions, with small consideration, as it seems to me, for the aged and infirm, and others who cannot come early. Again, I cannot but doubt the wisdom of urging all men indiscriminately to be present at the Holy Mysteries—a matter left open, as far as I can see, by the Prayer-book, and in ordering of which it may seem most natural to abide by the spirit of the ancient Constitutions, which did not willingly permit even the presence of any but communicants, or those of whom the clergy had reason to believe that they were in a way to become such: the rather, in that there appears to be some danger of the idea gaining ground, which meets one so often in Roman Catholic books of devotion, of some special, quasi-sacramental grace connected with simply assisting devoutly at Mass, over and above that promised to all earnest and faithful prayer.

"On these and all like matters we may do well, perhaps, to accept the counsel of our Church, in her first Reformed Liturgy, concerning another main point of Christian discipline[a]—such as are satisfied with the more modern and plainer ritual not to be offended with them that adopt the

[a] See the first Liturgy of King Edward the VIth. on Auricular Confession.

more ornate and symbolical requirements of the rubric; those, on the other hand, who find comfort and edification in the ceremonies to bear with their brethren who, for various reasons, think best to dispense with them for the present. And so, too, in regard of Communion after a meal, and of encouraging the presence of non-communicants, and the like, 'to follow and keep the rule of charity, and every man to be satisfied with his own conscience, not judging other men's minds or consciences, whereas he hath no warrant of God's Word to the same.'

"Believe me, dear——, with great respect,

"Very sincerely yours,

"JOHN KEBLE."

Thus wisely and thus gently did he express himself in print on this subject; but he yet felt very warmly, and expressed himself warmly in conversation, and by way of advice to a young friend, on the suicidal folly of our hot contentions respecting ritual, when we had to contend against such deadly enemies as looseness of morals, and growing infidelity, sapping the very foundations of religion. He sadly sighed for unity; he did not agree with those who thought that our only, or even our most powerful enemy, was Papal Rome. But he feared that our acrimonious disputes on matters which do not touch the foundations of our Faith, might give her a power not her own; as the devices and engines of Imperial Rome were helped in breaching the walls of the Holy City, by the internecine contentions of the garrison within.

The passage to which Keble makes reference in this extract, it may be convenient to print here, as the first Liturgy of Edward VI. is not in the hands of all people. It stands at the end of what in our present Liturgy is the first exhortation in the Communion Service; and it is conceived in a spirit so charitable in itself, and so applicable to all parts of the present controversy, that it is much to be regretted that it was ever struck out :—

"Requiring such as shall be satisfied with a general confession, not to be offended with them that do use to their further satisfying the auricular and secret confession to the Priest; nor those also which think needful or convenient, for the quietness of their own consciences, particularly to open their sins to the Priest, to be offended with them that are satisfied with their humble confession to God, and the general confession of the Church; but *in all things to follow and keep the rule of Charity; and every man to be satisfied with his own conscience, not judging other men's minds or consciences; whereas he hath no warrant of God's word to the same.*"

He wrote to me again on the 30th and 31st of December, and I give the whole letter :—

"Bournemouth,
"*Dec.* 30, 1865.

"Dearest dear Friend,

"It is sad work, my trick of putting off my replies to your loving letters. I can only say, as in so many former years, Forgive me. I dare say I was a little the more tardy from having no very good news to tell; good news, I mean,

according to our natural way of thinking about our dearest Charlotte's health. I cannot hide it from myself, that she is gradually growing weaker, and that one thing after another has to be given up; walking more than a step or two, writing, chess, animated conversation, &c., &c., make her dear heart beat too freely, and she suffers sadly from night perspiration and faintness. The climate has not, as far as I can see, been against her; it has been exceptionally mild, and for this place, I hear, exceptionally moist, and if she had been a little stronger, she might have gone out a little some days in almost every week; indeed, she has done rather more than I expected in that way; but I do not find that it revives her as it used to do; and all the brandy and turtle soup they give her by day and by night only just serves to enable her to go on from day to day. The doctors said some time since that we must not expect a cure, but might hope for improvement; now they hardly say that, but express surprise that we are yet spared other symptoms which I fear we must look for. But it all brings out moment by moment the goodness and sweetness with which He is continually endowing her; at least, so it seems to a poor creature looking on it from below.

"31st. I cannot report any improvement; she has not got up at all to-day; and by the doctor's direction we have telegraphed to Bisley. We had deferred doing so perhaps too long on account of old Tom, who is rather in a critical state of health; nevertheless, I do hope we may see them to-morrow. Pray for us, dearest Friend, that she may be gently visited, and that I may be not found unfit to be with her, at whatever distance, hereafter. I cannot write more about myself; of her, if I had time, and my hand was strong, I could go on for hours. With dear love for the Christmas and New Year, I am ever yours, J. K."

He wrote again on the 7th of January a short note respecting an offer he had received of translating the *Prælectiones* for publication. Mrs. Keble's symptoms had been somewhat alleviated, and the presence of the brother and sister, with the tender attentions of the latter as nurse, had cheered them all. Before he could have any answer from me to this letter, he wrote again on the 9th as follows :—

"BOURNEMOUTH,
"*Jan.* 9, 1866.

"MY DEAREST COLERIDGE,

"Thank you, and thank you again, though too tardily for your too loving letter. It is a great comfort, as your letters always are. I have not read it exactly to her, but you may be sure she loves you with a true sisterly love, and has done so all along. She has mended a little, our Doctor says, during the last week. The long nightly faintings have subsided, and if she had not caught a cold, which disorders her breath, I fancy we should have had her in our sitting-room to-day or to-morrow. I think the Doctor expects her departure to be very gradual; I fear, with dropsical symptoms. But we try to look on as little as may be; having been already brought farther on our way together than we could reasonably have expected. We do not at all repent of having come here, the climate has been unusually moist and mild, and we have comforts we could not have had at Penzance. God reward you, dearest Coleridge, and your dear wife and children, for all your love to her and me.

"Ever your most affec^te^, J. K."

He wrote to me again on the 31st of January,

and early in March; his friends, and I amongst them, had been misinformed as to Mrs. Keble, or the partial amendment of which he speaks in the preceding letter had been represented too favourably, and it is touching to see what he says on it. But it is remarkable also how amid his distress at the prospect of his approaching loss, he retained his interest in what regarded Oxford, and Christian Education. In order fully to understand some parts of what he writes, it may be well for me to state that I had written to him among other things on the prospects of the new Parliament just about to open. It seemed to me that every move, in what is called the path of Liberal Progress, would *in the end* be made good, and I thought that those who, without reference to party, wished to preserve foundations, and all of good built on them, should shape their course with this conviction on their minds. And I deprecated the old spirit which not seldom defended that which was really objectionable in itself, merely because it might be considered an out-work, and because the surrender of it would probably not appease the spirit of the invaders. I also wrote in regard to the probable course of one in whom I was specially interested, how he desired to pass the coming Session, his first in Parliament, and of the difficulty cast on him by the expectations and instances of his friends. I also gave my opinion of the remarkable, and I may add, somewhat enigmatical book,

which he speaks of. In his mind all other Oxford interests were as nothing in comparison with the preservation of the faith there, to which he justly thought sound teaching an indispensable mean. He had an honest conviction that there was a great deal of unsound teaching at present, and that it was bearing a plentiful harvest. I wish I could believe that there was no foundation for his fears. Most reluctantly I yield to evidence which forces them upon me. It seems to me as if considerable cleverness, great respectability of conduct, popular even amiable manners, and an apparent candour, extending to every subject and system but one, are waging such a fight against Christianity as ought to make the parents of Oxford students anxious; while, I must add, the insane and excessive passion for athletics, as they are called, (indulged in our great schools as well,) damps industry, and diverts from that severe mental labour which is among the guards to preserve the mind from yielding to sophistry.

Fears, however, I have none as to the ultimate result; a battle is being fought, which has been fought more than once before, and victory has always been on one side; victory not always turned to the best account; but, alas, it must be expected that there will be many, and those not seldom the flower of the host, wounded sorely, a few, it is to be feared, slain in the combat.

I now give the letters which have occasioned these remarks :—

"Bournemouth,
"*Jan.* 31, 1866.

"Dearest Coleridge,

"I wish you could have from me as long and hearty a letter as your too great kindness deserves. As it is, I can but thank you, 1, for your advice and information about Mr. ——, to whom I will soon write accordingly; 2. for the very interesting report of dear John and his proceedings; which seem so amiable and dutiful that I cannot but think he will have a blessing on his work, and perhaps with others like-minded, on his cause also; such as may in good measure neutralize the harm you and I might expect from it. For myself, I am a little sanguine about the Reform; *if it leaves the Colleges alone*, and *if the present leaven of N°.* 90, *so marvellously reviving, go on and prosper.* If the latter be not so, it matters little about other things.

"But my dearest wife,—your kind words go to my heart, so certain am I that it is far other than you say. Where Heathcote got his information I cannot guess, but I have heard more or less from friends far and near in the same tone. She, dear soul, though there may be sometimes a slight rally for half a day, grows on the whole gradually weaker; and now I fear her power of taking nourishment is lessening. Her long faintings are very distressing. You must not flatter me about that, or anything else.

"I suppose it is the same with many more, but I for one am certain that whatever bows me down most, is best for me.

"Best love to you all,
"Your most affec^te^ J. K."

"Dear Bessie, our head nurse, is of the same opinion as

I am, so must every one be that watches her; and the Doctor's encouragement amounts to this, that the worst symptoms do not come on so fast as he expected."

"BOURNEMOUTH,
"3rd *Sunday in Lent*,
"(*March* 4,) 1866.

"DEAREST COLERIDGE,

"I cannot write worthily in any sense to answer your kind letters, but they always interest me, and so they would my dear wife, if she were always able to attend to them, which for a great part of her time, I grieve to say, she is not. We ought to be very thankful that she is so sweetly and gently let down, at least, to all appearances, though of course we cannot tell how much she suffers; and she is, I fancy, very dextrous in concealing such things. However, she has certainly better nights of late; and the dropsy, though it does not diminish, does not increase so fast as it did; moreover, though she likes nothing, she submits to a good deal of nourishment; so I do not know, (for I never ask that question,) but I hardly feel as if she were going quite immediately. Thank you for suggesting books, though it is little she can bear now, she gets sleepy so soon. We read Mackenzie's Life long ago; Robertson's I have not met with, and I doubt whether I should, (or she would,) like it; 'honest doubts,' as one calls them, are not very pleasant on a sick bed. For the same reason I don't care to read *Ecce Homo*, but it will be a very agreeable disappointment if the writer turns out a Christian at last; and I will pull off my hat to him, and beg his pardon. I hope you will read Miss Mackenzie's Life of Mrs. Robertson in Zululand. She and her husband appear to me the Queen

and King of Missionaries, at least, among the second order, for I don't talk of Bishops. . . . .

"J. H. N. sent me his book; it seems to me, logically, a complete failure, though of course in parts extremely good and beautiful. (I mean a failure as to the Doctrine of the B. Virgin's 'supremacy;') the only thing that *cants* me is the fact about the Eastern Church, which one knew otherwise. I am very well, thank you; ashamed to be so well. I have no nursing, my sister takes it off my hands; I wish she may stand it. With kind love to all, your most affectionate J. K."

I have but one more letter to add, the last of the long series :—

"Bournemouth,
"*March* 19, 1866.

"My dearest Coleridge,

"I am too long as usual, but you will understand and excuse it.

"Since I wrote she has been gradually getting weaker, suffering more and more from sickness, palpitation, and sometimes acute pain in the heart; and now for several days her pulse, and power to take nourishment, have given way. The doctor was here four times yesterday, and we watch her now not from day to day, but from hour to hour. D. G. her sister keeps up pretty well, and as for myself, I eat, drink, and sleep heartily; so you need be in no care about me, so far. I do not know well just now how to go on writing about anything else, so I will just give you all our dear love, and sign myself your most affectionate, J. K."

It may be supposed that I do not close without some emotion my extracts from a correspondence,

beginning in 1811, and continued without interruption to the 19th of March, 1866. Few things I am more grateful for, (perhaps I may own I am a little proud of it,) than my having preserved from the beginning Keble's letters, and those of another dear friend, Arnold. The letters, like their writers, differ in many respects; and I will not pronounce on their interest as compositions; neither of the two when writing to me ever thought of composing what should be read by others than myself; but the letters of both are, as they themselves were, one in goodness and honesty of heart, one in overflowing affectionateness of feeling and expression.

During these last weeks Keble was, of course, in correspondence with many persons, intimate friends and anxious inquirers; sometimes from Mrs. Keble's inability to write, he answered letters addressed to her. I have copies before me of three which he wrote to Miss Mackenzie, the sister of the Bishop. He was deeply interested in the Missionary work in which her sister with her husband had been engaged; we have seen that he calls them the King and Queen of Missionaries. One of these letters I will venture to insert here, although I know I may be thought to have printed too many of the same character; for beside the circumstances under which it was written, this seems to me to have a special beauty and force, which make it wrong to omit it:—

"BOURNEMOUTH,
Jan^{ry} 23, 1866.

"MY DEAR KIND FRIEND,

"Just one line to say how both our hearts, my dearest wife's and my own, were smitten down this morning by the sad news from C. Yonge, of your sad and, to us, unexpected loss. I dread to think of the wound it must be to you: only He who put into your heart such deep affections and sustains them there, has the power and the love also to mitigate the wounds, which His wise and good Providence sees fit to make.

"You must think, dear Friend, of the mysterious moment when He, who is Love, condescended to endure the bitterness of His Mother's grief as an addition (so to speak) to His Own; and thereby sanctified the agonies we have to bear in watching the sufferings of our beloved ones. Like other pains they will be sweet, if we can be helped so to join them to His Cross.

"But how vain of me to say all this to one who has had your experience! God grant that I may be saying it not in vain to myself! For indeed I have much need, and am likely to have more. Dearest Charlotte continues in most respects, much as when I wrote to you last; the doctor comes every day and pronounces the pulse much as it was, and allows her to be brought for an hour or two into our sitting-room. But I am sure there is a gradual decay of strength; one by one things become too hard for her, and it is a greater effort for her to keep up; yet she does keep up in spirit most comfortably. Your kind heart would rejoice if you could see what refreshment she finds in your most seasonable present of the sheets of Mrs. Robertson's 'Life;' she took to it the moment it came, and

from hour to hour, day after day, she enjoys it being read to her. I never saw any book more successful apparently in beguiling hour after hour of weariness and breathlessness. I now really hope, that both it and the 'Net' will be a great success.

"God comfort and reward you for all your trials and all your love.

"Ever yours very affectionately,
"J. KEBLE."

It will be seen how down to the very last of these letters from Bournemouth all Keble's thoughts were for his dear wife, and how unconscious he seems to have been of any falling off in his own health. Mr. Moor informs us, that when he came there, he had, as was his custom, proffered to Mr. Bennett assistance, if needed; which he with a wise consideration declined to accept from him. But he was regular, until his very last illness, in his attendance on the daily services in the church. His favourite help in his private prayer was the *Paradisus Animæ*, and he had so familiarized himself to it, that he not uncommonly prayed in Latin. On Sundays and Thursdays, when he regularly attended the mid-day Communion, it was in his hand all the morning before he went to church. On those mornings it was with difficulty he could be persuaded to take any breakfast; for many years it had been his custom, whenever he was to celebrate in the course of the day, to eat nothing before. At church he usually

sat in one place, and the window over that place has now been filled with stained glass out of respect for his memory. He was, I may mention here, a strong advocate for the system of free and unappropriated seats, which he urged strongly on Mr. Bennett. It may be that circumstances prevented its adoption at Bournemouth. He therefore took a seat, but never used it, and told the clerk to use it as free. It is right to add that the seats in Hursley Church were still in his time appropriated, which he desired much to change. It seems to me that a wide distinction in principle exists between payment and simple appropriation, and that if this last be fairly extended to the poor as well as the rich, with a limitation to secure punctuality in attendance, there is much to be said for it. Payment has been, is, and ever will be, simply mischievous. He read a good deal; for himself especially St. Chrysostom on St. John, (for he had not even now abandoned the thought of his promised Commentary). He read to Mrs. Keble the Services daily; and from time to time, frequently it would seem, he administered to her the Holy Communion. In the evenings the little party would meet in her bedroom, (which, indeed, was his also for a large part of the illness,) and the lessons were read usually by Mr. James Young, of whom I have spoken before. Sometimes he would read to himself the first Lessons in the original.

No one can doubt that he prayed much for her;

more than was commonly observed; he had a life-long faith in the efficacy of intercessory prayer, but he shrunk from observation when he prayed alone; more than once, on occasions of special distress, or interest, he was observed kneeling in the act of prayer behind a door, where it was not likely he should be seen.

With all his sorrow, and his own weakness, which no doubt was great, he still bore up; and down to little more than a week before his death he took his walks, seemed refreshed by them, and retained his old interest in the objects of nature around him; especially, it was noted by his young and loving companion, the ever-varying sea, the ships, the cliffs, the clouds, the sky.

Down to this time, so far as I can perceive, no new or special anxiety was felt for his own health. Even the sufferer, about whom all were anxious, seemed to have but one real trouble, how he would bear her departure, how he would be taken care of after she was gone. She told her maid one day, that she should not mind dying, if it were not for him; that she was much afraid for him, he seemed to bear up too well. She was told in answer, that his heart had seemed as if it would burst but a night or two before. He had had through life one remarkable blessing, that no trouble by day affected his sleep; he mentioned this once to a friend, and in his usual way of self-disparagement, attributed it

to want of feeling. She put the truer and better construction on it; she would often say, "He lays aside his anxieties with his prayers; he does what he can, the issue is with God, with Whom he is content to leave it; therefore he is still, and sleeps like a child."

But he was "drawing daily nearer home," and his Master now saw fit to call His servant to Himself. The illness, under which he sunk, lasted just a week, and seemed to be occasioned at first by his rising on the 22nd of March as early as six o'clock by mistake, by his then using a cold instead of warm bath, by his praying for some time by his wife's bed-side, and then standing to read the Lessons to her, all without any food; in the act of reading he is said to have fainted; whether that was paralytic, I do not know, but he was never able to use his lower limbs again. Once when he had been helped into Mrs. Keble's room, he managed to stand by himself, to cheer her; and drew himself up, a gesture his friends will well remember as familiar with him, and playfully said, "Richard's himself again."

The severity of the symptoms, however, increased. In about two days after, he was unwillingly wheeled out of her room; and they who for so many years had had but one heart, and one mind, parted for life, with one silent look at each other. I do not pursue the details of the remaining two or three days; he was sometimes wandering, sometimes con-

scious, sometimes clear-minded ; whether wandering, or clear-minded, he was constantly intent on holy things, or in actual prayer ; he uttered fragments, or ejaculations in the former case, which shewed the habitual prayerfulness of his heart ; he repeated, or he composed, as it seemed, prayers ; the Lord's Prayer he uttered most commonly.

He fell asleep on the 29th of March, about one in the morning.

I have been treated with so much kindness and confidence by those who were on the spot, or had full means of knowing with certainty everything that passed, that I could have multiplied these notices of my dear friend's last illness, and dying hours ; but the sick room, and the chamber of death, are sacred ; and my only fear is, that I may have trespassed already on their sanctity. This I felt, that I was in no danger of revealing anything that was unworthy of him. One anecdote I must add, for it is the highest testimonial direct and indirect from the best of witnesses, his dying wife.

The mournful family repaired from his death-bed to her room, and knelt round her bed, and prayed ; she besought them to return thanks for her to God, that he had been taken first, that she, not he, had to bear the trial of surviving ; but she expressed a hope that she might be released so soon as to admit of both being buried at the same time in one grave.

Then she requested her maid to fetch her "Christian Year," and turning to the two last stanzas of the verses on Good Friday, "I know," said she, "these were in his dying thoughts:"—

"Lord of my heart, by Thy last cry,
Let not Thy blood on earth be spent—
Lo, at Thy feet I fainting lie,
Mine eyes upon Thy wounds are bent,
Upon Thy streaming wounds my weary eyes
Wait like the parched earth on April skies.

"Wash me, and dry these bitter tears,
O let my heart no further roam,
'Tis Thine by vows, and hopes, and fears,
Long since—O call Thy wanderer home;
To that dear home, safe in Thy wounded side,
Where only broken hearts their sin and shame may hide."

There is no exaggeration in saying that the heart of England was deeply stirred by the news of his death. There was a grief as real and as widely spread through different classes of society, and I may say with confidence, through all denominations of Christians, as any death has occasioned in my recollection. We felt that we had lost a true Saint, a true Poet; a Saint whose holiness and purity no verse he ever composed could blemish; a Poet, whose genius was elevated and sanctified by the perpetual heavenward inspiration under which he wrote. We

had lost a guide, a counsellor, a friend, so humble, so loving, so tender, that no one, not the very schoolboy in his little difficulties, nor even the young woman in the troubles of her heart, (I speak from knowledge,) shrunk from addressing him for help, or advice.

He was buried on the 6th of April, 1866, in his own churchyard, close to the grave of Elizabeth Keble, as that was near to the grave where the remains of my little God-child, Godfrey Heathcote, whom he had baptized, and was so tenderly interested in, are laid. As might be expected, the high and low, the rich and poor, the old and young, crowded to the funeral; it was no common ceremonial; Mr. Moor speaks of the day truly as never to be forgotten by those who were present.

As yet no cross or monument has been erected at his grave; (he himself had placed a stone cross, modelled from a beautiful Irish one, at the grave of his sister). But in the floor of the chancel, on the spot where his body rested during the service, the parishioners have placed a very beautiful brass cross designed by Mr. Butterfield, which records his name, the period of his incumbency, the day when he fell asleep in the Lord, and his age, seventy-four years. This cross is let into a stone, round the edge of which on a strip of brass is inscribed a memorable portion of our Litany, which he so loved:

"BY THINE AGONY AND BLOODY SWEAT; BY THY CROSS AND PASSION; BY THY PRECIOUS DEATH AND BURIAL; BY THY GLORIOUS RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION; AND BY THE COMING OF THE HOLY GHOST, GOOD LORD, DELIVER US."

It will be to be regretted, if the graves of Keble and his loving wife should be longer left, I will not say neglected, (at present there is no reason to fear that,) but without some permanent mark and protection. There may be differences of opinion how that may best be effected; but it is dangerous to rely too much on a continuance of the same warmth of pious feeling with which these graves are now regarded; and the green-sod grave, which is so pleasing to the eye and to the imagination, with its flowers renewed from time to time by pious hands, is yet from its very nature mouldering and perishable. According to the proverb, what is everybody's business is no one's; and after the lapse of a few years, the pilgrim who comes to bend over the grave, may find it difficult, if not impossible, to distinguish it from its neighbours. On the other hand, I agree that there is something almost repulsive to the feelings with which we regard the resting-place of such remains as these, in pressing them down with a heavy mass of stone. Is it impossible to devise something which may permanently mark the spot, and fence it from violation, and yet leave the grave to be seen by those

who visit it, and open to be piously decked from time to time with the flowers, and specially the wild flowers, of the season.

I am not competent to suggest how this may best be done, but let us not lay ourselves open to the imputation of negligent delay now, nor trust too much to the continuing piety of our posterity. Who, (says the Lover at the Grave of his Mistress, in terms not inappropriate to Keble's) :—

"Who, when I am turn'd to clay,
Shall duly to her grave repair,
And pluck the ragged moss away
And weeds that have 'no business there?'

"And who with pious hands shall bring
The flowers she cherish'd, snowdrops cold,
And violets that unheeded spring,
To scatter o'er her hallow'd mould?"

It will not be necessary, I think, for me to enlarge in any detail on Keble's character; however imperfectly I have constructed this narrative, a tolerably accurate notion of that will have been collected from the numerous letters I have printed. These letters do not give, indeed, a full measure of his ability, or of his acquirements; he wrote them rapidly, often when over-fatigued, on the spur of the moment, as the occasion called for them, with no care for the writing, no notion of their being preserved; and

yet I must not shrink from saying that I think they are of high value merely as epistolary compositions; but at all events, they paint him truly as he was.

A biographer is usually expected to try to convey some impression of the person and countenance of his subject; and this is often a most difficult part of his office. It will have been seen that a young lady, to whom I am very much obliged, writes of him in Scotland as "a plain man;" if she intended that he was ugly, or even commonplace, I should venture to differ from her entirely; if she intended that his face was one easily understood, I should also disagree. I look on the opinion of the practised portrait painter as of the highest authority on such a subject; it is his business to study the countenance, and it is part of his art to render its true character. When Mr. Richmond drew the portrait of him in the prime of his manhood, which was afterwards engraved by Mr. S. Cousins, he told me that out of so many as he had drawn, he never found one so difficult to comprehend. Curiously enough, when Mr. Cousins had studied the successful picture, and had brought his engraving to an unsuccessful first proof, he told me he had never met with a more unintelligible portrait, and begged to see the original. Keble and he accordingly breakfasted with me, and afterwards he also gave him a sitting; "Now," said he, "I understand the picture," and he certainly succeeded admirably in his rendering of it. Mr. Rich-

mond, it is well known, drew Keble's head again in old age, and he pronounced it then most beautiful, and beautiful is the drawing, and, though I venture to think a little wanting in strength, also true on the whole. For that is not the true portrait which gives the face as it strikes careless and commonplace beholders, but that which gives to congenial observers in the most agreeable way, I do not say an exceptional gleam of light or beauty, but the look that tells most vividly the characteristic workings of the mind and heart in their best moments.

To me both the portraits are full of deep interest, the earlier and the later both—each brings him back to me as he was; in the earlier, he has some of the merry defiance he could assume in argument; in the latter, I see the sad tenderness of his advanced years. Keble had not regular features; he could not be called a handsome man, but he was one to be noticed anywhere, and remembered long; his forehead and hair beautiful in all ages; his eyes, full of play, intelligence, and emotion, followed you while you spoke; and they lighted up, especially with pleasure, or indignation, as it might be, when he answered you. The most pleasing photograph is one in which he is standing by Mrs. Keble's side; she is sitting with a book in her hand. The later photographs are to me very unpleasant. I will attempt no more particular description, for I feel how little definite I can convey in writing.

But there is a much more important and effectual portrait painting than such as I can give of the countenance, and before I lay down my pen, I must yet crave the indulgence of my readers to an account, as short as I can make it, of him in his ministrations as a Parish Priest. I speak thus guardedly, for I have been helped in this matter so copiously, and authentically, that it is difficult to be very short.

The characteristic of his ministrations in church, or elsewhere, was, as might have been expected, that which was the animating and pervading spirit of all his life, a perfectly simple and sincere sense of his own unworthiness, combined with a hearty conviction that every talent he had received, all his strength, all his time, all his energies, were consecrated to God's service; and that service so high and holy, that it was never to be thought of even but with the most reverential feeling of which he was capable. This last was never more marked than when he was engaged in the administration of the Sacraments. He was not what is commonly called an eloquent reader or preacher; his voice was not powerful, nor his ear perfect for harmony of sound; nor had he in the popular sense great gifts of delivery; but in spite of all this, you could not but be impressed deeply both by his reading and his preaching. When he read, you saw that he felt, and he made you feel, that he was the ordained

servant of God; delivering His words, or leading you, but as one of like infirmities and sins with your own, in your prayers. When he preached, it was with an affectionate almost plaintive earnestness, which was very moving. His sermons were at all times full of that scriptural knowledge which was a remarkable quality in him as a divine. Like one of the old Fathers, he seemed to have caught, by continual and devout study, somewhat of the idiom and manner of Scripture. In passing, let me press on my readers to profit by the sermons now in course of publication by his brother. Several of them were preached almost immediately after his Ordination, when he was not much over twenty-three. I think they will be found remarkable, among other things, for their soundness and moderation, as well as for more popular qualities.

His reverential feelings manifested themselves not merely in church, but in many almost involuntary habits of voice or gesture, in his family prayers, or in conversation, or reading. His hand would in prayer be raised so as to overshadow his eyes, or his voice would sink. Once a friend was about to read to him the daily prayers used by a poor Italian woman; he raised his hand to his forehead in the way I speak of, caught a low chair, and knelt on it, as if that were the only proper position for him while the prayers were read.

It was but a part of this disposition which ap-

peared on many occasions in regard to his deceased father; he clung to *his* old ways; among other things, he always used Bishop Wilson's daily prayers; in the first instance, I believe, because he had used them; and when he meant to accord strongly with some statement of doctrine, he would say, "That seems to me just what my father taught me." Any one who had known his father, or mother, or his sister Sarah, who had died young, was always a welcome visitor at the vicarage.

He spent a considerable portion of his time in the school. I will now give Mr. Young's account n his own words, for I cannot mend them :—

"He was most scrupulous in going to the Sunday School from 9.15 to 10.30, in the morning, and from 2 to 3 in the afternoon. I think it might be truly said, that unless he was hindered by illness, (which happily occurred very rarely,) or by some special call of parochial duty, he never missed during the 30 years he was at Hursley. Besides this, it was his habit for several years to go to the Boys' School every morning soon after 9, and teach the first class until service time at 10, taking them through one part of the Bible after another. On Friday there was an examination in writing in the work which had been done during the week. This he did, whoever might be staying with him, and whatever letters, interesting or perplexing, he might have received. School time often came on him before he was ready, but as soon as he became aware that the clock had struck, away he went. Many of his friends must remember to have seen him hurrying across the Lawn, and

down the Long Walk which led to the School, when he fancied that he was late. But he was never in a hurry in his teaching; he was always patient, both with his Scholars, and with his subject; dealing with it very simply and minutely, yet very deeply and practically. He invariably stood when he was teaching, and that not so much because he thought it gave him more command over the boys' attention, but as it would seem because he fancied it helped to keep him up to the mark, and hindered him from becoming listless. Indeed, in everything he took in hand, if I may venture to say it, he always did his best. He never spared himself any labour of body or mind; but whatever he undertook, a small matter or a great, he did it with all his might, often with much misgiving and complaint, but always with an honest patient endeavour to give his whole mind to it."

In connection with this subject I will insert here an extract from a letter, in which Archdeacon Allen gives me some account of an examination by himself of Keble's school. It occurred a good many years ago, when he was an Inspector of Schools, and it was made at the request of the Bishop:—

"Sir W. Heathcote was present. Mr. Keble watched the examination closely, but did not, so far as I recollect, make a single observation. The children, as I thought, passed an excellent examination, but I did not quite feel at home with them. Perhaps I felt awed by Mr. Keble's silent presence. The examination lasted from two till after five. It was a beautiful summer evening, and Mr. Keble then proposed to walk to a part of the parish, where, if I re-

collect right, he said, the green sand joined the chalk. We mounted a hill without a word. At last Mr. Keble broke silence and said, 'I find that you teach children on a different principle from what I do.' 'Oh,' I said, 'I hope not, please explain; I am sure I must be wrong, and I wish to mend.' 'No, I am not sure that you are wrong; but you teach them analytically, and I teach them synthetically.' I said, 'Your words were perplexing to me, and now I am in still greater perplexity; what can you mean?' 'For example, you asked them what parable teaches us to persevere in prayer under every seeming discouragement; I should have read with them St. Luke xviii. 1—7, and then asked them what lesson do you learn from this?"

I think we must all agree that Keble's mode was the most helpful to children; and this was the spirit of his ordinary dealing with them.

He was always anxious to win their love; and his simplicity and playfulness, as well as his special fondness for the young, made this easy for him; but he was not afraid of sharp rebuke, or discipline, where he thought the circumstances made them proper. The principle which directed his general ministrations, prevailed also in this particular:—

"He never forgot," I am using Mr. Young's words, "that he was a Steward intrusted with the souls of men whom he had to deal with for their good, tenderly, or severely, as there might be occasion, and with the holy things of God, which he was to guard from dishonour."

Lying before me is a letter dated September 9,

1839, to Mr. Wilson, in which, after much about a new and higher school in contemplation, he writes thus characteristically about the parish school :—

"I am more in doubt on that score about the other School, the people here are so utterly averse to discipline. Just think of me last Sunday in humble imitation of you, inflicting a little wholesome Stick Liquorice on Ja. B. and Dick H.; and then on my desiring old R. to repeat the dose on some small culprits yesterday, fancy his flatly refusing, in presence of the whole school, and saying he might be turned off, but he would not do any such thing; although those before punished had shewn themselves, as I told him they would, specially attached to me in consequence. Of course I had nothing to do but to send away the boys and expostulate a little quietly with him; but he was resolved, after his manner, having no doubt been instructed behind the curtain by Mrs. R. So I must get him to resign, and make an amicable retreat, for I shall not at all like to part with him otherwise than friends."

I do not know what became of Dick H., but Ja. B. sometime after was recommended by Keble to a situation, as the best boy in his parish; and he has remained ever since in the same employ, maintaining the highest character, and bearing the best testimony to this wholesome castigation.

Keble's mode of catechizing was, I believe, not a usual one. He did not confine himself to the Church Catechism. He thought any opportunity of display by the children was much to be avoided; he therefore

prepared them carefully beforehand in the questions he meant to ask; if one could not answer a question, he did not put it to another, but helped the one who failed; he always repeated the answers aloud, that the parents might follow the subject intelligently. He usually took a short portion, whether of the Catechism or Scripture; and when the catechizing ended, lectured from the pulpit on what had been the subject of his questioning. He generally took boys and girls on alternate Sundays.

Mr. Young has been so kind as to furnish me with the heads of one or two specimens; it is worth while to give one. He was catechizing girls on Easter Monday, and his object was to shew how little girls might take pattern from St. Mary Magdalene:—

"He first drew from them with some minuteness the several particulars of her history in connection with the Resurrection, and then dwelt on the lessons they should derive from it, e.g. that they should prepare over-night for the work of the next day; that they should rise early; that in their difficulties they should go to those who were set over them; that they should stay by their Lord at all times, or as near Him as possible; if they were unhappy, they should still look after Him, then they would find that He would shew Himself to them in ways they least thought of; as He was with St. Mary Magdalene as a gardener; only they would not be allowed to touch Him all at once. He would train them gradually, and draw them up to Himself; and they must not think it hard, for it was His way with His own Apostles."

This was followed the next day by catechizing the boys on the visit of St. Peter and St. John to the Sepulchre, dealt with in the same way. It may well be understood how practically and how generally useful such a system might be in hands like Keble's. He made a point at all times of the children having their Bibles in church, and following the Lessons; and for some years it was his *daily* custom to call up some of them after the service, and question them for a few minutes in the two chapters which had been read. No wonder the Hursley children had more than the usual knowledge of the Scriptures.

I have already in a former chapter spoken of him in regard to Confirmation; after it, he was always anxious that the young people should not lose sight of him, as he never did of them. His letters when from home are full of enquiries about doubtful young men, or women; and of messages, anxious, yet very considerate :—

"Why was he perfidious with me in not coming to H. C., or, at least, not coming to me to say why he kept away? If you think it more likely to answer, you need only say that I depend on having a call from him as soon as ever I get home."

With regard to the visitation of the sick and poor, and those who were in any trouble, his principle and the spirit of his practice may be summed up with

exact truth in the words of St. Paul, "Ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake." He used habitually to speak of it as waiting on them, and, as I have said before, you could not be any time in the Vicarage as a guest without becoming aware how, without the least ostentation, this principle was acted on as a matter of course; equally, I must add, by husband and wife. In his practice as regarded the distribution of relief, and all perhaps that may be separated from teaching and direct ministering to spiritual wants, he was very glad to commit much to his wife and other assistants; in them he placed the most generous confidence, and gave them a wide discretion. This arose in part from his self-distrust; when consulted by them, he would say, "You will do it better than I can direct;" or, "I am sure to say the wrong thing;" but then they made the fullest communications to him; and his knowledge of persons and circumstances was remarkable. One lady, (and at the expense of giving her perhaps a moment's pain, I am bound in justice to mention her name, Miss Baker,) with many other important calls on her time, yet worked under him in this way for seventeen years; he would suggest to her cases, but he left her to work under the most general instructions; suggestions they might rather be called; she reported to him what she did, and he listened with the deepest interest, sometimes with tears in his eyes. When he was absent, she wrote to him; and if she were ab-

sent, he communicated with her on the subject of the poor :—

"Many thanks," writes he on one occasion from Penzance, "for your account of the people. Poor dear W. H. I was sorry to lose him out of the place, and I feel this more of a loss: he is one of those who have twined themselves round one's Hursley's memories. I am glad his wife did a good part by him at last. I am glad also about J. S., in whom I have always thought there was much good. My heart aches a little about the poor S—'s, especially since I feel that I have neglected them. It is also but one instance out of many. Our kind Christmas love to you, all and each, from top to toe."

Writing to her when he was at home, and she absent, he says :—

"We have had two deaths since I saw you. T. G., Mrs. F.'s servant, about the most exemplary young man in the place, was cut off last Sunday by something like diptheria, after two days' illness; and poor dear W. B. died the day before yesterday, and is to be buried on Sunday. It is very pleasant to see his family, wife and all the sons and daughters, in what a Christian way they have waited on and spoken of him all along, and I am much comforted about him."

These extracts, taken by themselves, may be said to shew nothing remarkable, but it is to be remembered they are but specimens of what was his ordinary course. And it continued to the end; in the last month of his life, when he might have seemed borne down by incessant care for his suf-

fering wife, and his own unheeded increase of disorderment, Miss Baker visited Bournemouth; he saw her every day during her stay, talked over individual cases with her, and grudged no time so spent.

Working by others, however, did not prevent him from occupying himself much in personal visitation; in this he was unwearied, in all weathers, at all hours; and sometimes to the injury of his own health. His was truly a ministry of consolation, and of cheering; he had consideration for all the special circumstances of each person under his charge. There was, for example, a poor cripple, deaf and dumb, whom he constantly found time to visit, because the man thought he could understand the motion of his lips; and he would hold conversations with him besides, by writing on a slate; then to amuse him in his solitary life, he would set him sums on the slate when he went away, and look them over at his next visit, and correct them.

He "made friends," as one may say, with the inmates of the Workhouse, especially the old men, and was frequent in his visits there. He got them to the Daily Services, and, seating them on the front benches, addressed himself specially to them, as he read the second Lesson, reading slowly, and with pauses, almost as if he were alone with them, and were speaking to them. He was rewarded not seldom by finding how much they learned of the Gospels in this way.

Indeed his manner of reading the Scriptures was remarkable: so simple, that your first impression of it was that it was the reading of a very intelligent and reverent child, yet so good, that he made you understand them more, I think, than any one else. At the same time he conveyed to you in some measure his own feeling of reverence. He always paused before he began, and would often raise his hand to his forehead in the manner I have described before; and so again at the close, he paused before he said, "Here endeth," &c.

He had made a little service by way of help and suggestion to himself, for the visitation of the sick:—

"He commonly began," here again I use Mr. Young's own words, "with the first Prayer for Good Friday, 'this Thy servant' being substituted for 'this Thy family;' then there would be always some kind of Confession, very frequently the 51st Psalm, (indeed I believe he very seldom, if ever, said prayers with any sick person without introducing some verses at least of that Psalm); then came the prayers in the Visitation Service, and often Collects, special petitions being introduced here and there to suit the particular case, sometimes in his own words, sometimes in the words of the Psalms, or of the Prayer-book. When death was imminent, over and above the Commendatory Prayer, I have known him repeat at intervals verses or passages of Scripture, interspersed with short suffrages and ejaculations, extending over a considerable space of time.

"In cases of prolonged sickness he tried to pay his visit

on particular days, that it might be expected and prepared for; and if the sick person were near at hand, he would visit as nearly as possible at the same hour every day, his wish being in this as in every thing else, to adapt himself to what he thought would be most acceptable to those for whom he ministered. One case I specially remember of an old woman, whom he went to visit in this way every evening regularly, just before she settled for the night."

The Daily Services he prized much for others; for himself they were refreshment and delight, never palling; he never failed to attend when at home unless absolutely prevented, and if he could only be at part of the service he went to that.

His population was scattered over a considerable area, and after Morning Service he would commonly arrange with his curates what cases each were to visit in the course of the day; not that he entirely gave up any districts to them; for he made a point, so long as he was able, of visiting each himself in the course of every week, walking while he was strong enough, and latterly driving.

In all these ministrations great simplicity and paternal loving-kindness were the characteristics, especially in the administration of the Holy Eucharist to the sick; he would shake hands with all present, and if any neighbours attended, he always thanked them for so doing:—

"The lack of a regular system of discipline he tried to

supply in such ways as he could, making a point of finding some opportunity of reproving notorious offenders, and setting some mark upon them in the hope (to use his own frequent quotation) 'that by making their faces ashamed, they might be led to seek the Lord.' On some occasions, in the case of disgraceful marriages, he has substituted for the exhortation or sermon in the Marriage Service a short address, in which he remonstrated earnestly and plainly with the young people. Little were they whom he then, or at other times reproved, aware of the intense anxiety with which he watched their look and bearing under reproof."

I am afraid I have been long on this part of my subject, but if my readers could see the interesting store which lies before me, and from which perhaps I have not made the best selection after all, they would, I believe, forgive me. But I must not any longer abuse their indulgence, and enough has been done I trust upon the whole, to satisfy them that if Keble was a scholar, a divine, a remarkably gifted poet, if he were exemplary as a friend, a brother, son, and husband, so he was admirable in the discharge of his duties as a parish priest. These last, without unwisely weighing one obligation against another, he did esteem most pressing; he thought his calling beyond all others holy, his mission in our Church from supreme authority, his task such as he never could believe he performed, or could perform, except imperfectly and unworthily. But as he adored the greatness and majesty, so he lovingly trusted

in the mercy of his Master, Redeemer, and Comforter.

WHAT I could do in writing the story of this dear friend I have now done, and I can truly say that the severest judgment which can be passed on my workmanship will hardly be more severe than I am conscious of its deserving. But I will say no more of this. I must not finally lay down my pen before I have reverted to the sick room at Bournemouth. There, for about six weeks, to the surprise of all, Mrs. Keble still lingered, waiting in suffering and great weakness, yet without impatience, the summons which she earnestly desired. It was vouchsafed to her on the 11th of May, and on the 18th she was laid by her husband's side; a double grave had been prepared in the first instance. The order of her funeral was arranged according to that of his, except that her own female friends bore her pall.

At the time of her death I inserted a short notice of her in the "Guardian;" no one I believe questioned that what I said of her was true; but more than one well-qualified judge pronounced it insufficient, and as doing her scant justice on the whole. Two of them were ladies, who spoke upon a knowledge of her much more intimate than my own; they had known her in the parish, in society, in her own house, in health, such as she was ever granted, and in sickness; they were certainly right. I unavoidably wrote

in haste, and did not recall to my mind all that even I myself had been witness to.

She was indeed, as I then said, a genuinely kind, humble-hearted, affectionate, and pious woman; and she adapted herself with zeal to the special calls made on her as Keble's wife: with him she identified herself as much as she could; his friends were her friends; in his duties she took her proper part, cheerfully making exertions that were almost beyond her strength; his principles she took for her own; and with the truest sense of what an interval existed between him and herself, she yet laboured in all things to be his helpmate.

The schools, the poor, the sick of Hursley, must long remember her with affectionate gratitude; the neighbours, the friends, the surviving relatives of both must long cherish the memory of her, who contributed with such grace and lively cheerfulness to adorn and render completely delightful the Vicarage of Hursley; and so filled up the measure of the happiness of John Keble's life.

All this is true; but it fails to convey an adequate notion with how sound an intellect and firm purpose she contributed not seldom to support her husband in doubts and difficulties; and how she cheered and gave him confidence when he too much distrusted himself, or looked despondingly on efforts he might be making to accomplish great objects.

Nor does it by any means do justice to the won-

derful piety and cheerful resignation with which she bore for so many years the trial laid on her by disease, always wearing and weakening her, often acute to the last degree. Truly might be said of her what I once ventured to say of another dear sufferer:—

> "— Her smiles at daily greeting cheer
> The hearts whence hope hath well-nigh flown;
> Her smiles; and yet she had a tear
> For every sorrow but her own."

Requiescant in pace.

POSTSCRIPT.

I HAD requested my son, the present Solicitor-General, to furnish me with his recollections of his last interview with J. Keble. Too late, however, to enable him to comply with my wish in time to insert the answer in its proper place in the text: I add it therefore as a Postscript:—

"1, SUSSEX SQUARE,
St. Stephen, 1868.

"You ask me, my dear father, to do the most difficult thing in the world, to put down simply upon paper what I recollect of my last sight of Mr. Keble. The impression of it is indelible, but I have not the power of conveying to others that which made it so. So much depends in such a matter on looks, on silence, on manner, on the reverence which education had implanted, and which knowledge ripened and strengthened; on a thousand things which words cannot convey, and can hardly even suggest; that I am afraid I can be of little service to you. But this is what I can remember.

"Being on the Circuit at Winchester, and my work being over, I went on the 17th or 18th July, 1865, to Hursley, to see Mr. Keble. The Oxford University contest was just over, and Mr. Hardy had been elected; a result which Mr. Keble had done his best to prevent, and which, with all his respect for (and every one must respect) Mr. Hardy's character and ability, he regarded as disastrous to the University and to the Church.

"I found Mr. Keble, in spite of his late illness, as bright in manner, and as clear in judgment, as ever I had seen him. His faculties were quite unclouded, and all his con-

versation, though full of grief at the result of the Oxford contest, yet full also of hope for the future, and with much of his old playful humour in it. He was weak in body, as I could see, and after a little while spent with him, I was afraid of tiring him, and said that I should go to call on Sir William Heathcote at the Park, and that I would come back and bid him Good-bye. In spite of all I could say, he would go with me, and we walked through his own little wicket into the Park, and thence across the grass under the walnut-trees to the House, he enjoying the sunshine and the air, and I the kindness, perhaps I may presume to say the affection, which he shewed me then as always, and which I recall always with gratitude, yet with a sense of self-reproach. He talked on various, but chiefly on domestic subjects; of my wife and children; of my own prospects; of you; of the Dysons; of Sir William Heathcote; and, lastly, with great warmth of regard and admiration, of Mr. Gladstone. I have no note of what he said, and though the whole impression is distinct, I do not pretend to be able to recall the details. We stood for some time talking at the door of Sir William's house, and then he walked back alone. I called at the Vicarage on my way from the Park to the village, and saw him for the last time. The short walk had tired him, and he was lying down to rest on the sofa, (a thing most unusual with him,) but he got up, walked with me down to the village; and so we parted. There was, I am sure, no trace of failing then to be discerned in his apprehension, or judgment, or discourse. He was an old man who had been very ill, who was still physically weak, and who needed care; but he was the same Mr. Keble I had always known, and whom, for aught that appeared, I might hope still to know for many years to come. Little bits of his tenderness, flashes of his fun, glimpses of his austerer side, I seem to recall, but I cannot put them

upon paper; any words at my command would coarsen the impression, and blur the image. Of this last meeting, little as this is, I can say no more.

"Perhaps, however, it may be worth while putting down two little bits of his character, which I do remember freshly, though they belong to earlier dates. Once I remember walking with him just the same short walk from his house to Sir William's, and our conversation fell upon Charles I., with regard to whose truth and honour I had used some expressions in a review which had, as I heard, displeased him. I referred to this, and he said it was true. I replied that I was very sorry to displease him by anything I said or thought; but that if the Naseby Letters were genuine, (to go no further into argument,) I could not think that what I said was at all too strong, and that a man could but do his best to form an honest opinion upon historical evidence, and if he had to speak, to express that opinion. On this he said, I remember with a tenderness and humility not only most touching, but to me most embarrassing, that 'It might be so; what was he to judge of other men; he was old, and things were now looked at very differently; that he knew he had many things to unlearn, and to learn afresh; and that I must not mind what he had said, for that in truth belief in the heroes of his youth had become part of him.' I am afraid these are my words, and not his, and I cannot give his way of speaking, which to any one with a heart, I think, would have been as overcoming as it was to me.

"The other matter was this, and I mention it not only because it struck me very much at the time, but because it is an instance of that severer part of Mr. Keble's character, which appeared indeed but rarely, but which was there, and which all who knew him well, knew to be

there. We were walking together in London in the year 1851, and I was telling him how much I had been impressed with the difficulties as to the inspiration of Holy Scripture, which were growing stronger, and spreading more widely day by day; and that it seemed to me this would shortly become the great religious question of the time. I added that there was not, as far as I knew, any theory or statement on the subject which even attempted to be philosophical, except Coleridge's, in his 'Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit;' and that I wished Mr. Keble, or some one as competent as he, would take up the subject and deal with it intellectually and thoroughly. He shewed great dislike to the discussion, and put it aside several times, and on my pressing it upon him, he answered shortly, that most of the men who had difficulties on this subject were too wicked to be reasoned with. Most likely he thought that a young man's forwardness and conceit needed rebuke, and he administered it accordingly; but besides this, it was an instance of that in him which would be called severity or intolerance. I do not pretend to say that it would be wrongly called so, but it is certain that there are distinct indications of this spirit in the writings of St. Paul and St. John; and I suppose that the more absolute and the more certain the faith a man has in religious doctrine, the more probable it is that he will be intolerant of doubt in others.

"Such, (without breaking the sacred seal of personal and tender memories,) is all I can find to send you of my recollections of Mr. Keble. It is not worth sending, but I send it in the hope of contributing in the very smallest degree to a memoir by my father of one, whom his son was taught as a child to revere, and whom he revered when he grew up, both because he was taught and because he saw the wisdom of the teaching. J. D. C."

APPENDIX.

"North Witham,
July 18, 1867.

"My dear Sir,

"..... I have endeavoured to make some memoranda on the several points you mentioned to me. But when I come to look at them, I am grieved and ashamed at their meagreness, and I fear they will be useless. Perhaps, however, if you could send them to Wilson, they might suggest something to him, and he would confirm, or correct, or supplement what I have said. I know he has several letters on parochial matters. He has been abroad, as perhaps you know, all the winter; but he is now in London, and hopes to be at home next week.

"I do not know enough of our dearest friend's actual ministrations to the sick to enable me to say what his uniform practice was. But, putting together directions which he has given to me from time to time, and allusions he has made to what he has himself said or done on particular occasions, I may say that, besides the passages of Scripture which he used to read or repeat, and which he made the foundation of whatever remark, in the way of encouragement, instruction, or warning, he wished to make, his prayers by the bedside were in each case a little office, made for the occasion out of the prayers and collects and Psalms of the Prayer-book. His father, he once told me, never used any other prayers than those of the Visitation Service, but it was his own habit to range freely over the whole Prayer-book. His service, so to call it, commonly began with the first prayer for Good Friday, 'this Thy servant' being sub-

stituted for 'this Thy family:' then there would be always some kind of confession, very frequently the fifty-first Psalm, (indeed, I believe he very seldom, if ever, said prayers with any sick person without introducing some verses at least of that Psalm); then came the prayers in the Visitation Service and other collects, special petitions being introduced here and there to suit the particular case, sometimes in his own words, sometimes in the words of the Psalms or of the Prayer-book. When death was imminent, over and above the Commendatory Prayer prescribed in the Visitation Service, I have known him repeat at intervals verses or passages of Scripture, interspersed with short suffrages and ejaculations, extending over a considerable space of time. In later years I believe he has made more use of books of devotion, and not uncommonly he has read passages from Bishop Wilson, Jeremy Taylor (Holy Living and Dying), and Challoner. This last was always a great favourite with him.

"In his pastoral work generally, while he had, as every one knows, a strong sense of the dignity of the Priesthood, his chief personal feeling, if I may venture to say so, was that which S. Paul expresses, when he says, 'Ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake.' A very common form of expression with him, with regard to sick persons, was that of *waiting* on them. He held himself at the service of any of his parishioners, at any time, and almost for any purpose. He accounted himself their 'minister,' whose duty (and delight) it was to help them in any way. In cases of prolonged sickness he tried to pay his visit on particular days, that it might be expected and prepared for: and if the sick person were near at hand, he would visit him as nearly as possible at the same hour every day, his wish being, in this as in everything else, to adapt himself to what he thought would be most acceptable to those for whom he ministered.

One case I specially remember of an old woman, whom he used to visit in this way every evening regularly for some time, just before she settled for the night.

"At the same time he never forgot that he was a steward, entrusted both with the souls of men, whom he had to deal with for their good, tenderly or severely, as there might be occasion, and with the holy things of God, which he was to guard from dishonour. Hence he was very plain-spoken, sometimes stern, in his treatment of sinners, where there were no signs of humility; though, as you may suppose, no one could be more tender to those whose consciences were seriously alarmed. The lack of a regular system of discipline he tried to supply in such ways as he could, making a point of finding some opportunity of reproving notorious offenders and setting some mark upon them, in the hope (to use his own frequent quotation) that "by making their faces ashamed, they might be led to seek the Lord." On some occasions, in the case of disgraceful marriages, he has substituted for the exhortation or sermon in the Marriage Service a short address, in which he remonstrated earnestly and plainly with the young people. Little were they whom he then, or at other times, reproved aware of the intense anxiety with which he watched their look and bearing under reproof.

"Every member of his flock was a charge to him; but his main anxiety, it may perhaps be said, was for the young men and women, and the very old. It is remarkable what a large number of aged persons could be reckoned up whom he visited regularly for periods of varying length, but in several cases for many years, and for whom he entertained the deepest respect and affection. Their death was to him the loss of personal friends, and he loved to recall their sayings or anything characteristic in their dress or manner. The thought of the simple goodness of many of them was

one of his chief joys. I shall never forget the delight and thankful reverence with which he told me of one of them, an old man of a singularly thoughtful and religious tone of mind, who said to him on one occasion, when he went to see him, 'I have just been at the foot of the Cross, looking up and praying for pardon.' A short extract from one of his letters will illustrate his thoughts and feelings about the old people: 'The chief Hursley news is the death of dear old Dame H., with whom at the last, and for a good time before, all seemed more peaceful than I expected. You know how low and disturbed she used to be at times about her spiritual condition. I always dreaded this getting worse: but it pleased God to remove it entirely for a long while, months, before she died, and nothing could be more peaceful, and as it seemed more full of humble quiet devotion, till she sank away, by F. A.'s account, "like a baby from the breast."' 'It is startling about Mrs. C.; but somehow I can fancy that (please God) it was not so startling to her. Would that it may not pass away as in a dream from the rest of them.'

"The following refer to young persons: 'Give my love to J. C., poor fellow: I trust I shall see him again; but I should not wonder if his decay were now very rapid.' 'I am very sorry indeed about L., seeing I had utterly neglected her, or nearly so. Please to tell me anything you can hear about her, and say something kind to her mother for me. I have always been looking forward to instructing her for Confirmation, and this has come quite suddenly upon me.' 'I hope you will manage to see M. A. B. now and then, and give her a few verses of a Psalm to learn, and talk to her. This nursing work may do her the greatest good.' 'J. D. is getting *very ill indeed* with a complaint of the lungs, and will soon, I expect, take to his bed. I hope he is "answering to the scourge."'

"Here is another extract which will shew his interest in everything that concerned his people: 'At present I have scarce time for more than a message to Mrs. B. Pray tell her, with my very kind regards, that I very much advise her to be content with C.'s remaining in the army. It seems as if Providence had led him there for his good, since he has improved so much; and if he got his discharge and came back among his old companions, I should very much fear he might fall again into his old bad ways, and then Mrs. B. would be blaming herself for it. It is far better to let well alone, and instead of being unhappy, to thank God for the chance of his being "a devout soldier," instead of a dissolute young tradesman. I do hope that she will be led to view the matter in this light, for I am sure it would be far better. Perhaps it would be a good plan to point out to her how much there is in the Bible about soldiers serving God,—Cornelius, the good Centurion, and others, David, Joshua, Jonathan, &c.'

"The two following extracts also may be interesting:—

"'I am very much concerned about poor W., and sorry to be away; yet perhaps it may be the better chance for him, as one temptation to be irritable is removed by my absence. And it is a great comfort that he listens patiently, and is subdued in his temper, more or less. I do not see that you can do better with him than read the commandments as Wilson suggests, and I think it likely that you will be able to draw from him the sort of confession one has heard from M. and others, that he has broken them all but the sixth, and perhaps the eighth. He ought to be pressed about the sixth, for I am afraid his unkindness to his wife broke her spirits, and led her to that course which ruined her health, and ended in her death. The matter of her funeral was, that I doubted whether to read the service, she being so notorious for drinking and neglect of the church; only as

she permitted me to be sent for, and expressed some sort of penitence, I did not think myself justified in treating her as an excommunicated person. But I wrote a note to her brother, explaining exactly how I felt, and hoping they would consider the event as a warning. I left it to their discretion, whether they would read it to W. or no; they did, and he was very angry, and threatened to write to the bishop. However we got to be on speaking terms again. I have since seen him once (if not oftener) very drunk, and swearing wretchedly. I would read to him, I think, such places as Rev. xx. 11—15, our Lord's parables and prophecies about the day of judgment, and St. Paul's catalogue of deadly sins; and then, if he is clearly alarmed and softened, you might refer to the Prodigal Son, the penitent woman, &c. I am afraid you will hardly bring him to much of a special confession, but you will be quite able to judge from time to time; and if he wishes for the H. C., perhaps Wilson had better see him too, at least if you are doubtful.' 'I got your letter to-day, and was very glad of it; the report of poor W. was on the whole better than I expected. I think it very likely that my absence may be a good thing. If you have an opportunity, will you give him a kind message from me, and say how thankful I shall be if he prove truly penitent. I suppose the great point will be to convince him that it must be very doubtful whether his penitence would prove true, if he recovered, and therefore he *must* go on in fear and trembling to the end. He should clearly understand, I suppose, that any wish for the Communion must come entirely from him; that we cannot, under the circumstances, take on us to press it.' (July 8 and 14, 1842.)

"When he first heard that one of his parishioners had become a Mormonite, he wrote, 'I am vexed about those unhappy Mormonites, more especially as I never yet did

anything of a shepherd's part by the —— family. Do tell me anything that passes with regard to them. From what you say I am afraid it is likely to be a very troublesome set, almost as diabolically suited to our Anglo-Saxon cravings now, as the Koran in its time to those of the Eastern Christians.' (July, 1851.)

"He took great pains in preparing the young people for confirmation; sometimes, as soon as one confirmation was over, making a list of those whose turn would come next, and at all times beginning the preparation several months beforehand. His usual course was to go through in order, first, the Baptismal Service, then the Catechism, then the Confirmation Service, and lastly, the office for Holy Communion; he took a certain portion each time, making perhaps twenty or thirty lessons on the whole. He usually wrote down on a paper three or four passages of Scripture bearing on the subject of the next lesson, which he required to be learnt by heart, or carefully studied, and he was always very particular in ascertaining whether the lesson, as he called it, had been attended to. Wherever it was practicable, he led his pupils up to their first communion immediately after confirmation, but in many cases he was satisfied if they promised to continue under instruction. One class of boys came to him for more than a twelvemonth, and read through with him different parts of the Bible, according to their own choice, before he could persuade them to turn their minds distinctly to preparation for Holy Communion. I believe his rule as to refusing to recommend for confirmation those who would not pledge themselves to communicate became stricter as years passed on; but I should say generally, that he was always very much guided by circumstances in regard to his adherence to particular rules. At one confirmation (October, 1853) he required the candidates to put their names to the following paper: 'In the presence of

Almighty God, I, A. B., seriously declare, that I am turning my mind towards Holy Communion; that I hope, before very long, by God's mercy, to be fit for it; that I will pray to God to make me fit; and that I will come to Mr. Keble or Mr. Young from time to time, if they wish me to do so, to have their advice about coming or staying away.' He was most anxious to retain his hold on the young persons who had been under his instruction, and never lost an opportunity of intercourse with them. I find two short references to one young fellow, whom he would fain keep with him: 'If you see anything of the ——, will you enquire after T., and say I was much disappointed at not seeing or hearing from him before we came away.' 'There are two things I have been forgetting to mention to you; one is T. S., whom I neglected to see before we came out. If you have a good opportunity, will you find out how he is going on, and why he was perfidious with me in not coming to H. C., or at least not coming to me to say why he has kept away. If you think it more likely to answer, you need only say that I depend on having a call from him as soon as ever I get home.' (July, 1856.)

"I enclose the address which he sent from Penzance to the newly-confirmed at the last confirmation in 1865; it was delivered to them on the day of confirmation. I send also a copy of a short form of prayer, which he drew up for the use of persons preparing for their first communion, and which at one time he used regularly with his pupils. He was particularly happy, as you know, in his catechizing, the chief characteristics of which, as it seems to me, were the reverent honesty with which he kept close to the passage of Scripture with which he was dealing, and the simple manner in which he drew out its meaning. I remember one Easter Monday catechizing, in which his object was to shew how little girls might take pattern by St. Mary

Magdalene. He first drew from them with some minuteness the several particulars of her history in connexion with the resurrection, and then dwelt on the lessons to be derived from it; e.g. that they should prepare over-night for the work of the next day, that they should rise early, that in their difficulties they should go to those who were set over them, that they should stay by our Lord at all times, or as near Him as possible: if they were unhappy, they should still look after Him; then they would find that He would shew Himself to them in ways they least thought of, as He was with St. Mary Magdalene as a gardener, and with the Nazarenes as a carpenter; only they would not be allowed to touch Him all at once. He would train them gradually, and draw them up to Himself. And they must not think it hard, for it was His way with His own Apostles. The next day he catechized the boys, and the subject was the visit of St. Peter and St. John to the sepulchre. Boys usually (he said) hear of the Resurrection and other great Christian truths first from women; if they are good boys, they make haste to mind what they are told. The innocent come first to the apprehension of those truths; but the penitent, feeling their need, seek to enter more deeply into it. Then, because they seek relief for themselves, they are disappointed at finding Christ's clothes, and not Himself; and they wonder, and sometimes doubt. The others believe and are satisfied, being made up of simple love. Both go home, that is, to their own duties, to wait and see what He will do next with them. The women on the contrary stay near the grave, to satisfy their feelings. Both are right, and both blessed, because both are in Him and for Him. He generally took boys and girls alternately, preparing them, for the most part, beforehand for the questions he was about to ask in church. He rather made a point of this previous preparation, as

tending to check any disposition to self-conceit or forwardness. I may mention that he was very particular about the children having their Bibles in church and following the Lessons, and for some years it was his daily custom to call up a few of them after the service was over, and question them for a few minutes in the two chapters which had been read.

"A considerable portion of his time was spent in the School. He was most scrupulous in going to the Sunday School from 9.15 to 10.30 in the morning, and from 2 to 3 in the afternoon. I think it might be truly said, that unless he was hindered by illness (which happily occurred very rarely), or by some special call of parochial duty, he never missed, during the thirty years he was at Hursley. Besides this, it was his habit for several years to go to the boys' school every morning soon after 9 and teach the first class until service-time at 10, taking them through one part of the Bible after another. On Friday there was an examination in writing in the work which had been done during the week. This he did, whoever might be staying with him, and whatever letters, interesting or perplexing, he might have received. School-time often came on him before he was ready, but as soon as he became aware that the clock had struck, away he went. Many of his friends must remember to have seen him hurrying across the lawn and down the Long Walk which led to the school, when he fancied that he was late. But he was never in a hurry in his teaching; he was always patient, both with his scholars and with his subject, dealing with it very simply and minutely, yet very deeply and practically. He invariably stood when he was teaching, and that, not so much because he thought it gave him more command over the boys' attention, but, as it would seem, because he fancied it helped to keep him up to the mark, and hindered him from

becoming listless. Indeed, in everything he took in hand, if I may venture to say it, he always did his best. He never spared himself any labour of body or of mind, but whatever he undertook, a small matter or a great, he did it with his might, often with much misgiving and complaint, but always with an honest, patient endeavour to give his whole mind to it. Thus his dread of any kind of self-indulgence was a balance to that profound humility, which was perhaps his chief characteristic. He was always busy, though without the pretence, or even the appearance of business. Indeed, so various were his occupations and so willing was he to be interrupted, that a stranger might almost think him desultory in his habits; but every one acquainted with him knows how *very* scrupulous he was never to lose any time. He was always engaged, he always had something to do, and he set to it at once without delay. Continuous application to one thing was scarcely possible under his circumstances, and he never looked for it; but whenever he had anything special in hand, either in the way of reading or writing, he stuck to it closely till it was done. If he were reading a book that interested him, he would carry it about with him and read it at odds and ends of time, so that it was astonishing how quickly he got through it, though perhaps he had not been able to attend to it at any one time for an hour together. In this way he read almost everything that came into the house. If he were engaged in writing, his mind became thoroughly engrossed with his subject; it was always in his thoughts; and though he seldom, if ever, suspended his ordinary work, but paid his pastoral visits and taught his classes at home as at other times, these things did not seem to distract him; he returned at once to his work, just as if it had not been discontinued, and he would sit down to write, when he had only a few minutes to spare, as readily

as he would take up a book. He usually wrote on the backs of letters or stray pieces of paper, numbering each slip, and securing the loose papers in a clasp; and then he, or more frequently perhaps Mrs. Keble, made a fair copy for the printer. He very rarely made use of his study, except for private interviews; he greatly preferred to bring his books and papers into the drawing-room, and there he used to write, seemingly undisturbed by any reading or conversation that was going on. Nothing, however, escaped him; he knew all that was said, and was as much interested or provoked by the book that was being read, as if he had had nothing else to attend to; at the same time that his own special work went on as effectually and as rapidly as if there had been nothing to distract him. Once, and once only, I remember his shutting himself up in his study, to avoid interruption. It was the day before the consecration of the church (in 1848), his sermon for the evening of the next day was scarcely begun, and there were so many things to be attended to, that he was in despair, and felt that the only chance of the sermon being ready was to lock himself up for two or three hours, and give strict orders that no one was to go to him on any pretence whatever. In this way he was able (to use a common expression of his) to 'break the back' of his sermon, and to give his mind without discomfort to other matters.

"There was a small Workhouse at Hursley, which was a special object of care and interest to him. The inmates were chiefly old and infirm. At one time they were allowed to go to the Daily Service, and he often remarked with pleasure on the large acquaintance which some of them shewed with the Gospel history from hearing it continually in church. It was a great grief to him, when, in consequence of some misbehaviour, the permission was withdrawn. I send you a form of Morning Prayer, which he

drew up for use in the House, and which is still used. The Evening Prayer was prepared, but I doubt whether it was ever printed; certainly it is not used.

"I can scarcely venture to hope that these recollections will be of much service to you. For your and others' sake, I could almost wish that some one else had had the opportunities which I had. But I suppose it would be impossible for any one, by a mere statement of general facts or of single incidents, to give any true notion of that wonderful humility, which however was ever bold,—at times even forward,—in defence of truth and duty, of that consideration and reverence for others which never became softness or blind partiality, and that exquisite keenness of feeling, whether of love or indignation, which was always tempered by wisdom and good sense. Still it is a real sorrow to me to find that I am of so much less use to you than I ought to be in drawing a picture which, if drawn to the life, might have so much influence for good. . . . .

"Believe me, with very sincere respect and gratitude,

"Yours faithfully,

"PETER YOUNG."

"Mr. Keble had so little method in directing any lay-helpers who worked under him in his parish, that it is difficult to give an idea of his way of employing them. He gave no accurate directions; partly from his great humility; he used to say, 'I am always sure to say the wrong thing.' He would not even divide the work regularly amongst two or three who wished to engage in it, or assign certain portions of it to each; and in the end it fell almost entirely to one person, who worked under him for seventeen years. But he did not give her any rules or directions, except by occasionally recommending to her particular cases, if he thought it likely that she would be of use to them; and even then anything he said was in the way of a hint, which she might take or leave. To all her reports of the poor under her care, and to every minute particular concerning them, he used to listen with the deepest interest, often with tears in his eyes; and when absent, it was his habit to write carefully about each case brought before him."

Here I omit the extracts from two letters which I have already printed in my text.

"During the last months of Mr. Keble's life, the friend to whom they were written visited Bournemouth; he sent for her every day, and talked to her for a long time, enquiring carefully for individual cases. Especially (indeed this might be said of him always) you could never weary him, when talking of what concerned the sick; he never seemed to grudge time spent in any way which might

comfort or even amuse them. To one deaf cripple in his parish he was a constant visitor, because the man thought he could understand the motion of his lips; he used also to hold conversations with him by writing on a slate, and to set him sums to amuse him, looking over and correcting them himself at his next visit.

"Although he did not apportion work for his lay-helpers, he was careful to do so for himself and his Curates; generally arranging with them after Morning Service where each should go to in the course of the day; not that he gave up any districts to them, for all were visited in turn by himself. There are seven hamlets in the parish (besides outlying cottages), the nearest one mile, the farthest three miles distant; these were generally all gone through in the course of each week, so that everything was brought under his eye. If anything escaped him which he thought he ought to have known, he was much distressed, and blamed himself for it. He often read when he walked alone about the parish; when accompanied in these walks by any young person his talk was almost always of the sights and sounds around them; of the clouds and the pictures in them, the birds and their notes, the sweet odours in the air; or if the bells were ringing he used to make up sentences which he fancied they were saying. In a letter from Penzance, Mrs. Keble writes, 'the cloudland here is a great pleasure to my husband.' The 'low sweet tones of nature's lyre,' always soothed and comforted him; and the rest and refreshment which he found in the visible creation greatly contributed to preserve his health amidst the deep anxieties of his later years, caused by those sorrows of the Church, which were always *his* sorrows. Sometimes indeed his friends, when eager to discuss some Church matter with him, have been disappointed to find that his mind was too full just then of some harmony of nature, or else that he

was too much engrossed by some child who happened to be in the room, to give them full attention. Once when this was apparent, and he had not seemed interested in an important subject about which a friend was very eager, he answered, 'I am afraid I have been thinking of nothing, but how very beautiful the situation of that monastery which you described must be!'

"He generally made his parochial visits on foot until the last two years; after his illness, Mrs. Keble did not like him to be alone, and she drove him about in a little donkey carriage. He seemed to realize so vividly that each of his parishioners was his own special charge, that no duties elsewhere, or public affairs, were allowed to interfere with a watchful and anxious care for them, only to be compared to that which a father feels for his children. To them first, as to all in order who ever in earnest sought his counsel, his thought seemed always to be 'ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake.' Those to whom such service was at any time rendered, will remember all their lives the loving gentleness with which it was done, especially his kindness and tenderness to those in trouble, and his penitence if he thought he had neglected or wounded any one, asking pardon for it, with tears in his eyes; so that his friends learned more from the example of his humility and love than even from his direct teaching. He thought much of helping others by praying for them, and a few—very few—may have some idea how much time he spent thus for any in sickness or trouble; he made some rule about dividing those for whom he made intercession, praying for them at different times in the day. He said of one who was ill in his parish, but of whom he could not for various reasons see much, 'I am afraid he thinks I neglect him, but indeed I don't; every day I think of him and pray for him, and *for a good while*.' Especially he set much store

on the common intercession of the people in church, asking it for many things, as, once, when a guest was leaving him, 'For one about to leave this place;' and always, before every Litany, 'For the Church of England in her very great and continued distress, by reason of unhappy divisions among us; for those in any doubt, trouble, or perplexity of mind; for the Churches of South Africa and New Zealand; and among sick people, especially for ——.' He always carefully considered the people in his parish, especially the old and poor, before making any change in the arrangement of the service. In 1864 a Bishop had talked to him of the advisableness of omitting the reading of the Commandments, &c., at the Morning Service, when there had already been an early Communion: in talking the subject over afterwards, though much wishing never to use the beginning of that office without celebrating, he said, 'I am afraid if I were to adopt the Bishop's plan here, that old Mrs. ——, who cannot come to early Communion, would miss the Commandments and Epistle and Gospel on the Sundays when there is not a late celebration.' He was very cautious and gentle in his dealings with any in his parish who were quarrelsome or hard to manage, waiting until he found some opportunity of doing them good. There were some in the village who were rude and rough to him, but he went patiently away, and came again after a time.

"Some speeches, however, not of rudeness to himself but such as he thought shewed a hard and unloving mind, especially towards relations, occasionally grated upon and aggravated him more than he could bear: he never seemed able to forget them, and might almost be said to be a little hard on two or three of whom he once formed a bad opinion.

"He was a very frequent visitor to the inmates of the

workhouse, who were chiefly old men. One of those to whom he had been kind was asked after he had left Hursley whether he had been happy there; his answer was, 'Happy? that's no word for it; I seemed to myself to be saying all day long, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth."' Mr. Keble was pleased to find that these old men learned much of the Gospels by coming to church on week-days; they sat on the front benches, and in reading the Second Lesson he addressed himself, as it were, especially to them, turning towards them and reading slowly and with pauses, almost as if he were alone with them and were speaking to them. His manner of reading Holy Scripture was very remarkable: in its extreme simplicity it was like that of a reverent child, and yet probably all who were in the habit of hearing him have felt the wonderful charm of it, and that he made them understand the Lessons better than any one else; conveying to them also, in some small measure, his own intense feeling of the sacredness of every inspired word. He always paused before reading the Bible, often putting his hand to his forehead for a moment (as was often his way), and after the Lesson was ended he made the same pause before saying 'Here endeth,' &c. In some sermon of his he takes it for granted that the custom of pious people would be to pray inwardly before and after reading any portion of Holy Scripture. He never could bear to hear Scripture language used in general conversation, and even a half-playful allusion to any expression in the Bible, such as 'You have come at the eleventh hour,' seemed to make him shudder; he always reproved it if he could.

"He thought that much knowledge of the Bible was acquired by attendance at Daily Service, and once when it was proposed to keep the school-children from church on week-days in order that they might have more time for

preparation before an examination, he said that their time in church might be made a great mean of preparing them for examination in Holy Scripture. For a long time he used each morning, after the congregation had left the church, to question the first class on the Lessons they had just heard, standing at the entrance to the chancel, the children round him, and generally ending by giving them the Blessing. For many years he hardly ever missed catechising in church on Sunday afternoons, taking the first class of boys and of girls alternately. He prepared them for it in school, just before the service, asking the same questions as afterwards in church, and was always most careful that the shy or backward ones should have full time for consideration, reproving almost sharply if one answered when not specially asked. In church he always repeated the children's answers, so that all might hear.

"For himself the Daily Services were among his greatest delights and refreshments; if by some rare chance he was not in his place, he still came in, if possible, for some part of the Service; if he were to dine out and the hour interfered with church, he used to dress early, come in and kneel down near the door, and stay till the last moment, often till reminded by Mrs. Keble that he must go.

"He tried having an early Litany on Wednesdays and Fridays, in the hope that labourers would attend; also, as many believe, from the longing to be himself more instant in penitential prayer the more the gathering troubles of the Church, and the doubts and perplexities of many souls, weighed upon his spirit. It was begun in 1850, at 5 o'clock in summer and 5½ in winter, and continued for three years. When he came into his stall on week-days he used to turn round for a few moments, and look to see who was there, and as he passed up the aisle to the vestry, he had a way of noticing without looking, and giving a

slight, half smile of welcome and blessing to any child or young person whom he passed.

"His evening lectures during Advent and Lent and on Saints' Days were different in their kind from his ordinary sermons; they seemed more especially spoken to those who he thought would best understand him, and in the dimness of the church on summer evenings his words used to sound like an evening meditation. He liked Mrs. Keble to play to him while he was writing his sermons, he said it helped him; he was very fond of bits from 'Acis and Galatea,' and other works of Handel; also of the Irish melodies. He hardly ever used his study for writing of any sort, but carried his papers and books into the drawing-room, settling himself between the window and the door, which in summer were usually both open; there he seemed to hear everything that went on without being disturbed by it; even reading aloud he liked while he was writing, occasionally taking the book from the reader and going on himself for a little while, making quaint remarks as he read, and then returning to his work. The last piece which he read in this way with us was 'Honor Neale,' in which, as in the other poems of its author, he took much delight.

"His book on 'Eucharistical Adoration' was entirely written on scraps of paper and backs of envelopes, and was afterwards fairly copied out from these by Mrs. Keble; he seemed unable to write about what he felt most deeply except in this way, and at odd times; he could not always on being referred to decipher these scraps himself, they had been so frequently altered and written over. His notes for sermons or week-day lectures, which were all but extempore, were generally written in this way, on any scrap of paper which came to hand; these notes, though carefully prepared beforehand, were hardly ever referred to when he was actually preaching. He was continually gathering up matter

for his sermons and food for instruction from the common circumstances of every-day life; no one could be much with him without perceiving from his sermons how he had marked and pondered over little sayings or incidents which scarcely struck others, bringing out of them precious meanings and valuable teaching, and so 'hallowing all he found.' He writes, in 1860, to a young person as to ways of meditating on Holy Scripture: 'You might settle the evening before, one of the last things, what text of Scripture, or what sacred subject, should be your theme for the next day, and during the day you would be gleaning up more or less in reference to it, which it would be interesting to set down, or recapitulate in memory, at night; *something in the way in which we construct our sermons from day to day.* You should take hints as well as you can from passing circumstances, sayings w^ch^ you hear casually, or meet with in reading, and w^ch^ you can connect with the subject of the day: e.g. I observed one of our little singers to-day, both morning and evening, with his eyes so simply fixed on his Prayer-book, that I was quite ashamed of my own inattention; he did not know I was looking at him, but afterwards I told him to go on doing so: my own share in this might, or ought to be, a lesson in the way of contrition; and his, in the way of hope of the heavenly Watcher's approbation [a].'

[a] As early as 1813 or 14, a friend had given me Boyle's "Occasional Reflections," which Mr. Weyland had republished in part. I lent the book to Keble, who was much delighted with it; and I think he adopted the practice of the pious philosopher. The book is so interesting, and the practice so useful, that I regret that it is not more read. The practice may be summed up thus,—make every appearance, or circumstance, which you observe, or which happens to you, however seemingly common or trifling, a ground of moral or religious reflection. The book shews how the smallest incidents may teach the most important lessons.—J. T. C.

"Mr. Keble was never tired of waiting on the sick in Holy Communion; he generally went to them on foot, carrying his own little black bag; and if they were poor he used to take some dainty morsel in a basket besides. He never *proposed* to give the H. C. privately, he said the request ought to come from the sick person; but he was always ready to take the slightest hint, and if he thought that shyness prevented the desire for it being expressed, he used to get some one else to speak to the sick person, and find out his wishes. One poor woman asked him to come to her every week, he thought she meant for Holy Communion, and during her illness celebrated every Monday morning by her bedside. At such times he never talked at all to the sick person by way of instruction or preparation; there was nothing but the service. He did not say anything aloud on coming into the house, but first greeted the sick person, asking about his health, and then immediately began to prepare the simple altar, which he was careful to place so that the sick person could easily see everything. He said the service very slowly and quietly, making pauses that he might the more easily be followed. After giving the Bread, he used to become so absorbed in prayer for the sick person, that more than once, when no one was present who would remind him, he entirely forgot to give the Chalice, and after long prayer went on with the rest of the service. When it was over, he used to fold up his little black stole carefully, and to lay it, with a few words of private prayer, on the foot of the sick person's bed; then, when he had put all by, he shook hands with those who had assisted, thanking them for doing so. He said once, after a private Communion, that he should like the old custom of the kiss of peace to be restored at such times; and when he came to young persons he used to kiss them on the forehead or hand. Except in extreme cases he never would celebrate more than once in

the day, and before 12 o'clock, and he always wished to have at least two to communicate besides the sick person.

"The preparation of his candidates for Confirmation was extended over a long time: one year, at the beginning of Lent, he gave notice that there would be a Confirmation at the end of Lent *in the next year*, and therefore desired to receive at once the names of those who would then be confirmed. The children, whom he prepared, came to him either in classes or singly every week for about a year before their Confirmation; he took those of different ranks of life separately, as needing a difference in the kind of teaching given, and as there were few of the upper class in his parish, these mostly came to him each alone every week. He usually went through the Baptismal, Confirmation, and Communion Services, taking a little bit each time, and illustrating it largely, especially from Holy Scripture. The knowledge of the Bible possessed by his village children long before their preparation for Confirmation began, and the way in which it was interwoven in their minds with the Creeds and the Catechism, was something very uncommon indeed.

"To some, before Confirmation, he gave only oral teaching, to others questions in writing, directing them as to the books they were to consult; and he caused those who were capable of profiting by it to study the Ancient Latin and Greek Liturgies, helping them with the language if necessary, and pointing out where our service joined on to older and more perfect offices. If farm lads could not come to him for press of work, he went to them, one by one, however far off. As to still more close and personal teaching and guidance of conscience, whether with his parishioners or others who sought his counsel, he was always ready, though not using any kind of method, to see any one at

whatever inconvenience to himself; often in his later years, when he had fallen asleep after the Sunday services, rousing himself to receive such visits. Perhaps he might be said sometimes to seem, at least, to discourage strangers, partly from wishing them, where possible, to apply to those set over them in the order of God's Providence, and a shrinking from being thought of more than any other earnest country clergyman, especially if he perceived any unreality in those who came to him—partly from his excessive humility. He used to say he was a very bad adviser, incapable of guiding any one well, and bade those whom he did advise to pray that he might be able to help them. In all such matters he was more than ever careful to observe the closest obedience to the directions in the Prayer-book: sometimes when applied to he would for answer read that part of the Exhortation at the time of giving notice of Holy Communion which refers to such cases: and he did not use the special Absolution without asking 'if it were humbly and heartily desired;' continually exhorting those whom he taught to take all from our Lord as Personally present. 'Christ is all and in all,' would best sum up his teaching both in public and in private. He often paused if asked a question about any spiritual matter, looked down and seemed to apply to God before answering. One who knew him well said, 'I believe he was always praying, continually making ejaculatory supplications;' and so being himself watered with the continual dew of God's blessing, his very presence brought refreshment and help to others. Though shy of teaching directly, he was always letting drop little sayings by the way, full of suggestion and instruction. Of those who differed from him, if he thought them child-like and devout, he always spoke in the gentlest way, giving them credit for being better Churchmen than they thought themselves. Of one old parishioner, long since dead, he

said to a friend, 'I am afraid he did not like me nearly so well as I liked him; he thought himself a very Low Churchman, but you know he really was an excellent Churchman, he came to church almost every day.' And Mr. Keble used to tell with great glee of this old friend's delight with a sermon preached by a strange clergyman, not knowing that the preacher was Dr. Pusey.

"He writes in 1863: 'Trouble yourself as little as you can about the unbelief of others, except to pray for them: the rather as you know, at least of many, that in their unconscious hearts they really believe a great deal more than they seem to do, or are distinctly aware of themselves. Where should we be, if we let our devotions be interrupted here because people are imperfect in the doctrine of the Sacraments, and there, because they pray, as they do, to the B.V.M.?' Very seldom, indeed, are such strong convictions as he possessed, such zeal and earnestness in contending for the Faith, tempered by humility and love like his. His own words, 'Self-distrust is a temper so suitable to us and our condition, that whatever course implies most of it, has so far a presumption in its favour,' express well the tone of his mind, the feeling which shewed itself in every daily action, and which was undisturbed by any heat of controversy. Yet the idea of the meek hermit poet which seems generally to prevail, is not altogether a true one. It is hard to describe the eager youthful energy, the strong indignation and resentment at wrong, especially at anything which threatened to touch the sacred deposit of truth, that mingled with his gentleness and humility. If anything of the sort was said before him, his whole countenance changed, and he looked for a moment as if he would annihilate the speaker. Once when speaking eagerly of something of the sort which had angered him, his eyes sparkling and flashing as they used at such times, he suddenly turned to a young

girl who stood near him, his whole manner changing to a tender playfulness, as he just said, 'I hope I shan't bite *you*,' then returned to the subject which occupied him. It was remarkable that *badness* always seemed to him *stupidity*, he never seemed to be able to perceive the cleverness of wickedness; of even able things written in a bad spirit he constantly remarked, 'I cannot think how people can be so stupid.'

"Mr. Keble's power of fasting was very great, and for many years his own habit was to take no food on Fridays until evening; even after he was past seventy he scarcely took more on fast-days than a slight meal in the evening. But to others, especially in cases of delicate health, he was very lenient in this matter. He writes to one (in 1860), 'If those whom His Providence has made judges over you in such matters say, This is more than you are able to bear; I conceive you are to conclude that He has not laid this upon you. I remember the place in Mr. Bonnell [b], but you will observe he does not there (unless I mistake) disregard the direction of the Doctor, but his own feelings: "God says, 'Fast,' and I will fast, though it seems to interfere with my prayers: but O! that it may not so interfere." Is not this his meaning? But this is not your case, I believe. No doubt we often read in books of holy men purposely spending themselves contrary to medical directions: but I imagine that in most cases either it was for some definite work, as when a man devotes himself in battle; or the wisdom of it might be questionable.'

"He always received the Holy Communion fasting, although teaching every Sunday morning at the school, and generally preaching; but this also he was careful not to advise others to do unless in strong health. In a letter

[b] "Meditations of James Bonnell, Esq.," on the List of the Christian Knowledge Society.

in 1863 he writes, 'I will not say positively, but I almost think that it may be better to make up your mind to even ing communion occasionally than to remain so very long absent. You may perhaps be able to order matters so as not to break the Church's rule about abstinence further than so many are obliged to do for health, e.g. you may eat some breakfast and shirk the dinner. Mr. —— told me once that he was obliged to do something of the kind in regard of mid-day (which were really afternoon) communions.'

"For himself, until his illness in 1864, there were weeks now and then when between fast-days and public and private celebrations there was not more than one day on which he took any food until the middle of the day.

"Old age brought no relaxation of work to him. Mrs. Keble's letters, after he was past seventy, continually mention his engrossing occupations, generally with thankfulness that he was still able for work. She writes in March, 1863, of his having been 'particularly well this winter, scarcely having had his usual amount of hoarseness, so that he has been able to work on at home and out, through rain and sunshine, without let or hindrance, and people have been fain to remark upon his good looks. If it should please God that I should weather this attack, I shall rejoice that I have not been the cause of his leaving his work here this winter. It has been a busy time preparing for a Confirmation, which is to be on Sunday next; and besides this the Wilson work has kept him fully occupied in his *leisure* hours, so that a sentence of exile would have been a terrible one in that aspect, however beneficial in the lower one. I don't believe the dear husband would ever enjoy being abroad thoroughly: he could never be content without plenty of work.' In December, 1863, Mrs. Keble writes, 'I gave Lady —— a little specimen of his day's

work yesterday, and I am not sure that it did not make her almost wish I were ailing enough to oblige him to go away, but (D.G.) he is well and up to his work, and most evenings, from 9 to 10 (now we are alone) we get a little quiet reading, which is a great treat, only sometimes he is so honestly sleepy that it is cruel to let him go on. Again in that year: 'Our commemoration was kept on St. Simon and St. Jude: fifteen years now we have had the blessing of this dear church in its present aspect. I have been amusing myself lately with doing little pen and ink sketches of it from the drawing-room window, which puts me in mind to tell you that my husband was so good as to victimise himself in the summer for me, and give Richmond three sittings, the result of which was a crayon head, of which Miss Richmond told me afterwards that her father considered it one of his best. He certainly did seem charmed to have that head once more before him.'

"This was his last year of health. In February, 1864, his wife writes of 'how much he has on his hands, and far, far more on his mind;' but the grief and anxiety caused by the decision of the Privy Council in that spring only seemed to make him work harder than ever. During that summer he used often to fall asleep for a few moments in the middle of the day with his pen in his hand; the overstrain ended in the stroke (on St. Andrew's Day, 1864) which was the beginning of the end. Still, all through that summer, the happy home-life went on, though overclouded by Mrs. Keble's increasing weakness. A friend who was staying there in August wrote, 'I wish I could give you an idea of the loveliness of everything when we came out of church at 8 o'clock this moning, the sun lighting up the flower-beds, which are each a jewel in that garden, the birds feeding amongst them, the clematis hanging over the terrace-wall, all the natural beauty of that most lovely and

poetical spot glowing besides in the light which associations always throw around it. We went in through the garden window to Mrs. Keble, who had not been well enough to go to church, and just then the Vicar and the Bishop passed, the former looking like what one can imagine of George Herbert, in his cassock, trencher-cap, and white hair. Ah! even as I write comes the thought, Will the days ever be when we shall look back on such times as these, and long for all which can never come again? when the place, the flowers, the sunshine shall be the same, and we shall hardly bear to look upon them?' Those who were much at Hursley during that summer will remember Mr. Keble's interest in the *Apologia*, and also his exceeding distress and even anger when the last number (I think) reached him. He writes, June 15, 1864, 'We shall see you soon, I dare say; and in the meantime I will just thank you for the little mention of my dear friend's book, w^ch^ (mention) was a comfort to me in some respects: for I thought the book so very engaging, I did not know what might come of it. In *argument* it seems to me to leave things on the whole where they were, or rather (of the two) to damage the cause of Modern Rome,—I mean especially as concerns the dogma of 1854. The very title (putting a date to an Article of the Faith) seems to me to disallow it.' Mrs. Keble writes in October of their having had 'a large and engrossing party the last few weeks, now we are reduced to ourselves and servants, and, alas! this evening I shall be reduced to less than half, for in spite of its being our wedding-day, he has to go to Bristol to be ready for the discussion about Synods to-morrow at the Congress.' And in her last note a few days before his attack she says, 'My husband talked of writing to thank ——, but when will he have time? I fear he will have

to go to London again next week,—I ought not to say *fear*, for he *must* work while he can, and people don't seem too eager to contend for the Faith.' Even after his illness, restoration in order that he might work seemed always to be in the minds of both husband and wife. She writes from Penzance in January, 1865: 'We have had much stormy weather, but it has no otherwise interfered with my husband's progress than hindering his walks by the sea. He has improved greatly in his looks since we have been here; indeed, I think you would not observe much difference, except that seven weeks of such quiescent life have made his movements less active; he still lives by rule as to diet, and not using his head, though he dips into books rather more. The Doctors cannot relax their rule yet; if they did, I believe he would be obliged to enforce it on himself, as he would do too much in the first day; still we have the hope that if there is work for him to do, he may be restored to do it.' At Easter she writes: 'We were both at the whole morning service. One could not but *think* that there must have been a sharp trial in taking no part in the ministering, for the first time on that day since he has been in Orders.'

"Then came the last return, in that spring of 1865, to Hursley, and the summer months, so mournful, yet so precious, to his parishioners and friends. He had almost entirely recovered his looks, so that those who saw him during that summer for the first time since his illness, scarcely perceived any change in his face, and tried to hope against hope that years might yet be added to his precious life. Yet watching him they knew that he could not long bear the strain of anxiety and grief on Mrs. Keble's account; and that each of the terrible attacks from which she suffered, told on him almost as much as on her. He never

preached again, but often took some small part in the services, and occasionally celebrated and catechised. His last public pastoral teaching was on the seventeenth Sunday after Trinity (October 8), 1865, when he catechised his school children at the Afternoon Service on the Lord's Prayer, and 'thou art not able to do these things of thyself;' he taught them by the simile of a little child carried in its mother's arms, and continued, 'even after it is set down to walk, can it do so by itself?' 'must it not be held by the hand and helped?' 'Is there anything in to-day's Collect that teaches the same doctrine?' 'Then if His grace must go before us, could we have put ourselves in a state of salvation, or can we save ourselves?' 'But what is there that we *can* do to ourselves which is very fearful to think of?' 'Yes, destroy ourselves; and therefore St. Paul, writing to those whom he seems to have specially loved, bid them work out their own salvation, not only with hope and cheerfulness, but also with fear and trembling; for the very reason that it is God who worketh in us, and that, where He is, there should be a trembling awe and fear lest we should use the power of free-will which He has given us to destroy His work, and ourselves [c].'

"He had celebrated, for the last time in church, at 7 o'clock that morning. A friend dined and spent the evening there; he always liked, if he could, to have some one to dine with him on Sundays. He left Hursley on the following Wednesday before the hour for morning service, but he had been in his accustomed place in church for the last time on the previous day, October 10 (his wedding-day), and read the Second Lesson in the morning, the last words of which were these: 'For the Son of Man is as a man

[c] Written at the time.

taking a far journey, who left his house, and gave authority to his servants, and to every man his work, and commanded the porter to watch. Watch ye therefore: for ye know not when the master of the house cometh, at even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning. Lest coming suddenly he find you sleeping. And what I say unto you I say unto all, Watch.'"

M. T.

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